

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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JANUARY 1987

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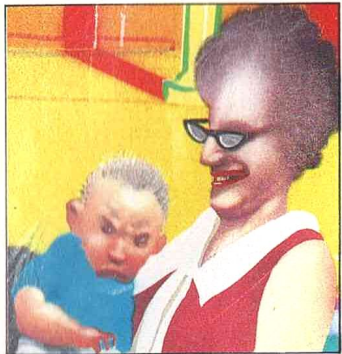
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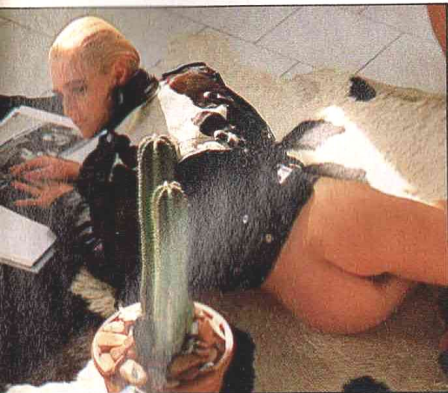
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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 1/January 1987



Who's Afraid Of The New Right?



Pet Of The Month



Safe House



Works Like A Charm

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By, and PAGE. Includes items like COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, FORUM, ANGER, LUST, ENVY, AVARICE, GLUTTONY, VANITY, SLOTH, CALL ME MADAM, LOOSE ENDS, SOUNDS, and FILM.

FEATURES

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By, and PAGE. Includes items like LET'S MAKE A DEAL, WORKS LIKE A CHARM, THE GREAT BLACK HOPE, WHO'S AFRAID OF THE NEW RIGHT?, THE GOLDEN DILDO AWARDS, HENRY KISSINGER INTERVIEW, SAFE HOUSE, and ROAD MASTER.

PICTORIALS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By, and PAGE. Includes items like WEATHERGIRL/JANNA, LICENCE TO THRILL/ANITA, MS FIXIT/PATRICIA, MINDSTUFF/BETH, and CONDITION RED.

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved.



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PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex: AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)

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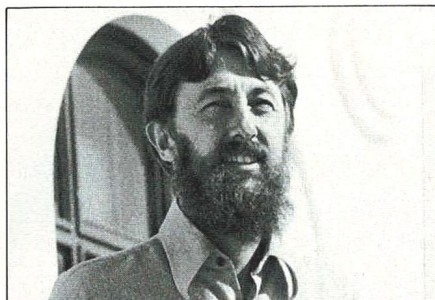
EDITORIAL
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FOREIGN EDITIONS
Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

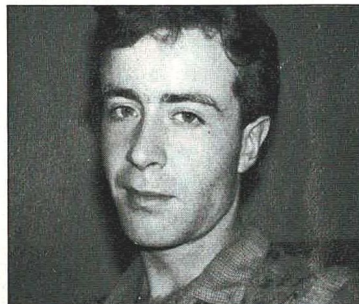
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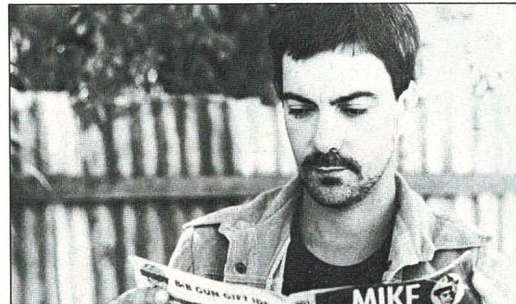
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GOLDEN DILDO AWARDS

Introducing the inaugural Golden Dildo Awards, in which we present indisputable proof that 1986 was one of the silliest years on record. The beautifully crafted *Penthouse* Golden Dildo travels the length and breadth of our land to bore it up those Australians who've distinguished themselves in the past year by acts of remarkable stupidity. Turn to page 80 and see who's been given the shaft.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

In the past five years a wild card has been introduced into the game of justice in this country. It's called immunity from prosecution, and it gives the police an enormous house advantage. But as Peter McDonald points out, immunity is a gamble that can backfire with disastrous consequences for the criminal justice system. Jeremy Taylor's photo starts that important story on page 32.

WORKS LIKE A CHARM

India's snake charmers are tossing away their flutes and learning to program computers. Soon the ancient art will be dead, and the world will be a little less interesting as a result. Photographer Jeffrey Rotman captured a fascinating portfolio for posterity, accompanied by Lynn Kearcher's explanation of how it's done. Turn to page 50.

THE GREAT BLACK HOPE

Larry Holmes never came close to filling the heavyweight boxing vacuum left by the decline of Muhammad Ali. But Michael Tyson, a 19-year-old black American with a sledgehammer punch, just might. After 19

successive KOs, 12 of them in the first round, he is already the most feared boxer in the world. Roy S. Johnson's dramatic profile of an explosive streetfighter who made the big time starts on page 56. David Kennedy shot the superb photo portrait.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE NEW RIGHT?

In Part 3 of our series on the New Conservatism, Mungo MacCallum launches a scathing attack on the self-proclaimed saviors who call themselves the "New" Right — a motley collection of political crazies who've suddenly found a captive audience for their tired old brand of reactionary claptrap. Turn to Nigel Buchanan's illustration on page 74.

SAFE HOUSE

A safe house is a high-technology fortress impenetrable by undesirable visitors. But with enough intelligence, courage and sheer ruthlessness, it can be cracked. Be warned of a blood-curdling twist in this action-packed fiction by Roger Raftery, illustrated by Russell Goodman and starting on page 104.

HENRY KISSINGER INTERVIEW

As US Secretary of State under President Nixon, Kissinger was the 20th Century's most famous public servant and arguably the most important man in the world. His time is still at a premium, but Russell Warren Howe managed to gain an audience with a subject whose vast knowledge and experience allows him to say more in one paragraph than most politicians can manage in a decade. The Kissinger interview, accompanied by a photo from Budd Gray, starts on page 98.



Almost as smooth and full-bodied as this month's centrefold.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The thin blue lies

I have been buying and enjoying your magazines for a good few years. After your September issue I will never pick it up again. Greg Hunter should be on the stage for his great acting on "the annual Bathurst barbarity" which you called The Thin Blue Line. Like 99 percent of journalists' work, the general public got the idea that to attend the Easter motorcycle races you have to be a filthy, crazed pig.

I am not sure where Mr Hunter was on Easter Saturday night, 1985, but by his figures ("1000 armed rioters urged on by 2500 bloodthirsty supporters") he obviously was not within 100 miles of the mountain. While I agree police are needed to control the very small percentage of people who go looking for trouble, nothing is ever said of the 99 percent of people attending Bathurst for what it is — a good weekend of racing and having a good time with friends.

I thank Mr Hunter for saving me the price of *Penthouse* every month and look forward to sharing a beer with him next Easter — before reading: "Brave Journalist Mingles With Crazed Hooligan." — N.B., "Man Who Was There", Cronulla, NSW

You're right — I wasn't at Bathurst on Easter Saturday night, 1985, and neither did I claim to be. The reconstruction of the events of that night was based on interviews with TRG men, an average of police estimates (regarding the numbers involved in the riot) and official police reports (regarding the extent of injuries to TRG men). If you can't believe the cops, who can you believe? — Greg Hunter

The house fools

From reading your article aptly titled The House Rules (August *Penthouse*) by Frank Lloyd, I was amazed to learn of yet another Queensland first in legislation — the so-called *Casino Control Act*, which allows a casino to exclude anyone it wants.

If the odds and the monopolies of casinos in Australian states aren't enough of an advantage to the house, Queensland has gone one better. It allows the casino to eject a gambler for the crime of winning. The situation sounds like something out of the ABC's *Yes Minister* program. Great story and thanks for the tips. I'll be sticking with the TAB. — Robert Hughes, Maryborough, Qld



The very exciting Lucy Strauss

Fire cower

In reference to the article Firepower (September), I wish to point out that nearly all the weapons in the article are highly illegal, with large fines and jail sentences for their possession.

The majority of the public regard firearms as weapons of destruction — and who could blame them? There are too many idiots running around shooting protected game, sign posts and anything else that takes their fancy. Most of these people seem to think they're Rambo because they own a .22 and that it gives them the right to such stupidity. It is these people who are responsible for the stringent firearms laws and who make it hard for legitimate shooters to enjoy their sport. There is also a big difference between sporting firearms and military weapons as well, something else Firepower did not address.

These points didn't detract from my enjoyment of the article and the magazine — but I have the feeling there may be some people who might have confused some of those awesome weapons with the firearms we sporting shooters use. There is a big difference. — N.W., Auburn, NSW

The color red

I am very impressed with the standard of the articles you publish and the ladies you present. But where are all the red-heads? I am sure I'm not alone in my love

of women with fire not only in their belly but in their hair as well. You could do a lot of us a great favor by seeking out a wild red-head, with a great mass of gorgeous, tangled locks. — M.C., Cardiff, NSW

In ovation

I would like to congratulate all those involved in your Black Rose centrespread in October *Penthouse*. As a student of fashion photography, I will borrow a lot of inspiration from its innovation. Admittedly, Lucy Strauss must have made the job easier, but I'm aware of the technical and styling expertise required to bring out a subject's best and you get full marks from me. The whole exotic/techno feel I think is quite unprecedented in this sense in Australia — and very exciting. — E.F., Randwick, NSW

Self-help

We would like to comment favorably on the article Handling Herpes in your September issue on behalf of all herpes self-help groups in Australia. The article dealt with a number of the facts rather than the myths. It was gratifying to see good advice about dealing with it — a good diet, relaxation exercises etc. Basically, lead a healthy lifestyle and look after yourself, and you should definitely be able to reduce the recurrences.

We would like to disagree on two points, however:

- (1) We recommend the prospective partner is always told of the risk before sex, however small it is.
- (2) We do not recommend sex at the time of a recurrence, even with a condom for protection, because of the aggravation it will cause to an infection. Better to let it heal as soon as possible and look to other methods of expressing your sexuality.

The overall message the article has for people is most important, however. Sure, herpes is nothing great — but it does not mean the end of relationships. A great many permanent relationships consist of partners with and without herpes, with the virus taking the place it should — a nuisance to be faced and dealt with like any other problem.

I trust the inclusion of our address will help anyone wanting to contact us for further information. — Graham Stephenson, Secretary, Melbourne Herpes Self-Help Group, GPO Box 1044H, Melbourne 3001, Vic ☎



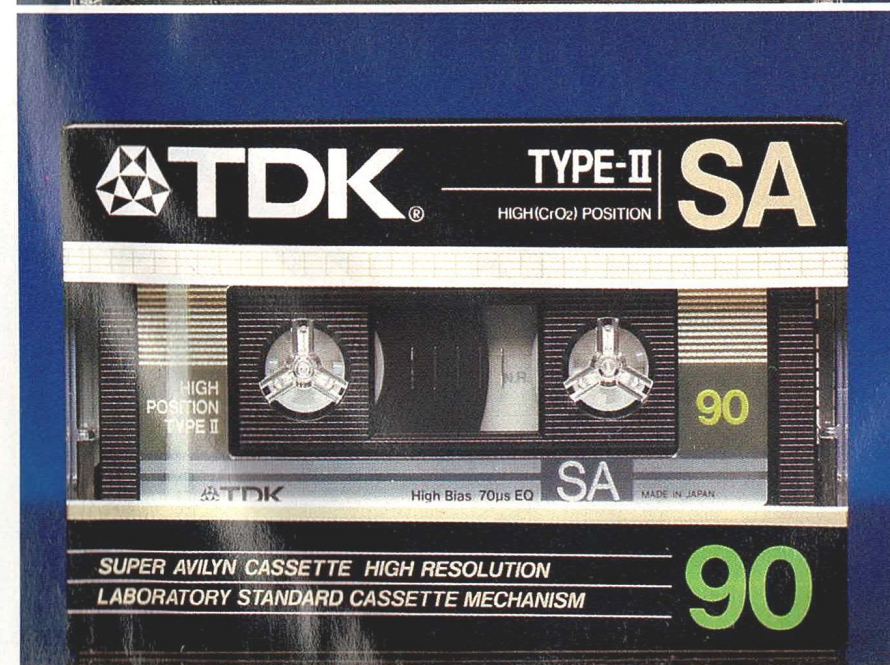
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Specific studies

I recently had the most exciting adventure I could ever hope for. I am a teacher and I lead a rather routine life. I have seen my share of students come and go, and some, I must admit, I have become infatuated with. It was one of these students who changed my life.

A few years ago I had an attractive strawberry blonde — whom I shall call Valerie — in my general studies class. She used to always smile at me and bat her eyes. Many times she gave me a hard-on with those sensuous, brown eyes of hers peeking from behind her long, silky lashes. Valerie left school and I thought I would never hear from or see her again, although I would often wonder what had become of her.

After classes one day, I was correcting papers when the door opened. I glanced at the door and looked again. My jaw must have hit the floor! Valerie was standing there in my doorway, smiling. She was wearing a pair of short, faded, cutoff jeans and a tank top with no bra.

She told me she had just stopped by to say hello. We made small talk for a while, and then she began to reminisce about high school days. She told me that she had always had a crush on me, and when she was in high school she often got home in time only to rip her pants off and masturbate while thinking of me.

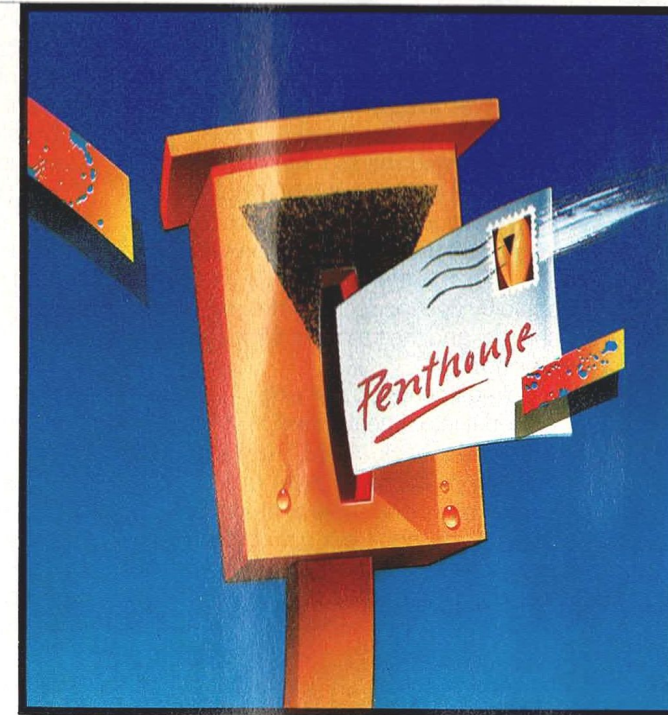
Needless to say, my rod began to harden. I locked the classroom door. When I turned, I saw that Valerie had unzipped her shorts and was fingering her already-moistening beautiful mound. Looking me straight in the eyes, she moved her finger to her mouth and started sucking.

My rod was straining to reach full attention in my pants. Valerie walked over to me and undid my pants, allowing my manhood to spring to life. With a simple gasp, she dropped to her knees and began slurping my cock like a kid with a toffee apple.

I couldn't control my hands. I grabbed her hair and pushed her head against me, shoving my cock deeper into her mouth. I felt a freight train of passion roar down my rod as I flooded her mouth with my warm seed.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



jewellery. This time we met at the famous art festival in Adelaide.

The two women greeted me in a very friendly manner. We talked for a few minutes and they asked me to stop by their van for a drink after the show closed that night. The day was sunny, and the Adelaide ladies wore their skimpiest finery. Despite this sexy parade, I found myself concentrating on Lola and Sharon. Both were dressed in tight, very short shorts and thin T-shirts.

In the afternoon I got out my face paints for a little free-form body painting. I did a lot of the usual daisies-on-cheeks, but there are always a few daring souls who want something more unique. Toward the end of the afternoon, one pretty young woman sat down before

me. She pulled up her shorts to bare the inside of one slender thigh and pointed to the soft flesh there. "Could you," she asked, "paint a ladybug right here?"

"Sure," I said. I bent down between her legs and started to paint. A few wispy pussy hairs curled down from her pants, and I had to brush them aside to finish the ladybug. She shivered at each touch of the brush, and when I finished, I saw a damp spot between her legs. She hurried off, her face flushed. Lola and Sharon had witnessed this little scene and were watching me with lustful looks. "When you come by tonight," Sharon said, that glazed look in her eyes, "bring your paints."

At closing, they left me with a chorus of "See you in a while" and "Don't forget" and went up to the exhibitors' parking lot. When I got my paintings stacked away, I walked to the parking lot with my box of face paints under my arm and an iron-hard erection in my jeans. I knocked at the back of their van, and Lola swung the door open. The van was a little scruffy on the outside, but luxurious inside.

Lola made me comfortable in an upholstered easy chair. Sharon was curled up in a nest of pillows on the bed. Lola poured us all a tumbler of wine and stretched out along the foot of the bed like a cat. We talked casually as Sharon reached out with her bare foot and began to rub Lola's back with smooth, sensuous strokes. There was

Standing up, Valerie licked her lips and took off her top. I was surprised at the size of her firm, well-rounded tits. My mouth began to water as I laid her down on my desk. I started tonguing her rock-hard nipples, only to hear her request breathlessly, "Eat me . . . I want you to taste me."

More than happy to oblige, I slid my tongue down her stomach to her now soaking love canal. I began to tease her by flicking my tongue across her clit. She began to moan and shoved her cunt into my face. I jammed my tongue deep into her as she came all over my face and beard.

By this time my cock was starting to rise again. Dropping my pants to my ankles, I slowly shoved my fat prick into her steamy love hole. She came again almost instantly, and began to thrust uncontrollably. She began bucking wildly and I could stand it no longer. I pumped my second load of hot sperm deep into the farthest reaches of her pussy. She exploded in another earth-shattering orgasm as I was shooting my come into her.

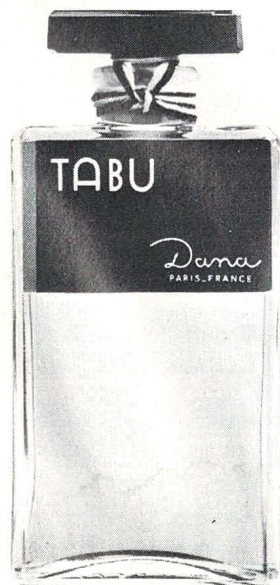
We got dressed and with a quick kiss, Valerie was on her way, saying she would keep in touch. I can hardly wait for her next lesson. — Name and address withheld

... But I know what I like

I'd seen Lola and Sharon at several other art shows where I was selling my watercolors and they were selling their



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something utterly natural about the gesture. The things it implied about the friendship of the two women made my cock grow down my leg again. With every stroke of Sharon's foot, the leg of her shorts gaped open and gave me a teasing glimpse of her luxuriant black pussy hair. Lola squirmed with pleasure.

Sharon sat her wine aside and pulled off her top, baring her beautiful tits. She pushed off her shorts and sat with her legs open wide, the pale lips of her pussy peeking out. Then she tossed back her dark hair, watching me as I watched her. Lola undressed and I saw that her body was just as exciting, in a different way, as Sharon's. Lola's soft breasts swayed deliciously as she moved, and her little bottom was smooth, ripe perfection. Her pussy was shaved, and the lips were thick and puffy-looking.

Lola gathered up her long red hair and pinned it into a heavy swirl at the nape of her slender neck. "God," she said, looking straight at me, "I'm so fuckin' hot."

Lola got up and came to me. "Come on, Jack. If you don't get out of those jeans pretty soon, your cock will be broken and we won't get any use out of it." She laughed and unzipped me. My cock sprang out, and she took it in her hand for a lingering caress before helping me out of the rest of my clothes.

The girls lay back on the bed when I was naked, side by side, with just enough space for me between them. "Get your paints," Lola said, licking those perfect little pink lips. Sharon said nothing, but her finger was stroking slowly up and down through the thick black hair between her legs. I took my tray of paints and knelt between them. "Sharon's tits first," Lola ordered, "then me."

I studied my canvas. They were beautiful breasts, big, taut, smooth, with just a glimpse of delicate blue veins beneath the white skin. I loaded the brush with pale mauve paint and began to paint a narrow border around the base of the nipple. She shivered and, after a moment, began to moan at the feathery touch of the brush. Lola, watching intently, reached over and slipped two of her slender fingers into Sharon's pussy, pushing them in and out. I switched to a bright ruby paint for the tips of Sharon's breasts. By the time I finished, she was tossing around so much that it was hard to do a good job. A moment later she arched her back and shuddered into her first orgasm. She fell back, gasping.

"God, Lola," Sharon said, "that was so good."

Lola slid down in the bed until her bum was at the edge. "Now my pussy, Jack," she demanded. She pulled the fleshy lips apart, revealing the secret whirl of pink within. "Isn't it pretty?"

I loaded the brush with a soft, earthy yel-

low. I carefully outlined the labia as Lola's slender body shook at my touch. I drew the line of pigment down past the soft flesh of her inner thighs on either side, stroke by stroke, then over the sensitive flesh between her pussy and anus. Lola quivered uncontrollably as I teased her tight little arsehole with the soft camel's hair of the brush. Sharon's hands worked feverishly between her own legs.

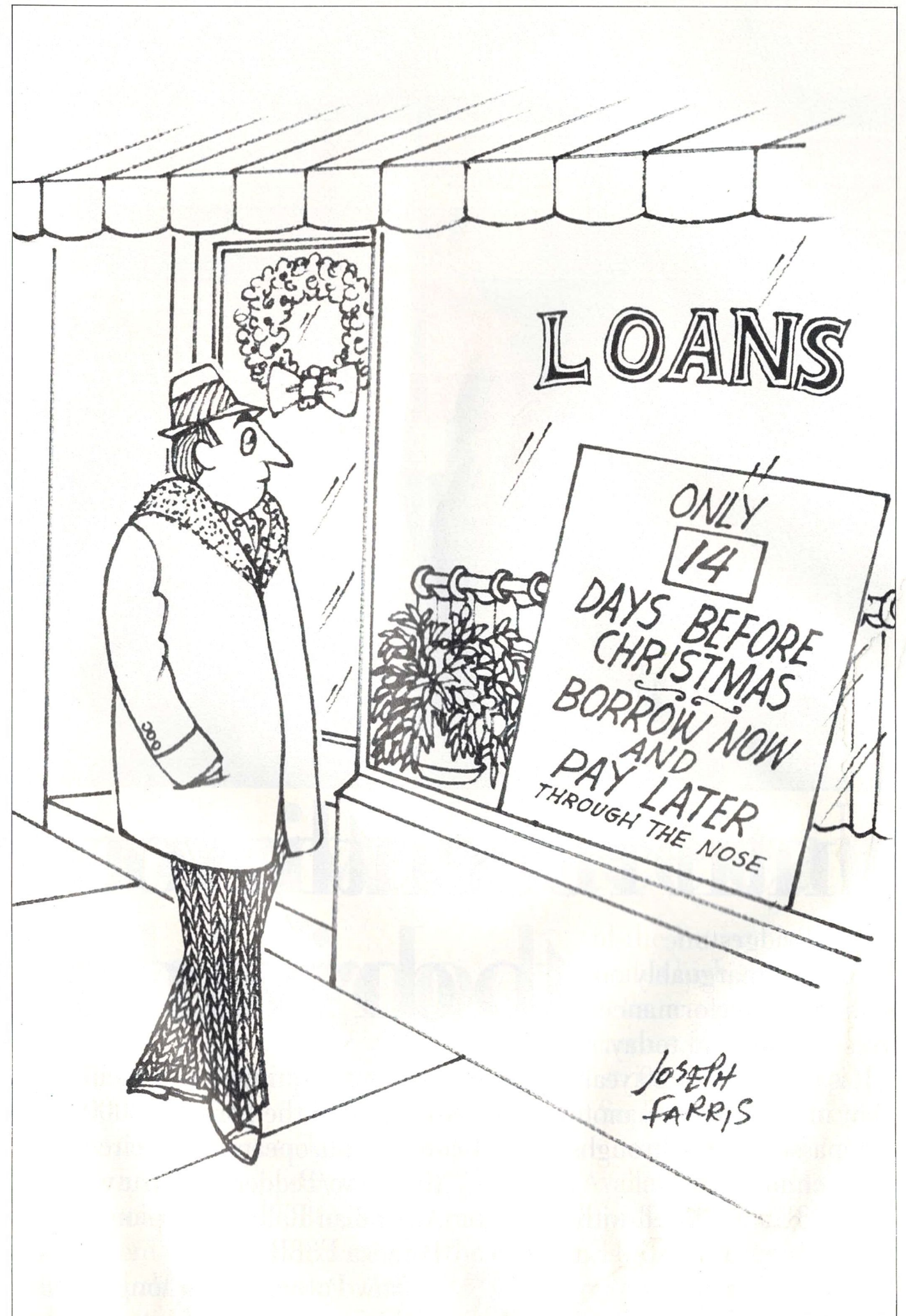
I dipped the brush into the basin and rinsed the color out of it. "I'm going to paint the rest in pussy juice," I said. I dipped the brush into the thick fluid seeping down the crack of Lola's bum and began to slide the brush slowly up and down her love lips. Lola bucked, her head whipping from side to side. When I painted a lingering line up to her clit, she cried out. Now Sharon slipped down between my legs and sucked my cock slowly into her mouth. We were locked together, me brushing across Lola's clit and Sharon sucking my cock deeper and deeper into her mouth until it was hitting the back of her throat.

"Give me your tongue," Lola gasped. I dropped the brush, pushing my tongue into her as far as it would go. She began to toss wildly, and I had to hold on to her taut arse with both hands. I felt my balls tighten, and then we came together, Lola writhing against my face as semen shot down Sharon's throat.

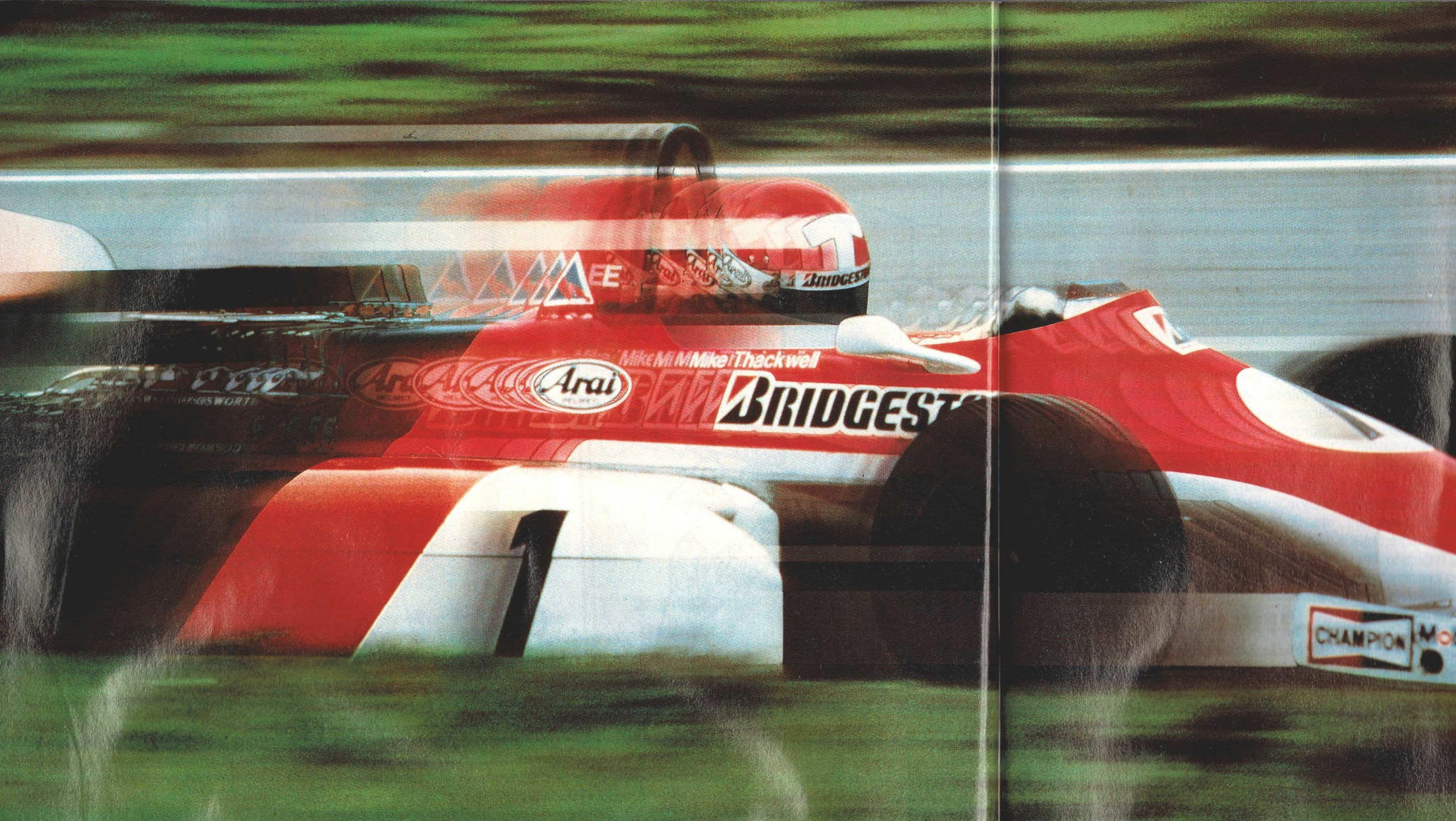
We lay quietly on the bed for a while, recharging, the two beautiful women pressed up against me, both so different, and yet both so intensely female. We drank a little more wine, and then I saw that glazed look in Lola's eyes again. She reached across my chest to Sharon and began to massage her friend's nipples, smearing the paint. "Aren't they great?" Lola said to me. She slid over me so that she could get her mouth on Sharon's breasts, lapping at them with her tongue. Lola's firm, slender body writhed on top of me as she licked Sharon, who turned to me with a long, deep kiss. Now Lola slid down to her knees and took my cock in both hands. I looked down to see her swirling that foxy little tongue of hers around the head while her hands pumped the shaft.

Sharon's voice was husky. "I want my turn with your mouth, Jack." She straddled my chest and I pulled her to me, both hands full of that big, sexy arse. She tasted rich and sweet, and I searched through every furl of her pussy with my tongue. My tongue lashed roughly across her clit. She gasped and pinched at her nipples, then shuddered through another orgasm.

I was close to climax myself, thanks to Lola's skilful hands and mouth. But she slipped and slithered back up my body, spreading her thighs over my hips. Lola took my cock and guided it into her pussy. She was so tight and hot inside that I almost came right then and there. She waited for a moment and then said, "Sharon, lean back." Sharon did and then started to lick at the spot where Lola and I were joined.



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BRIDGESTONE

FORUM

Her tongue painted Lola's clit with a skill born of much practice, and Lola began to squirm from side to side, her pussy clinging tightly to my cock. I continued to tongue Sharon with long, deep strokes as I dipped a finger in the juice that dripped from her pussy and began working it into her arse. Her arsehole seemed to suck my finger in, and she began to moan against Lola's pussy.

Lola was fucking me now with short, sharp strokes, making a mindless gasping sound each time she bottomed out. Sharon climaxed as I flooded Lola with come. As my come dripped out of Lola's pussy, Sharon lapped at it like a kitten, and Lola came with a howl of ecstasy.

We collapsed into a sweaty heap on the bed cushions, soft breasts pressed lovingly against me, and fell asleep as the sky was turning grey. — *Name and address withheld*

Speed racer

I want to tell you about one of the sexiest afternoons I have ever spent with my girlfriend.

One day this last summer, on a hot afternoon, I picked Trish up from work and we drove out to a park on one of the local lakes. Trish was wearing a sundress, no nylons, and, I was sure, no bra. You can al-

ways tell when she is not wearing a bra because of her beautiful nipples. They are a perfect mouthful and usually just aching to be fondled and sucked.

We were sitting on the edge of the lake on a small breakwater. Trish said she would like to go in and cool off. I told her to slip off her little bikini bottoms and hold up her sundress and go in. She did!

The water was clear and I could see her soft, fuzzy pussy hair gently waving back and forth in the clear lake water. Watching this was giving me an intense throbbing deep inside my groin. I can remember wanting to lean her over the breakwater and fuck with her right there. I can tell from the look in her eyes when she wants it, and she did! But then she always does. This girl loves to fuck!

There were too many people around, so we retreated back to the blanket laid out on the grass. After lying there and talking for a while, I reached over and slid my hand up under her sundress, gently opened her legs, and ran my fingers up the inside of her thighs. Everything was so fresh and cool. I could tell she wanted me to open her lips and slip my fingers inside, although she mildly protested that someone might be watching. I think that excited her all the more. I took my middle finger and gently parted her soft, thick hair and finally got down to her pussy lips. She gets so wet! I gently started massaging her.

I could feel her clit become erect under

my finger. Her hips started a slow gyrating motion. I wanted to suck her pussy and run my tongue over and under and around her horny clit so badly, it was almost unbearable.

Soon she lay back and started moaning. I knew I had to stop this. This girl is what you call a real moaner. I put my mouth over hers and whispered to her to be quiet or we would draw attention and have to stop. She only whimpered then, but it was hard for her to control herself. I could feel an orgasm building in her as her legs tightened and she arched her back. By this time I was so horny, my balls were aching to be held. I wanted her to do anything to get me off, but she just lay back and sighed.

It was getting time to go back, so we got our things together and left. I have a new car and she wanted to drive, so I said, "Sure, go ahead." She dropped into her bucket seat and her sundress fell open, showing a perfect outline of fur and long, sexy legs. She hadn't put her panties back on! Well, we started out for home and an idea hit me: I'd get her off again while she was driving.

We were cruising along the twisty road when I decided to reach up under her dress again and play with my favorite toy. She was wetter and hornier than ever. I saw her grip the wheel hard with both hands. Her legs parted as far as possible with a little prodding.

I reached down farther between her firm, smooth legs and stuck my finger deep inside her creaming cunt. She really wanted it this time! I could feel her flex her pussy muscles around my finger. I gently pulled my slippery finger from her and moved it up to her hard, throbbing clit. I have never felt it so hard and erect. I gently massaged it and ran my finger over it. I wish there had been room between her legs and the steering wheel for my head. My favorite thing to do is suck off a hot juicy clitoris.

That being impossible, I continued to knead and massage it. It was easy to tell the passion that was growing inside her. She didn't take her eyes from the road or her hands from the wheel. The moaning started and I knew then she was going to get off while driving! My fingers kept getting wilder and massaging harder. Her foot was hard on the accelerator. The passion was rising inside her, we were going faster, and my finger was working furiously. Her legs were arched straight out from her seat. Her knuckles were white on the wheel. She was almost there, almost! We were racing along the road and then in one huge burst her back arched, her legs quivered, and I jammed all the fingers I could into her creaming cunt. I could feel it pulsating around my fingers. All the muscles were quivering deep inside her gorgeous pussy.

We looked at the speedometer and saw we were doing almost 100 in a 60 km/h zone. Trish slowed down and drove to her house, where I dropped her off. I spent my drive home savoring the steamy memories

of that afternoon. — *Name and address withheld*

Glad service

I am a handyman in a small town, and I'm on call 24 hours a day for plumbing and electrical emergencies. Recently I received a call from the wife of one of my regular customers, who was almost in tears because her hot-water heater had burst a pipe and water was all over the place. It was 9:30pm when I left my place, and I arrived at her house a few minutes later.

I was met at the door by a frantic woman of about 30, dressed in a very short see-through nightie that didn't even begin to hide her fine body underneath.

The repair was a simple one and only took about 30 minutes. She had put on a pot of coffee and asked me to join her in a cup when the job was done. We sat across from each other at her kitchen table and chatted for a while, or rather, she talked while I listened. I was having a hard time concentrating on what she was saying, as I was looking right down the front of her nightie at her beautiful, full breasts, which were so inviting. She was giving me the old line I've heard a thousand times about how her husband was never around when she needed him, and how a woman has special needs from time to time. She gave me a look that would melt an ice cube, and saw that I was looking at her tits. She just smiled and let the nightie slip off

a bit, revealing even more lovely skin. She was really a fox, with long jet-black hair, blue eyes, ivory skin, and a body that showed she took care of it.

As I sat there quietly listening to her troubles, it became clear to me that she was hot and on the make. As she was giving me a refill of coffee, she moved close, pressed her body to mine, and lingered for a few moments. When I looked up at her she flashed me that lovely smile and asked me outright if I saw anything that I liked. Well, that was all I needed to hear. I turned in my chair and pulled the willing lady on to my lap. We kissed deeply as my hand found its way to one of those tits I had been admiring only moments before. I untied the top of the nightie and let it fall to the floor. My lips found their way to the pink nipple of one breast, while one of my hands crept up her thigh to the moist triangle of her panties.

She spread her legs farther and I was able to move the panties aside and dip a finger into her hot, tight cunt. As I probed her innermost regions, she closed her eyes and let out a small moan of pleasure. Before long, as I continued working on her, she began to start coming, and it was all I could do to keep us from falling off the chair as she writhed and squirmed on my fingers, which were held captive between her legs.

I then stood up, holding her in my arms, and sat her down on the kitchen table. I

pulled her brief panties all the way off and buried my face in her neatly trimmed bush. Cupping her little arse in my hands, I started eating her pussy like it was the last one on Earth. After she came again, I figured that if I didn't fuck her pretty quick I was going to lose it. I dropped my jeans and underwear, and zeroed in on that now well-lubricated hole. I eased the head of my rock hard dick in slowly, an inch at a time, until it was in three or four inches. I then gave her several thrusts, just to tease her a bit before letting her have the other six or seven inches. That really drove her up the wall. She arched off the table to match my every lunge into her tight, hot box.

She was moaning loudly and begging me to fuck her hard as she grabbed me by the arse and pulled me deeply into her cunt. I felt the beginning of my own orgasm starting from deep in my groin, when suddenly she stopped and pushed me away. She then turned and leaned over the table, spilling the coffee cups to the floor in her haste. "Fuck me from behind," she pleaded, as she spread herself before me. I told her it would be my pleasure. She reached around and took my dick in her hand, and with an impatient groan impaled herself on my stiff rod. It was so good that I wished I could have fucked her all night like this, but as it was, I began to feel that familiar stirring once again. She was fingering her clit, and I could tell that she was getting ready for a really big orgasm, too.

74 REASONS FOR NOT RENTING A HOLIDAY FLAT.

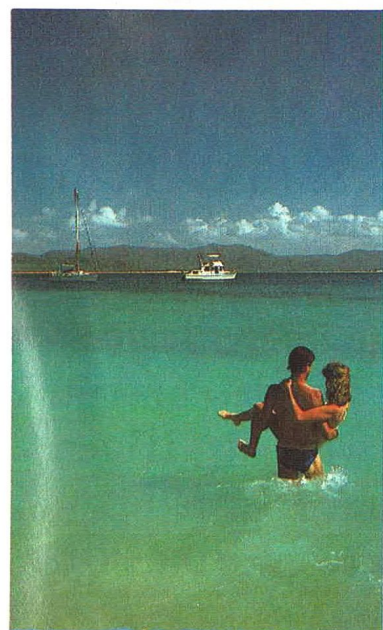
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"Why a dollhouse, dear? You've got a perfectly good roach motel."

FORUM

She cried out loudly and thrust herself hard into me one last time as spasm after spasm shook her body. I was totally overcome by my own release, filling her with my come as my spine turned to jelly and my knees threatened to give way. We stayed like this for several moments, with our bodies pressed together, and she turned to me and said, "That was so fine. My husband has never fucked me as well as you just did."

She excused herself to go to the bathroom, while I got dressed and made out her bill. She walked me to the door, still naked, and made me promise to come back for another good fucking session. I do still see her from time to time, and she has even set me up with a few of her friends. I am always ready to aid a lady in distress. — *Name and address withheld*

Show-off

I am a 19-year-old, patriotic Queenslander. I joined the Army as soon as I finished high school. I met my girlfriend only two weeks before going off to basic training. Therefore, we have not seen all we would like to see of each other in the year we have been together. When we do get together we waste no time in getting to the first "safe" place we can find to have a few hours of nonstop sex. We have al-

ways struggled for privacy from our parents.

One day Sarah came over to my mother's house to see me before I left to go back. My mum was home, along with my aunt and uncle. We immediately went into the bedroom to watch television. I was feeling extremely horny. I started pinching her nipples and covering her with passionate kisses. All the windows in the house were open and we could hear my mum and the others on the deck right outside the window, although they were not facing it. Sarah kept telling me to quit, but I started slowly moving down her body, kissing and licking under her shirt, which was soon removed.

Once again she told me to stop because of the family members on the deck. I didn't. Soon I had her shorts and panties down to her ankles. I slowly caressed the lips of her pussy, flicking my finger across her clit every so often to make her want my cock deep inside her. I began eating her luscious pussy. As I was tonguing and nibbling on her swollen clit, I spotted my favorite sex device on the chest beside the bed: a cup of ice. I slid up her body, trying not to let her know what I was up to. I reached in the cup, searching for the biggest piece of ice I could find. Suddenly I rammed a few fingers and an ice cube into her cunt. She was so hot the ice was gone in seconds.

She began shaking and climaxed with

the longest orgasm I've seen any of my girls have. Before I knew it, she was on top straddling my monstrous organ. She was fucking me so fast I was getting delirious, and soon we both came violently.

We looked up and saw three faces peering through an open window at our show. — *Name and address withheld*

The real thing

It was a hot day and I was doing my spring cleaning when a Prince Charming literally popped into my normally dull, routine existence. I answered the door wearing baggy faded jeans and an old blouse with a bandanna wrapped around my head, and there stood the most incredibly handsome male animal I have ever seen. My heart immediately did flip-flops and I felt weak in the knees — that's how much the sexy stranger affected me. Introducing himself as Stuart, he politely inquired about my husband, explaining he had served in 'Nam with him and Tom, my husband, had given him a standing invitation to visit whenever he was in our part of the country.

Indeed, Tom had often mentioned Stuart and I'd seen a lot of his photographs in Tom's army scrapbook, so I felt no qualms about inviting him to wait for Tom if he wanted. My husband was on an extended trip to Queensland but was due back in five days. Telling Stuart to make himself at home, I hastily finished cleaning my kitchen cabinets. I was embarrassed and wanted to take a bath so I could make myself more presentable.

I have to admit I had been feeling horny and had gotten a quick look at the big bulge in Stu's pants, which compounded my need that much more. Not that I had ever cheated on Tom, but his long absences whetted my appetite for cock. I usually fuck myself every night with a big rubber artificial penis I bought through the mail, yet it's never the same as getting fucked by a man.

As I soaked in the tub, I pondered about Stu and wondered if he'd fuck me if I encouraged him enough. Tom had been gone 12 days, and I ached to feel a man deep inside me! Opening my thighs, I directed the stream of water from the flexible shower head between my legs and the sensation felt delicious. I made up my mind then to get laid. What Tom didn't know wouldn't hurt him, and as long as there was a man in the house, why let that beautiful bulge in his pants go to waste?

I wrapped a towel around me that didn't leave much to the imagination, and joined Stu in the living room, where I blow-dried my hair as we talked. I was amused at how his eyes kept flicking over me and wondered what he was thinking. After my hair dried, I went to the bedroom and pulled on a tiny string bikini and invited him to join me in the kitchen for a cold beer. Swinging my scantily clad arse in front of him,

Continued on page 124



"Is this a hidden-camera interview?"

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT, REALLY?

Each of us is wallowing in a bog of frustration. Squealing like pigs at a slaughterhouse door and groping for a way out — or at least an answer to the Ultimate Question: WHAT DO WOMEN WANT, REALLY?

Well . . . I know. (Silence with a hint of a gasp from the stalls.)

True. I've made the connection, discovered the Ark. I know what women want. Follow me, MacDuff, and I'll take you to the treasure.

FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS ABOUT WOMEN

Women would rather kiss than have messy sex.

No matter how intelligent she is, a woman would still rather have a bracelet than a book.

Women can harbor jealous feelings towards inanimate objects, such as your cricket bat, your surfboard or your car.

Nymphomania occurs in women only after their 49th birthday or eighth month of pregnancy.

Women think raising children is more difficult than designing a safer nuclear waste disposal system. (At least *you* get to go out of the house.)

Women are not revolted by anything that drips out of a baby, but gag at cigarette breath.

When a man takes an interest in a woman's body she accuses him of taking an interest in her body. When he doesn't take an interest in her body she accuses him of taking an interest in someone else's body.

Understanding what women want is of vital importance if we all want to continue living on the same planet. It's even more important if we want to go to the football on Sunday, get good and drunk, tread on the dog coming in and throw up somewhere between the kitchen and the TV.

To appreciate what a woman wants, you must understand what a woman *is*. For example, when a woman says, "It's broken" she's actually saying: "I don't know how to work it." When she says, "Five minutes" it's in fact: "I'll be two hours at least." See? Nothing

complex — merely twisted.

These last few years have seen women take tremendous steps toward equality, liberation and personal charge cards with secret PO box numbers. That aside, there are still some things women can't do: start a barbecue; change a tyre; hook up a stereo; clean fish; anything on a roof; touch worms; investigate mysterious house noises at night; decide where to hang a picture; walk past a mirror without stopping to look; make do with beer when the wine runs out.

It would be ill-advised on your part to take this piece as a personal exorcism. I'm not that brave. As for the other two billion guys who ghosted this piece — well, it was an ugly mob I had squeezed into the sunroom. They made me do this. The only redeeming thing is that we are now much closer to the Ultimate Answer. Let's carry on.

SOME GOOD THINGS ABOUT WOMEN

They run cute.

They are easily reached by phone.

They'll never drink all your whiskey or smoke all your cigars.

Nothing squirts out of them during sex.

They don't get great big pimples on their backs.

They all know how to hem trouser cuffs.

They remember to buy toilet paper, shampoo, food and stamps.

No matter how drunk they get, they never get drunker than you.

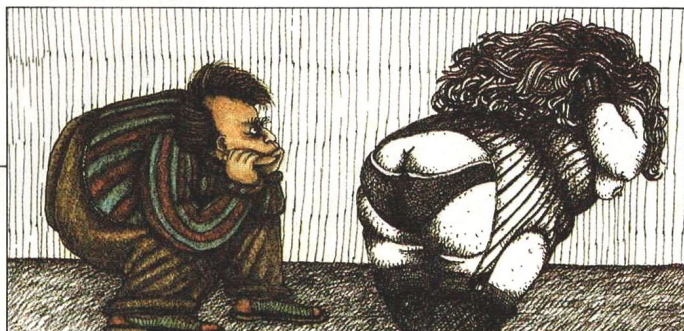
We've finally unravelled the mystery of what women want. Now we all know. But don't tell them, they'll probably change their minds . . . Sorry? What do you mean, you *still* don't know? Didn't we just go through it? You mean I've wasted all this time?

Look, Troy, or whatever your name is, if you can't work it out from all I've told you, that's your problem. It's all there in black and white.

Geez, some blokes! No wonder women won't tell us what they want. — *Steven Gibbs*



LUST



IN THE MOOD

The films of Blake Edwards aren't exactly stamped with the tradition of a high moral tone, but one of his efforts took the moralistic cake: *10*. Dudley Moore's infatuation and persistence with Bo Derek finally paid off when he found himself in the cot with her — however he spat the dummy and hightailed it back to the spoonful-of-sugar herself, Julie Andrews. Yet the message for us was not in his rejection of Derek's flippant attitude to stoned, free sex out of wedlock. Rather, Dudley — a pianist and composer in the movie — was forced during the seduction scene to endure the ghastly music "Bolero." The moral: *Know thy partner's music taste.*

Rule Number One: In selecting music for seduction, opt for something which will melt inhibitions rather than intimidate. If Bo had played her records right (one of Dudley's character's own compositions, for example), things might have been different.

Yet it's a mistake we're all like-

ly to make, and one we can be forgiven for. For though we all seem to know what *looks* lustfully tempting, and though we sure as hell know what *feels* good and *smells* good and *tastes* good, it seems little is standardised of the style of music accompaniment to get *in the mood*. We know, given the classic scenario of a romantic evening at home for two, that music can help put us in the right frame of mind and body, and we know if a jackhammer starts up across the street it's likely to shatter an ambience. But we don't know why or to what extent.

Yet if any rules or suggestions exist on the seduction playlist, it would be reasonable to assume that those people who are bombarded by music all day every day

and who make music their passion and profession would have their fingers on the pulse. In the quest for playlist tips, *Penthouse* went straight to the top.

Basia Bonkowski, the demure stylist fronting the TEN network's *Music Video* in the wee hours, admits to eclectic tastes, but says that *Dean Martin Sings Nashville* and any Frank Sinatra are standards under her roof. When exhausted of crooners she might switch to "the city skyline music" of the soundtrack to *Bladerunner* by Vangelis. Otherwise, it could be any amount of modern music, but Hunters And Collectors ("Say Goodbye" and Big Audio Dynamite ("E=MC²") work a special magic.

Donnie Sutherland (ATN Net-

work's *Sounds*) says Dionne Warwick or Whitney Houston usually set the mood, while he personally likes to see things reach a climax with the dulcet tones of Willie Nelson.

Annette Shun Wah, of SBS's *The Noise*, says recent experience suggests the album of choice is a compilation entitled "This Mortal Coil — It'll End In Tears." It features the favorite pop songs of the manager of a small independent record company in Britain, Ivo of 4AD records — mainly moody, atmospheric numbers reworked by the likes of The Cocteau Twins and Colorbox.

Rock brain Glenn Baker says the hardest part of owning 20,000 records is knowing where to begin — but he generally opts for the classical guitar of Nicolas Angelis, the soothing tones of Ray Charles, film themes, or the atmospheric jazz of Wynton Marsalis or Sam Cooke. He calls it "winding down music — but any evening at home for two becomes music for six," as he has four anklebiters to consider.

Suzanne Dowling, of the ABC's *Rockarena*, says that any scenario of a romantic evening at home for two is tiredly cliched and, for her, purely hypothetical. If she was thinking of dinner music, though, she would pick something unintrusive and "completely unsexual." Thus she would opt for any Brian Eno or some of the older jazz of Miles Davis or Ella Fitzgerald.

Meanwhile, personality Jonathon Coleman suggests the idea of making a tape of appropriate numbers — an "F-Tape" — and says if he made one today it would run something like: Glenn Miller's "In The Mood", Grace Jones' "Pull Up To The Bumper", the Beatles' "I Am the Walrus", Frank Zappa's "Dirty Love", followed by the Tubes' "I've Slipped My Disco", Devo's "Whip It" and last but not least, The Dead Kennedys' "Too Drunk To Fuck."

Which makes you wonder what Blake Edwards could do with a film with Jono and Suzanne in the leading roles. — *Graeme Sims*



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ENVY



TRUE CONFESSIONS

My mate George always enjoyed a reputation for scrupulous honesty. In the practice of his own highly personalised moral code, he was totally uncompromising. I have, for instance, seen him walk several blocks out of his way to place a wad of chewing gum into a garbage bin rather than commit the heinous crime of littering. No one ever had to tell him to Do The Right Thing.

It might surprise you to learn that George, happily married for the past 20 years, has in that time littered his seed across the length and breadth of five continents. At the merest sniff of extra-marital action he would always go in with all guns firing and ask questions later. Rambo never had as much fun with an M16 on foreign soil as did George with the equally functional weapon between his legs.

Intellectually, emotionally and sexually, George was a true child of the Sixties. Sexual infidelity never got a run on either side of his extensive list of "dos" and "don'ts" — it was simply not on the moral agenda. And since George was sensible enough to conduct all of his affairs within the line of overseas duty, his charming wife was never any the wiser. Until the fateful day when George was confronted with — holy moral dilemma, Batman! — a choice between Truth and Discretion. It happens to all of us at some stage, and there are some salutary lessons to be learned from the way in which George chose to manoeuvre through this minefield of his own making.

The first time I had any inkling that rain was falling on George's parade came on a routine visit to his home. He placed a beer in one of my hands and in the other a curious handwritten document (he was always a stickler for formality, a result of his legal background). The document began with a signed statement from his spouse to the effect that while she had suspected his numerous transgressions from the beginning (how do they know these things?),

she had now extracted from him a confession that on a recent business trip to the Philippines her husband had done the dirty on her. As a result she felt humiliated and degraded and would thus seek a separation with a 50-50 split of the marital estate — unless the offending party gave an iron-clad guarantee never to offend again.

Beneath this was a signed statement from George confirming that this was indeed the substance of a recent conversation with his esteemed wife, and adding that for his own part he could not see how "a mere mechanical and meaningless act" of intercourse with a prostitute could possibly have any bearing on the quality of their

20-year partnership. Furthermore, he could not in all conscience (being a Man Of His Word) provide the iron-clad guarantee sought by his spouse, since he was not 100 percent certain that he could honor it. An impasse had been reached.

What on Earth had possessed George to spit it out? Well, he told me, it happened quite simply. George had been accompanied on the fateful junket by a particularly appealing Research Assistant whose pants he had, to his considerable chagrin, failed to enter. Asked somewhat playfully by his wife whether or not he had done the deed, he revelled in the indignant reply: "Certainly not!"

"Come on, George," she teased.



"You're not trying to tell me you've been celibate for the past four weeks, are you?"

"Well," choked George, lapsing fatally into his customary George Washington routine, "I didn't actually say that . . ."

From then on, of course, it was all downhill. Poor George tried to put the whole thing on an intellectual plane by casting himself as a passive observer of Eastern sexual mores — a humble servant of science. Naturally, it didn't wash. He knew he'd blown it from the moment he'd chucked down his chips on the side of Truth when a little white lie would have been so much more . . . constructive.

George held out on the iron-clad guarantee for a full year. During that time he sold his luxurious house, split the property up the middle and was in the process of seeking refuge in a self-contained box somewhere in the suburbs when he finally came to his senses and signed on the dotted line. The last time I visited the happy couple his wife was waving her guarantee of sexual fidelity over her head with a spectacular flourish reminiscent of Neville Chamberlain after he'd negotiated the peace treaty with Adolf Hitler. Unlike Hitler, however, George was a Man Of His Word. He had thus consigned himself to a lifetime of extra-marital celibacy.

Make of this story what you will. My own conclusion is that truth is not only stranger than fiction, it's also a damn sight more dangerous . . . particularly when it comes to cathartic confessions of sexual infidelity. And yet, what man among us has not experienced that strange, almost mystical, moment when suddenly the time seems absolutely *right* to unburden the soul of its guilty secret, the better to forge a new and stronger relationship tempered in the fire of a passionate reconsummation?

Alas, it doesn't work that way. Take my advice and resist with all your might the temptation to spill the beans. Don't be a George, or you'll learn the hard way — like he did. — Greg Hunter



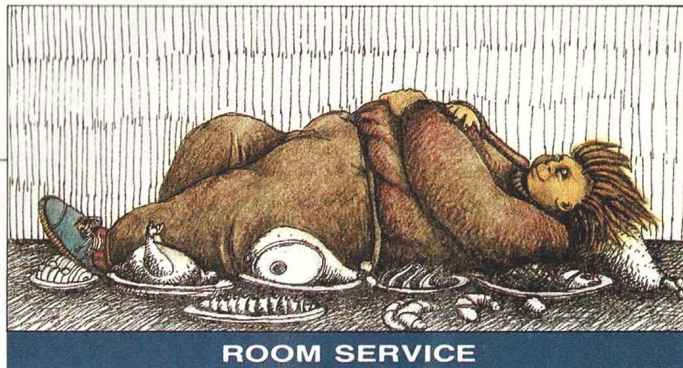
Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.

If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



GLUTTONY



ROOM SERVICE

In the Thirties The Marx Brothers lambasted the concept in a movie called *Room Service*. A decade later, Garbo as Ninotchka called up for a bottle of the finest champagne. The real life scenario in the Fifties and Sixties was all too often a *Fawlty Towers* skit featuring inept waiters, cold coffee and outlandish prices.

With the return to conservative elegance, the Eighties version of room service has recaptured the days when Russian Grand Dukes were two a rouble on the Cote d'Azur. In Sydney's top hotels, 24-hour room service has become as much an art as an addiction: self-indulgent and luxurious, with food actually worth the extra cost. Today, menus are specially designed to exclude dishes that don't travel well, without overly restricting choice.

All the hotels make much of room service training for staff. As one food and beverage manager put it: "When you're regularly invading privacy, you have to become an amateur psychologist. Some people want you to deliver and disappear, while others want the full performance."

Phone and delivery staff are schooled in the art of suggestive selling — anticipating barely realised wants, offering alternatives or outlining daily specials. Staff are also drilled in courteous ways to deflect guests' suggestions of a non-culinary nature — pretty boy waiters being as much in danger as their female counterparts.

Since it opened in the early Eighties, the Regent has reigned as the trendsetter of Sydney Hotels. The yardstick by which competition is judged, the hotel's room service is as impressive as its other services. The room service menu is reviewed every two or three months and offers everything from scrambled eggs with Beluga caviar to double supreme of chicken with wild mushroom sauce.

If you have a yen for that impossibly intimate meal in your room, you can order a candlelight dinner from Kables, the hotel's deluxe restaurant, complete with a retinue

of waiters and glitzy crockery, or book in on the two floors with butler service. But even for "ordinary" diners, evening meals are served on Wedgwood china with silver flatware and crystal glasses. Standard issue table accoutrements are pure cotton cloths and orchids.

Weekends are the busiest times for room service. Breakfast, the most popular meal in all hotels, is called for later and is more substantial. The most requested item is eggs benedict with champagne. Midnight suppers, also hingeing on champers, have the phones running hot.

The Sheraton-Wentworth is the grande dame of Sydney hospitality. Three distinct groups prevail — the corporate traveller, the upscale tourist and the sophisticated health and diet conscious crowd. The room service manager checks the

TV guide every day. "Everybody stays in when there's something good on and we don't like to get caught out — in any way." Dependability remains the hallmark here.

The Sheraton-Wentworth changes its room service twice a year. You can have anything you want from the menus of the hotel's numerous restaurants, or they will cook you anything you fancy. The hotel also features monthly food festivals. If it's January and Singapore is being recreated — order up a Hunanese chicken.

Expect to see that three-course meal inside 30 minutes. I'll get mine sooner though ... who could pass up the offer of lobster sashimi? On second thought, I might switch the choice to that doyen of hamburgers — the Sheraton Bush Burger.

No red rose on a tray or choco-

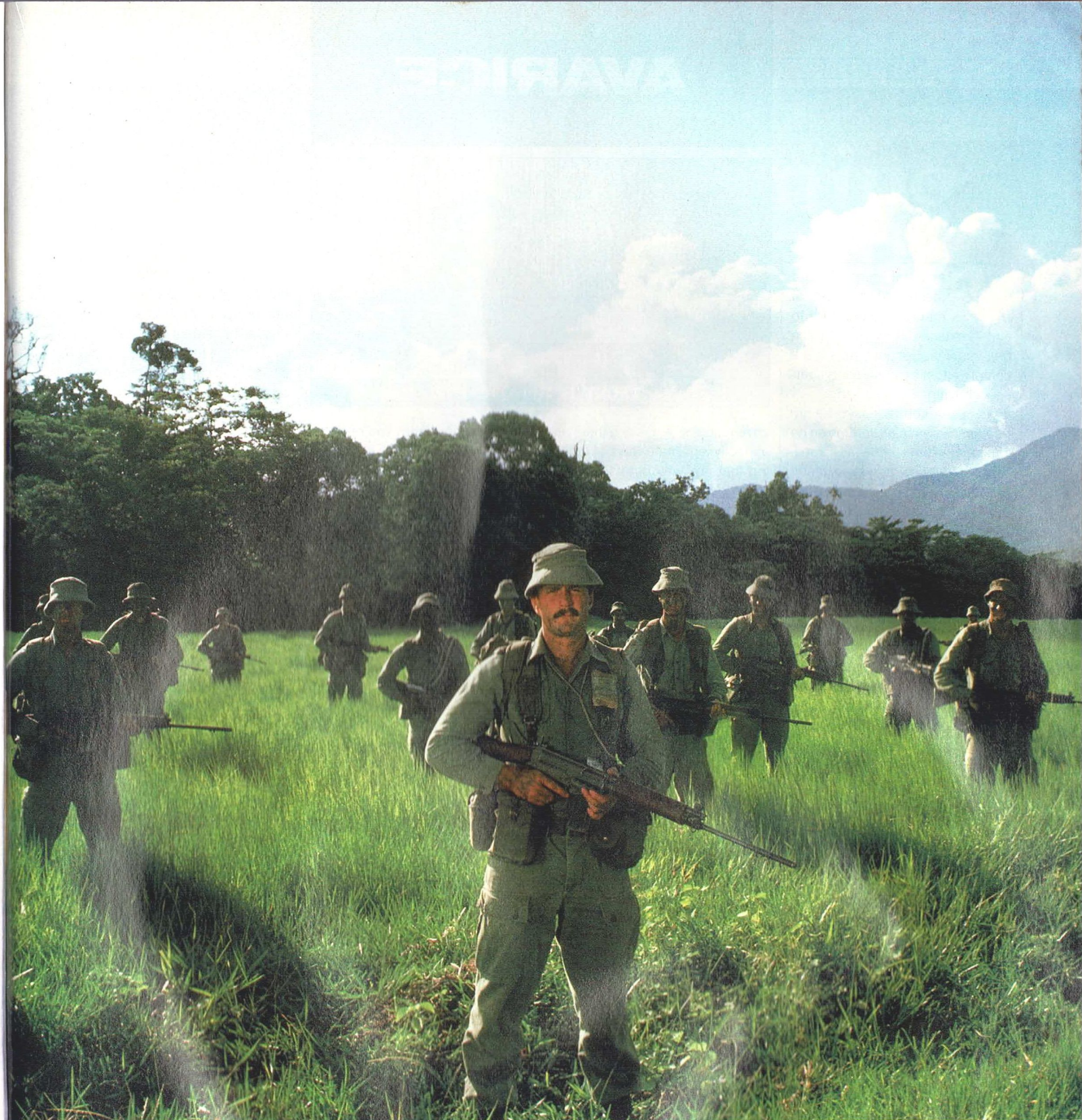
lates on the pillow can ever make up for soggy toast, cold coffee and a 40-minute wait. So runs the credo at the Hilton. The mini-San Francisco Grill menu is much called for, as is the Junior Jet Menu for kids. The Hilton also features a range of daily specials.

Each meal at the Hilton is delivered on its own linen-covered trolley (with a fresh anthurium on each). Count me in for the Champagne Brunch of fresh fruit and juices, croissants and Danish pastries, smoked salmon, marinated lamb cutlets and Veuve Clicquot (Orlando if you're a cheapskate, or poor). The business crowd prefer power food such as succulent fillet, sirloin or New York steak with Cafe de Paris butter. Anyone in need of strength, or inspiration, shouldn't go past the chef's speciality of assorted satays — a trio of beef, lamb and chicken with a moreish peanut sauce.

The popping of Dom Perignon corks is about as raucous as things get at the Inter-Continental, with its clientele of quiet money, top execs and culture vultures. This is a hotel where people tend to relax and unwind in their rooms (many of which have stunning harbor views). The suites have been decorated with extremely tasteful Australian motif fabrics, bringing to each a conviviality that makes dining an occasion here — and an increasingly frequent one.

The menu includes carpaccio with parmesan cheese, stir-fried chicken with ginger and lime, chicken and lamb kebabs in pita bread with tabouleh and pine nuts, and desserts such as snowcapped chestnut puree and coupe Romanoff — a whimsy of vanilla ice-cream, strawberries, Cointreau and cream.

There is nothing more seductive than returning from the nearby Opera House to your suite and ordering a supper a *deux* of, say, Sydney rock oysters and Moet et Chandon Brut Imperial. Afterwards perhaps a Greek salad and a few cheeses. This is something the Inter-Continental does very, very well. — Elisabeth King



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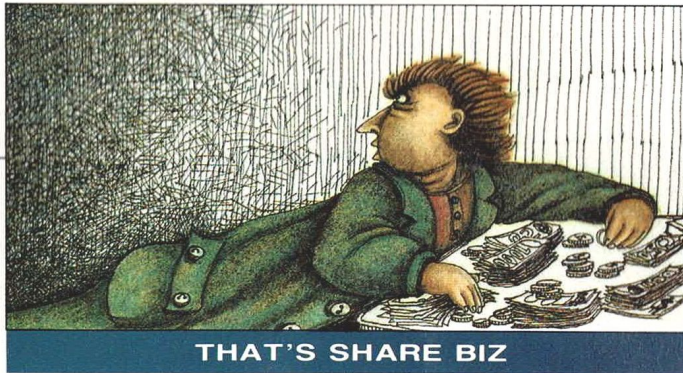
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AVARICE



A mate of mine — and these are the sort of mates who are hard to find — recently came into a million dollaroonies. Because he's not a complete fool he hasn't gone berserk buying Ferraris and new houses. Far better, says he, to perhaps increase his fortune so he can have a real bash — as if a million dollars wouldn't even touch the sides these days — or at least put it away somewhere so that he can have a handy back-up income of \$100,000 a year or so. That sort of thing *can* be very handy when you've been fired as often he has.

So what does he do first off? He parks it somewhere. A lot of people with more money than sense make the mistake of rushing into schemes and investments in an attempt to avoid tax or "get in on the ground floor", and end up doing a lot of their dough because what they went into was unsound. If you're looking to set something aside for the long haul there's no point in rushing it. So what if you pass up the "opportunity of a lifetime"? Another one will be along soon enough — no doubt about that. That's the thing about these once-only-act-now-or-regret-it-later routines — they're two bob a dozen and worth even less.

A good place to "park" your money is in a cash management trust, which gives security, a good rate of interest and easy withdrawal within a day or so. My mate stuck his million in with Potter Partners while he looked for something better. He's getting 16 percent interest, which on a million works out at a cool \$160,000 a year. Not bad.

Then why not leave it there? For starters, he wants more interesting things to invest his money in, and for seconds, he doesn't want to pay a hefty tax bill. Because on that \$160,000 this year he will have to pay \$96,000 in income tax and next year, when the new rates come in, he'll be paying 49 cents in the dollar or \$78,400 out of every \$160,000.

Bugger that, he says, and you can't blame him. So what if his whack is unearned? So's the

government's. And since there are perfectly legitimate ways of reducing that tax, why not use them?

Besides the block of flats with 50-50 equity/debt, which nets him nothing in the first few years (the rents pay off the mortgage) but which does give him a good solid asset that he can live on if all else fails, we're looking at the share market.

Isn't the share market a casino, you ask? Yes, but if you only buy good solid stock such as BHP and CSR and Arnotts and so on, you minimise your risk and get stakes in stable Australian companies that are not going to go broke overnight. The only trouble is the rates of return aren't so hot.

There are two ways of making money on shares: you either buy them cheap and sell them dear, which is difficult and dicey and you've got to know what you're doing; or you hang on to them and collect the dividend. While you can make good money trading shares

— if you know what you're doing — collecting dividends is a pretty slack way of making money. Because while the dividend may be 14 cents a share on shares issued at \$1 par value, the actual yield is likely to be about half that — the share may have a face value of \$1 but is probably trading on the market at \$2 or more. This reduces the yield — which is the dividend expressed as a percentage of the price actually paid for the shares — to about 7 percent (ie, 14 cents per \$2 is 7 percent).

Yields on Australian shares are averaging, across the board, only 3 or 4 percent. However, there are some good stocks around that are yielding a bit over 5 percent or possibly 6 percent. Any higher and it's a bit risky ... If people are willing to buy Solid Ltd yielding 5 percent, why would you want to buy New and Shaky Ltd yielding 8 percent this year but with no promise of paying anything next year?

And, if you're only getting 5 per-

cent a year on Solid Ltd, why bother anyway? So what if you pay tax on your cash management trust at 16 percent? Even after tax, that's still a yield of 8 percent or so, and you can get all your money back if you want to. With shares there is always the risk that you might not get back what you paid for them. And, on dividends, you have to pay tax so that 5 percent return becomes only 2½ percent ... Crikey! Again, why bother?

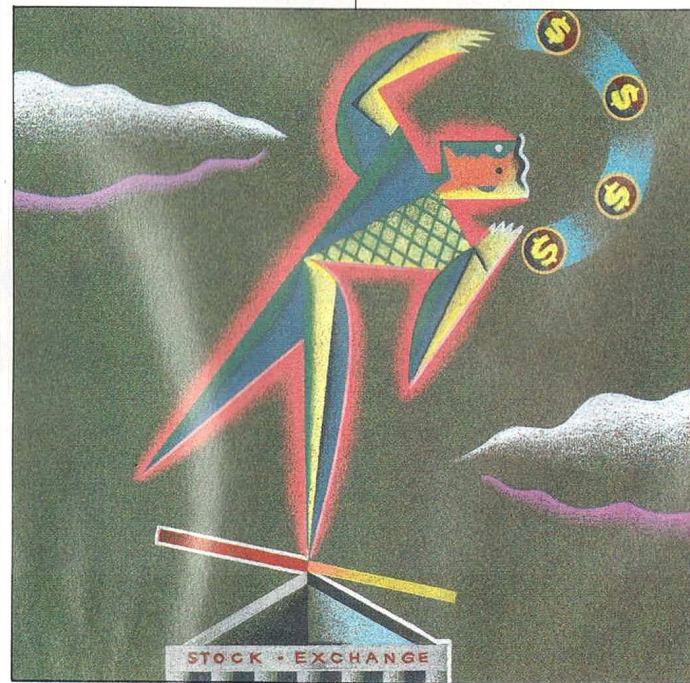
Well, to begin with the government has a new scheme called dividend imputation which, without going into all the details, means that from July 1, 1987 all dividends will be tax-free (some lower income earners may even get "tax credits", which means they will pay less tax). Imputation will make holding shares much more competitive with other forms of investment.

The other good thing about shares is that, in general, they hold their value. You may not think this when you buy your Mt Isa Mines shares at \$2.20 and watch them dribble down to \$1.55 over the next couple of months but, in general, a well-chosen portfolio will be worth more in ten years' time than it is now.

Finally, good shares will gradually increase their dividends over time. So that while the yield may only be 5 percent this year, ten years hence the yield, to you, could easily be 10 percent or even better.

So that's what we're doing with my mate's million smackers. Why pay tax and let inflation erode the value of the capital? That million in some good solid companies should pay him \$50,000 a year over 1987 — completely tax-free — and, I reckon, possibly \$100,000, again completely tax-free, in 1997. If the trend of the last 500 years continues, that million will then be worth two million.

(Of course, if we pick the wrong balance date it could be worth half a million, but we'll make sure that doesn't happen. Still, if it does, that's share biz.) — David Quick-silver



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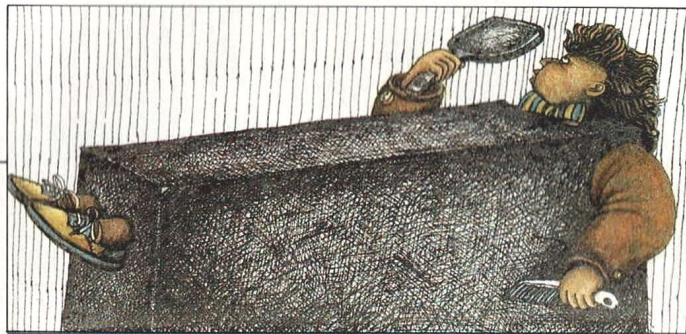
On a road like this, in a car like the new Twin Cam Celica, once you start driving, you may never want to stop.

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Oh what a feeling! **TOYOTA**

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VANITY



SHADES OF STYLE

Back in the Seventies, Australia went through what might be called a glare scare. The boffins argued that we were subjecting our eyes to real damage by wearing crummy throwaway sunglasses (the type you'd find in big plastic buckets next to the bowser at your local service station) which offered little or no protection from ultraviolet and infra-red rays. Australia was, it was said, a high ultra-violet environment and with the demise (Molly Meldrum excepted) of the wide-brimmed hat, we all needed a set of shades that would do the job properly.

The glare scare officially ended last July when the Australian Standards Association introduced a set of standards for harmful ray absorption. You shouldn't buy any shades that don't carry a tag stating that the product complies with the new rules (purveyors of the cheap and nasty stuff have been given two years to clear their stocks). The upshot of all this is that if you're in the hunt for a pair of sunglasses that *work*, just about anything on the market will do.

The question, then, is this: what are the advantages in shelling out big bucks for designer labels when a \$30 investment will suffice? Here's where the vanity factor comes in. Sunglasses are all about image. Whereas spectacles make you look like a jerk, sunglasses make you look cool, right? There's hardly a face on the planet that can't be improved with the right pair of sunglasses. Apart from that, sunglasses are the cheapest recognisable fashion accessories around. You can't afford a Porsche, but you can sure as hell afford a pair of Porsche Carrera shades, right?

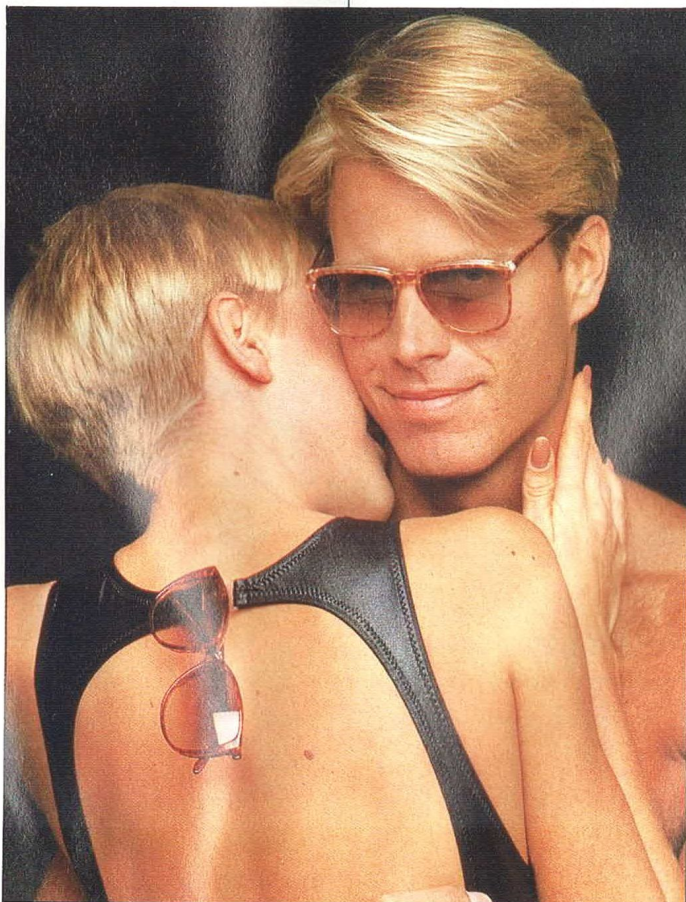
Put all this together and it's obvious that sunglasses provide a fertile environment for wanking — and just about everybody's doing it. But wait a minute — let's be fair. There *are* some real advantages in the upmarket brands, and a brief market analysis will bring them to light.

Department stores, chemists

and surfside shops stock what are called "national brands" — Polaroid, Sunaroid, Four Seasons, VYIs, Le Specs, and so on. They're all around the \$30 to \$40 mark and they have reasonable quality lenses offering 92 to 96 percent ultraviolet absorption but very little infra-red absorption. They are also prime examples of planned obsolescence — what's in this year, image-wise, is absolutely nowhere next year. And most people are quite happy to throw them away on cue. This sort of marketing has allowed some manufacturers to get away with shady practices. For instance, one outfit mounted a brilliant advertising

campaign suggesting that its product was unbreakable. Trouble is, it wasn't — and isn't. The company has relied on the low return rate (who's going to bother returning \$30 worth of anything?) to stay in the black.

If you're the sort of person who can get through a few summers without losing your shades (a difficult task for most of us), you'd probably save money by going up-market. Here the market diverges into two groups — the designer or fashion brands (Christian Dior, Dunhill, Porsche, Gucci) and the technically excellent brands (Zeiss, Rayban, Rodenstock, Bolle, Vuarnet).



Most sunglasses work, but are they cool?

As you'd expect, with the designer brands (priced between \$80 and \$200) you're paying for a prestigious name — and you can be sure it'll be as prominently displayed as is possible on a set of shades. The lenses are generally only marginally better than in the "national brands" and the quality difference lies mainly in the frames, which may be gold or titanium filled. The advantage here is that when you buy the sunglasses they're personally fitted for comfort, so you have a pair of shades that you can wear for hours on end without irritating your nose and ears and without the perennial problem of slippage. OPSM, the largest retailer of quality sunglasses in Australia, will fit every pair they sell and provide a full after-sale service. If you happen to lose a screw or an arm or whatever, there's no drama.

The technically excellent brands are the real value for money in the sunglasses market. They offer a *markedly* superior lens and a high-quality frame — again, personally fitted with after-sale service — for around \$60 to \$100-plus. Styles don't change much from year to year as fashion trends take a back seat to performance. These are the sort of shades you'd expect to wear for a decade.

Bolle are included in this bracket because, although they currently enjoy a cult fashion following among the ski-surf set, they also boast the finest lenses in the business — 100 percent protection... *extraordinarily* good. No-one should head for the Antarctic without them. Rayban Wayfarers, all the rage for Blues Brothers impersonators, also happen to be damn good performers with significantly better infra-red protection than all others apart from Bolle.

If you want quality in sunglasses this summer you'll have to search beyond the local surf shop or pharmacy. Optical retailers and boutiques are where you'll find the good stuff. Just don't blame me if you've lost them under a sand castle before the year is out. — Greg Hunter

I shouldn't have, but I did.

It's amazing how some old songs, and certain scents, can take you back to another place and time.

Tabac does that for me.

Reminds me of him. He was handsome, fun to be with but unfaithful.

Still I loved him. I shouldn't have, but I did.

And to this day,

when I catch a hint of Tabac on the evening air, my heart beats a little faster.

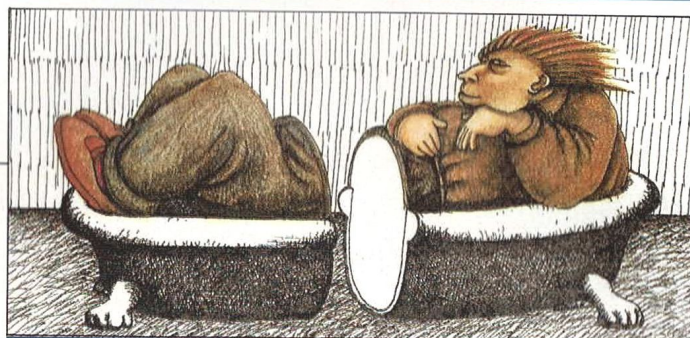
Tabac Original

It shouldn't make a difference. But it does.

TABAC ORIGINAL, AFTERSHAVE, SHAVING CREAM, COLOGNE



SLOTH



THE PEARL IN THE ROUGH

Outback Australia is not everyone's cup of billy tea. You can hop the first plane out of the Big Smoke on Friday and get jet lag without leaving the country. Sunday is still too bloody far away.

Fiji is only four hours from Sydney or Brisbane — a six-can squirt. Boring Bali's about the same. Even Singha-sipping Singapore is only seven-and-a-half hours by jampacked Jumbo. Australia's far fringe — the 9000 kilometre sweep of Top End from northern Queensland around to our north-west coast — might as well be on the moon.

Which is a pity. Getting off the bitumen up there can give jaded city spirits a bigger buzz than Neil Armstrong's giant leap for mankind in space dust.

When you finally land, in Broome, Darwin or Cooktown, you'll find the locals quick to scoff at your continent-hopping, your 800 km/h aerial bus tour. They chew up the bulldust roads snaking into the vast, red land and spit them out as if they were nothing. They don't talk in terms of distance or time. Every other place is "just down the track, mate." And some of them, not always tongue-in-cheek, measure it in cartons of beer. A 200-kilometre thrash on

this bone-jarring road is, perhaps, a two-carton job. Wallaby Bob's place is only a carton away. Roll on Sunday.

Go and see what's down the track before it's drowned in the tidal wave of American and Japanese tourists now making hay while the Aussie dollar doesn't shine. It's worth seeing — all of it — and you might even get a glimpse of the Vanishing Australians, the hell-for-leather outbackers who are sometimes a lot larger than city life. The gap-toothed cabbie who picked us up from Broome's tiny airport, for instance, was fascinated to learn we were from Sydney. "Tell me," he grinned, "who's got the pub there now?"

Australia, I've always suspected, is one big pub. Broome, however, is 1677 kilometres by air from Perth's brash boozers. And it might as well be 167,000.

The tropical climate — sticky in the wet, but beautiful in the dry months from April to October —

doesn't encourage you to break into a gallop. You drop into the tropical shuffle quickly. This is *mananaland*, mate, and the tourist sights you miss today you can pick up tomorrow. Or the day after.

Take your camera if you grab the gap-toothed cabbie out to Cable Beach. This 22-kilometre stretch of incredibly white sand and Indian Ocean is a real gem in the old pearling town. It's a nudist beach — Australia's longest — and if the sharks lurking out beyond the rollers don't get you, the women will. They come from all over Australia to soak up the sizzling sun, munch mangoes and hope the dole cheque's on time.

Broome has about 4000 people but that population trebles during August's two-week Sinju Matsiri — the big Japanese pearl festival. You won't miss much if you miss it. If you've seen one dragon dance, you've seen them all. Broome's real face is much more interesting.

It's a polyglot community, a mix

of Malays, Japanese, Chinese, Aboriginals and white Australians. And it works. There is racial harmony here, even if some of the locals can't spell it.

Broome is an old town — first settled in the late 1800s — and it learned to live with itself soon after the first pearling luggers got stranded on the mangrove-ringed beaches by Australia's highest tides.

These eight-metre tides have not washed away any of the town's history. You can still walk with some fabulous ghosts down Broome's narrow streets. The Malays, the Japanese, the Islanders, and the white and black Australians who died in their deep-water quest for a king's ransom in pearls don't rest easily in their graves.

You can lift your own eyes to the smog-free heavens for the price of a movie ticket. Broome boasts the world's oldest continuous picture theatre. This single-storey structure, in mostly out-to-lunch Chinatown, has been showing Hollywood's Dreamtime since 1916. There's often not a dry seat in the house when the Big Wet hits. Most of the canvas chairs are down the front, open to tropical downpours.

There is more to balmy Broome than yesterday's heroes. The town has a pulse — a beautiful, slow-moving one — that makes you want to linger, to delay that long, slow trip back to the maddening crowd.

There are worse places to get away from it all. This tiny pocket of the wild, wild west is a springboard to the Kimberley Coast — and equally fascinating outback towns further up WA's far north-west coast. The only snag, as I mentioned earlier, is that it's more than a four-carton trip. Cheers.

*Ansett WA runs packages to Broome. Prices start from \$560, ex-Perth, with five days of motel accommodation. Book your hire car in advance. The town only has eight taxis — and it's a heavy-hearted hoof, in a hot climate, around the place. — Rob Dingle



Broome's history, smog-free heavens and slow pulse make it a fine destination.

The big problem with cheap videotapes lies in the quality of the coating on the tape.

Or rather the lack of quality.

After some use the coating can start to deteriorate.

The result; the picture breaks up, the audio breaks down, and you have to fork out for a new tape.



WHY CHEAP VIDEOTAPES ARE A LOT MORE EXPENSIVE THAN TDK VIDEOTAPES.

TDK videotapes, on the other hand, boast a remarkable tape coating called Super Avilyn. In plain English what it does is to reproduce a razor sharp picture, with colours that are naturally bright; not washed out or garish.

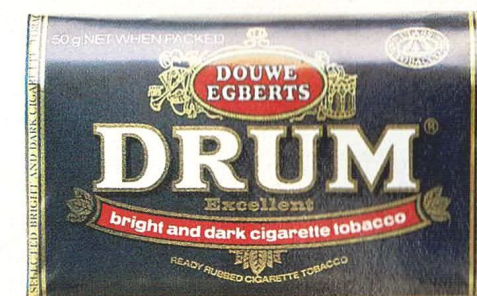
It also means a tape so durable you can record and playback hundreds of times without any loss of picture quality.

Which in the long run means a tape that costs less than the cheapest tape you can buy.

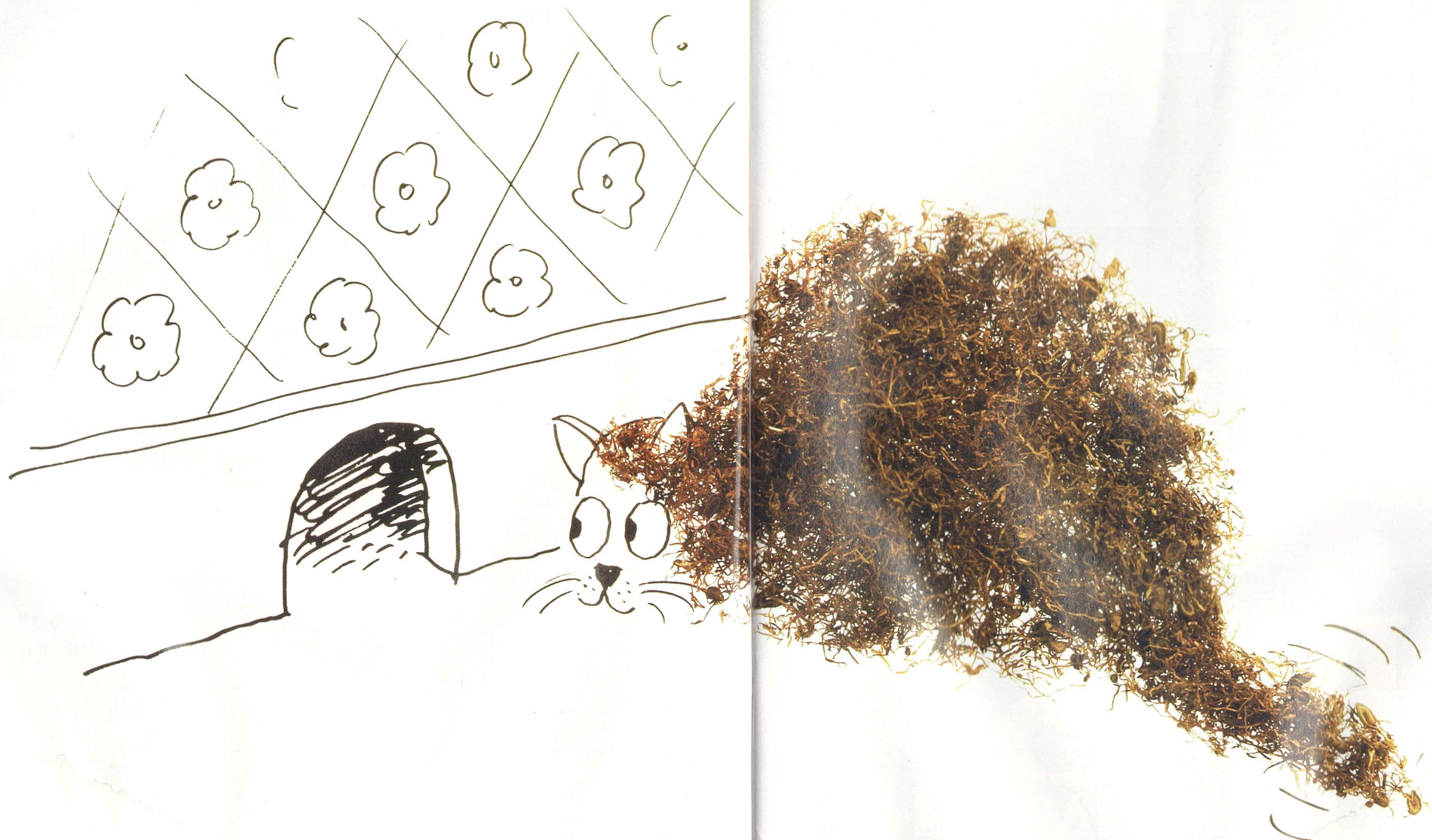


TDK
DOES AMAZING THINGS





SMILE, YOU'RE SMOKING THE BEST TOBACCO IN THE WORLD.





Has immunity from prosecution allowed some of Australia's worst criminals to get away with murder?

BY PETER McDONALD

In Australia today it is possible to get away with very serious crimes. Crimes like murder, armed robbery, large-scale drug distribution and massive fraud. How is it done? By confessing to those crimes in court. But first you have to make an arrangement with the law. The arrangement you must make is called immunity from prosecution, the details of which are recorded on a piece of paper. With that piece of paper in your pocket, you can walk away from your heinous confessions a free man.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

PHOTO BY JEREMY TAYLOR

DEAL

During the early hours of October 28, 1983, Mrs Delys Olive King was shot and killed inside her home at Concord in Sydney's west by an intruder wielding a .22 calibre weapon. Mrs King was the estranged wife of a Gosford (NSW) police officer, Leslie Maurice King.

Two days later an ex-con, Phillip Anthony Siemsen, was interrogated by Sydney detectives. Siemsen made a written statement admitting an association with the police officer but denying any knowledge of the murder of Mrs King. He was eventually allowed to leave the police station.

On December 6, 1983 a Gosford woman, Sandra Susan Scealy, arranged for an interview with Sydney Homicide detectives and in that interview made a detailed confession of her complicity with Phillip Siemsen in the attempted murder of Delys King. On the basis of that confession, Siemsen was arrested on December 8.

At the time of his arrest Siemsen continued to deny any involvement in the murder. However, his story changed dramatically when he was confronted with Scealy's signed statement.

On the following day Bernard Thomas Matthews, another ex-con, was arrested for the murder of Mrs King. (According to Matthews he had had various dealings with Siemsen but a disagreement over a busi-

ness partnership had led to a parting of the ways several months previously.) Ultimately the Crown was to allege that Leslie King had hired Siemsen to kill his wife, that Siemsen had made numerous attempts to do so but had failed, and that he had then "sub-contracted" the job to Matthews.

On March 19, 1984 Siemsen was granted immunity from prosecution by the then NSW Attorney-General Paul Landa, on the undertaking that he become a witness for the Crown in the prosecution of Bernie Matthews and Leslie King. All charges against him were dropped. Sandra Scealy was also granted immunity despite the fact that she had never been charged by police.

It might seem extraordinary that Siemsen, a man who had a prior conviction which involved telling lies to police and a "swear false affidavit" conviction, was so readily believed in this instance. It seems even more extraordinary in the light of Susan Scealy's signed statement of December 6, 1983:

"I was talking to Phil and he just told me that he was going to get a lot of money for killing someone . . . I kept asking him who it was and he told me I didn't know her . . . He also told me that night that she lived in Sydney with her father and son and that he knew the address. There was also some talk that night about a rifle that he was going to saw off . . . He asked if I would drive for him while he went in and shot her."

"Q12. How many times did you go to Co-

lane St, Concord West — that is, where Mrs King lived?"

"A. About six times in all."

"Q13. Who did you go with on each occasion?"

"A. Phil Siemsen."

"Q29. Did Phil say anything about any other occasion when he returned from Mrs King's house?"

"A. He told me that he got in each time through the side window and one time he couldn't do it because she was in bed with the boyfriend."

"Q5. When did you first find out about Mrs King's death?"

"A. I heard it on the radio on the Sydney news. They said her name and I knew it was her and that Phil had really done it."

Siemsen himself had offered this explanation in a second signed record of interview at the time of his arrest:

"Then one Friday night in May I found a window open at the side of the house through which I entered and I walked around inside the house for several minutes and then went to Delys' door and looked through the keyhole. I could see her in bed as the light was on. I stood there for several minutes and found I couldn't do it."

It was then, Siemsen told police, that he decided to contact a bloke he knew from jail called Bernie Matthews.

In the subsequent Coronial Inquiry Siemsen admitted several attempts to kill Mrs King. Later, at the Sydney Supreme Court trial of Matthews and Leslie King, Siemsen, now cloaked in immunity, boasted of no less than 20 separate attempts to kill Mrs King.

Not surprisingly, the jury disregarded Siemsen's story and acquitted Bernie Matthews on the charge of murder. Leslie King was found guilty of conspiracy to murder and received a life sentence. Thus in the killing of Delys Olive King we have a body, a man guilty of conspiracy to murder, and no murderer. Phillip Siemsen's immunity cannot be revoked. He is a free man.

Bernie Matthews, who was on parole at the time of his arrest, was re-imprisoned because of the murder charge and spent 16 months behind bars with the prospect of a life sentence hanging over his head for a crime he did not commit. He's an angry man, and the focus of his anger is the legal mechanism of immunity from prosecution. Now a vocal activist and spokesman for the NSW Prisoners' Action Group, Matthews told *Penthouse*: "My defence counsel wanted to attack Siemsen's immunity but found there was no legal avenue to do so. Here you had a bloke who could get in the witness box and admit everything up to but not including pulling the trigger, because that would have ruined his immunity. I don't think even the Crown believed his story in the end."

Police verbals — fabricated confessional evidence presented in court as a true and accurate record of police interroga-

SCHOOL RE-UNION



"It's Wanker Jenkins!"



"I said, it's been done . . ."

DEAL

tions — have come under sustained attack in recent years. Matthews believes that immunity from prosecution is being geared up by police and Crown Law officers to replace police verbals during criminal trials. "I believe the police have decided: 'Why should we do the fabricating ourselves? All we have to do is tell the crim that if he plays ball with us and says what we want him to say, we'll give him the piece of paper that says he's immune from prosecution. If he won't, he can stand in the dock with the others.' That way the crim does the lying for them. It's beautiful. When a crim has got his own neck on the chopping block, he'll lie his head off if he's got any sense. The cops will just play one crim off against another. They couldn't give a shit who's guilty as long as they get a conviction."

Immunity from prosecution is the latest and greatest legal weapon in the fight against organised crime. A very recent phenomenon in this country, it's a nebulous and little-documented area of law. At best it is a powerful tool that can be deployed to smash the conspiracy of silence that protects all criminal organisations. At worst, it is a crude, unwieldy and dangerous device which has the capacity to seriously compromise the criminal justice

system. In some cases it has already done just that.

The rationale behind immunity is a simple one: in order to catch the big fish you sometimes have to sacrifice the little ones. This follows from the fact that in criminal proceedings a witness can refuse to answer a question on the grounds that it may incriminate him. Subpoenaing a witness will usually result in a collision with the brick wall resulting from the right to silence; immunity is a method of sneaking around that wall by offering the witness a deal: if he will answer the prosecutor's questions in court he will not be prosecuted regardless of whether or not he incriminates himself. The hope is that his testimony will also incriminate the accused and lead to a conviction.

According to Paul Byrne, Commissioner of the NSW Law Reform Commission, the granting of immunity is "an undesirable practice for at least four reasons . . . it is unfair, it is unreliable, it may be used secretly, and it is uncertain in its operation." In other words, it is wide open to abuse — by police, by prosecutors, and by criminals.

The case of Bernie Matthews is a forlorn example. There have been other equally disturbing cases in this country. It's best to look at those cases in the wider historical context.

The ancestor of immunity from prosecution was an ancient English legal practice

called the plea of approvement, whereby an accomplice who turned Queen's evidence was required to give his evidence under pain of death should it not result in a conviction. Writing in about 1650, Sir Matthew Hale condemned the plea of approvement in these terms: "More mischief hath come to good men . . . by false accusations of desperate villains than benefit to the public by the discovery and conviction of real offenders. The same could perhaps be said of the device of granting immunity in modern times."

It seems that the transition from under-the-table deals between police and criminals to the legal phenomenon of immunity from prosecution began when American law enforcement agencies tried to break the backbone of the Mafia after Prohibition had ended. One of the first cases involved Albert Anastasia, a reputed Brooklyn racketeer and gangster. An associate of Anastasia, Abe "Kid Twist" Reles, was arrested on a murder charge and made an arrangement with a Brooklyn prosecutor named Turkus to testify against Anastasia on a separate murder charge. Reles was openly granted immunity from prosecution. He was confined on the sixth floor of the Half Moon Hotel on Coney Island behind locked steel doors in the company of a brigade of bodyguards, but on November 12, 1941 he fell to his death from the bedroom window. The case against Anastasia collapsed.

The sanctity of a promise of immunity was first recognised in the 1939 American case of *The People v Conzo*, where the court held "that where a witness made answers required of him in exchange for a promise of immunity, the witness could not thereafter be punished" since the dignity of the state required it to adhere to its promises regardless of what damning admissions were made in court. The practice of granting immunity picked up momentum from that point onward and is frequently used in drug trafficking cases in the US today.

In Britain the first clear case emerged with the public identification of Sir Anthony Blunt as the fourth person in a group of Englishmen who had spied for the Soviets. The others were Philby, Burgess and McLean. It was revealed that Blunt had secretly been granted immunity from prosecution in 1964 by the then Attorney-General, Sir John Hobson, on the undertaking that he become a witness for the Crown. Blunt's immunity was ratified by successive Attorneys-General in 1972, 1974 and 1979.

In the Eighties a new word entered the British vocabulary — "supergrass" — after some spectacular trials in which large gangs or "firms" responsible for multiple armed robbery offences were convicted on the evidence of former members of the gangs. And in Northern Ireland the supergrass, granted immunity from prosecution, has been increasingly relied on in the



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In Australia there are no statistics whatsoever on the extent of immunities granted, whether formally or informally. In some cases they are granted secretly; in others it's obvious and no attempt is made to hide the arrangement. What is certain is that under-the-table deals between police and criminals have been around since the establishment of police forces in this country. At the investigation stage, police have virtual *carte blanche* to make informal deals with people who are implicated in criminal activities, and by and large these deals never come to light. Information is, after all, the life-blood of any police department and the best single source of information on criminals is other criminals. The under-the-table deal is usually a simple matter of promising not to prosecute in exchange for morsels of information which may lead to the nailing of more important criminals. But when the informant is going to be used as a witness, the granting of immunity will almost certainly be revealed, at least partly, during cross-examination.

That's what happened in the infamous Greek Conspiracy Case — one of the first Australian legal battles involving immunity and unquestionably one of the sloppiest cases in Australian judicial history. In April 1978, 180 Greeks were rounded up, deli-

vered to Sydney's Central Police Station and charged with conspiracy to defraud the Commonwealth. The informant in the case was Don Thomas, detective chief inspector of the Federal Police. Thomas had made an arrangement with a Greek taxi driver, Chris Nakis, who was at first accused of being one of the leading conspirators. Nakis was reportedly given a reward (sums of between \$30,000 and \$200,000 were mentioned) as well as a promise of immunity in exchange for his evidence as chief prosecution witness. It was only after searching cross-examination that the Nakis-Thomas "deal" came to light. Magistrate Bruce Brown refused to accept Nakis as a truthful witness and recommended that both Thomas and Nakis be prosecuted for conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. Despite the resultant furore in Federal Parliament, neither man was made to face charges. No Greeks were convicted and the cost of the whole shameful exercise has been estimated at \$50 million.

According to Bernie Matthews it was common knowledge within the NSW prison system that following a spate of murders at Sydney's Parramatta Jail in 1980 and 1981 two prisoners, Quin Mills and Joey Cohen, were given immunities in exchange for evidence which resulted in a total of five convictions. But the veil of secrecy was lifted for the first time in this country during the Sydney trial of Chester, Hattley and Carter in 1981. Gary John Carter was ar-

rested for armed robbery and swung an immunity deal. Briefly, his story was that along with Chester and Hattley he'd killed a man west of Sydney. Although Carter admitted to knowledge of the murder, to the extent of helping dig the bush grave for the disposal of the body, his immunity remained intact.

At around the same time — August 1981 — a case which in some respects parallels the Bernie Matthews "murder" case began with the car bombing of Gerald Flaherty at Penrith, west of Sydney. Flaherty lost a leg in the explosion and his three-year-old daughter lost the sight of one eye. After an eight-month investigation John Visser, Charles Mitchell and Craig Parker were charged with attempted murder. The Crown alleged that Visser hired Mitchell to plant the bomb and that Parker had helped him. Parker was eventually granted immunity on the undertaking that he give evidence on behalf of the Crown against Visser and Mitchell, both of whom maintained their innocence throughout.

This is an extract from a transcript of the bail application made by Craig Parker in the NSW Supreme Court on June 11, 1982:

"Applicant: Look, I've been offered an indemnity [ie immunity] but I can't help the police with the indemnity because I can't lie in court. If I was to take the indemnity I'd have to say things which are untrue. I've got nothing to hide at all."

In spite of this startling revelation by Parker the offer of immunity remained open to him and he eventually gave evidence on behalf of the Crown. Visser was sentenced to six consecutive terms of life imprisonment. Charles Mitchell was acquitted by the jury. As in the Matthews case, 'we have a person convicted of engineering a crime on the strength of an immune witness' testimony but no-one convicted of carrying out the actual crime.

In the celebrated 1979 Ananda Marga Trial of Alister, Dunn and Anderson the Crown case depended largely on the evidence of Richard Seary, who was favorably treated (although not granted "formal" immunity) in the sense that he was a paid agent provocateur employed by Federal Police to infiltrate the Ananda Marga sect. The three accused were convicted of conspiracy to murder National Front leader Robert Cameron. Doubts about Seary's reliability were instrumental in forcing the judicial inquiry which led to the release of the three Margis in 1985. They had each been imprisoned for seven years.

The murder of Griffith anti-drug campaigner Donald Mackay ultimately led to the arrest of Gianfranco Tizzone, a trusted lieutenant of reputed Griffith drug czar Robert Trimbole. Tizzone swung an immunity deal with police and Crown Law authorities. His arrest led to the further arrests of James Frederick Bazley and George Joseph, a Melbourne gun dealer who allegedly supplied the murder weapons. Joseph was also granted immunity from prosecution and along with Tizzone became a witness for the Crown against Bazley, who in 1985 was convicted of the Mackay murder along with the murders of drug couriers Douglas and Isobel Wilson. The real prize catch — Trimbole himself — slipped through the fingers of police after a bungled extradition attempt and ultimately it took two murder accomplices (one of whom, Tizzone, had been instrumental in setting up the crime) to sink one murderer.

Tizzone and Joseph are in the hands of the Federal Witness Protection Scheme, as is Bernard Podgorski, who was charged in company with 43 other members of the Bandido and Comanchero biker gangs with seven counts of murder following the Milperra Massacre of September 1984. The charges against Podgorski have been dropped in return for his testimony concerning the other 42 accused, who are currently awaiting trial.

On the face of it, the brief history of Australian cases involving immunity from prosecution is not a very impressive one. When viewed against the central issues in the immunity debate, it looks even shoddier.

Nobody in legal circles regards immunity as a desirable solution to the problems of modern crime fighting. The Federal Director of Public Prosecutions, Ian Temby, has said: "The criminal justice system

should operate without the need to grant indemnities or pardons to persons who have participated in offences with the view to these persons giving evidence against the principal offenders. This ideal cannot always be achieved and there are some cases where the public interest in breaking a 'conspiracy of silence' about a particular case far outweighs the interest that the public would have in bringing the minor offenders before the courts."

How else, it's argued, can the law penetrate any closed society — a biker gang, an ethnic group, a prison system, a religious sect, an organised crime syndicate? Immunity is a *practical* solution to a complex problem. It weighs one evil against another in the interests of public safety.

But there are big problems with the mechanism of immunity, and the biggest is the unreliability of an immune witness' evidence. Immunity is essentially a contract, and the witness has a special interest in fulfilling that contract to the satisfaction of the Crown. "There is an enormous temptation," says University of NSW law lecturer David Brown, "for people who've been granted immunity to tell lies. The instinct for self-preservation is likely to cause the witness to tell police what they want to hear, regardless of the truth, because they've been granted immunity in order to live up to that expectation. They have no interest in backing out of their statements — and, of course, neither do the police."

The device of immunity is only open to the prosecution. In a 1969 American case, *Florida v Schell*, the defendant sought immunity for a defence witness in order that the witness could testify on his behalf. There was nothing in the legislation that would allow such an immunity, nor is there any such provision in Australia. A criminal trial is supposed to be a contest between more or less equally placed parties. If the device is available to the prosecution, why should it not also be available to the defence in the interests of fairness and impartiality?

Under the *National Crime Authority Act* 1984 the Federal Director of Public Prosecutions has the power to give a written undertaking to a witness that any statements he may make during the course of a trial will not be used in evidence against him in any proceeding under Commonwealth law. Similar provisions exist in the states, where the power to grant immunity rests with the Attorneys-General, who may do so on the recommendation of police. But there is no provision in any of the legislation, nor in the DPP's guidelines, requiring disclosure to the court of an immunity. Shouldn't the defence, and the jury, in a criminal case have the right to know exactly what deals have gone down between the Crown and its witnesses? NSW Law Reform Commissioner Paul Byrne describes

Continued on page 144





WEATHERGIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Just 19 years old, Janna Adams is a woman whose charms are mightily attuned to the elements of nature. At one moment she is as magical and radiant as the moon, at another she is as mysterious and haunting as the swelling ocean beneath it. "To put it mildly, I wax and wane," she explains.





"So I don't have to look to astrology or listen to anyone else to follow my moods. It's simply a matter of sticking my head out an open window. And I've learned to read a weather map better than those goons on TV.







"So I'll *always* know the phase of the moon, I'll know the tides and ocean conditions, and I'll know which way the wind is blowing. That's all I need.



"For me the special day is the new moon. I love that hour or so around dusk before it disappears. If I can I'll be on a headland somewhere in the arms of my lover, just watching it quietly. By the time the full moon comes around, I'm uncontrollable."

✻



The deceptively effortless art of snake charming recalls the rituals of India's ancient past.

WORKS LIKE A CHARM

BY LYNN KEARCHER

Dawn comes slowly in the small town of Patia, India, southeast of Calcutta. The first sounds are the rusty wheels of a ricksha clanking through the streets as a local merchant peddles his fried sweets and lotus roots to the marketplace, where a flurry of activity has begun. Merchants sweep the dust from their straw mats and unfurl their goods, strategically displaying them with hopes of luring passersby. A mist enshrouds the rising sun, and within the veil of haze, the rest of Patia awakens.

Among the multitude of families preparing the morning tea and requisite honey cakes are some 200 families known as Kerhas, whose sole means of survival is a somewhat unconventional profession—charming snakes. Reports have estimated that more than a thousand snakes are collectively owned by the Kerhas, and although they do not worship a snake god, they claim to possess divine powers which, when invoked by singing holy chants to the snakes, will hypnotise them. The Kerhas are carrying on the 2500-year-old tradition which is rooted in the ancient Hindu cult of snake worship.

**PHOTOGRAPHY
BY JEFFREY ROTMAN**

As public interest in snake charming wanes, new tricks are introduced to lure more spectators. Here, the vicious pairing of a mongoose and a cobra incites a fight that will ultimately be fatal for one of the creatures.

On a recent trip to India, photographer Jeffrey Rotman became intrigued by this ancient practice. Rotman explained to *Penthouse* that "snake charmers are members of a cult in which the son follows the tradition of his father. Secrets concerning control and care of a reptile are handed down through the generations." Rotman contends that snake charming is an art that "does not involve the use of magic." He adds that "those who use a reed flute to lure a reptile up from the coolness of a wicker basket must be extremely knowledgeable about the pattern and behavior of the snakes . . . They are herpetologists."

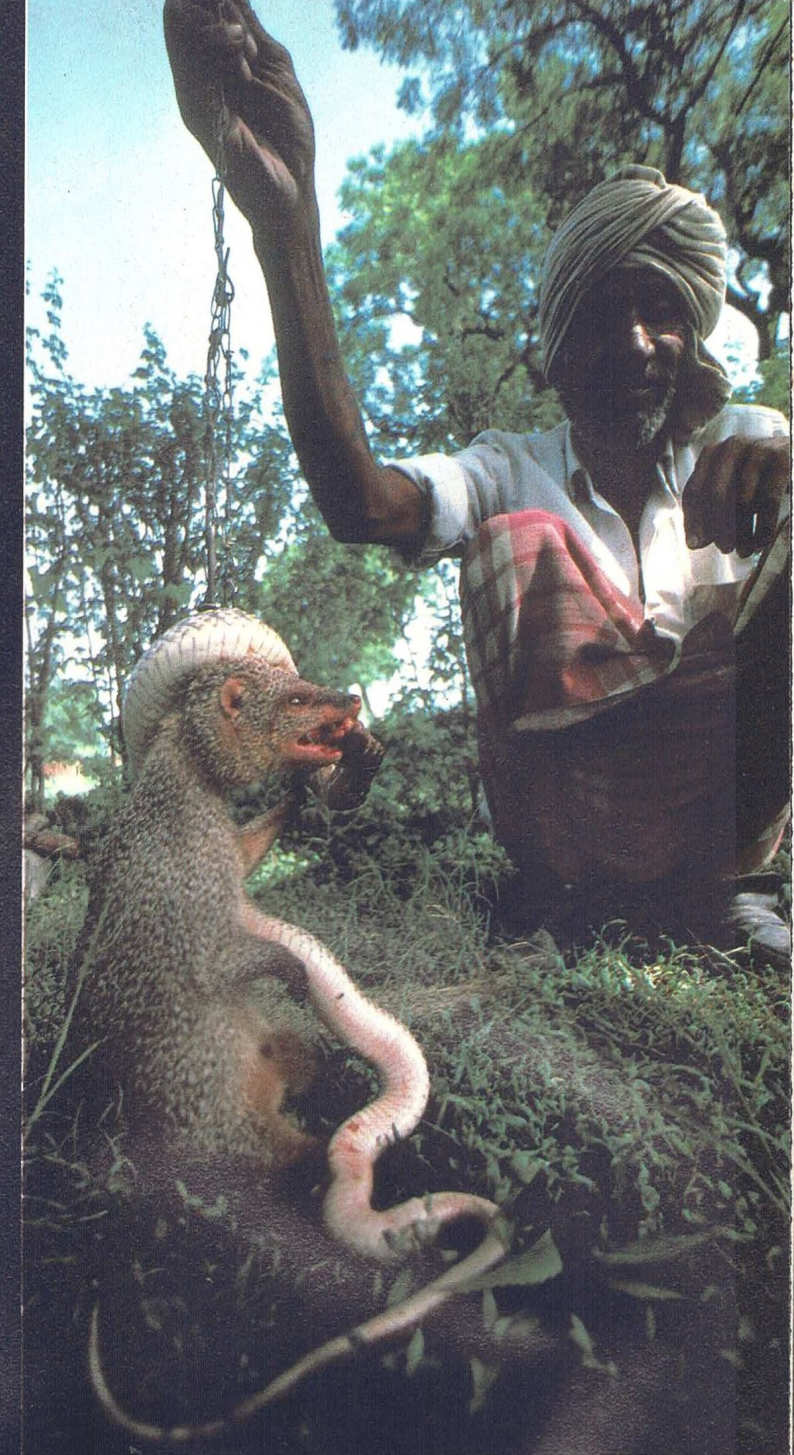
"They trek into the jungles to catch cobras, but in accordance with their religious beliefs, they keep the creatures captive for only a short period and then return them unharmed to the jungles."

Snake charmers — or fakirs, as they are called in India — prefer to woo only cobras. The cobra is a visual crowd pleaser, with its dramatic translucent hood. It has also been a religious icon for centuries and is considered the most sacred reptile by Hindus.

But once captured, just how does the fakir encourage the snake to rise from the depths of a reed basket and sway in time to the sound of a flute? "Snakes are deaf," says Rotman, "but when the top of the basket is lifted off and they are suddenly struck by sunlight, they rear up in a defensive position. Then they follow the first movement they see, which is the fakir swaying back and forth. The fakir skillfully times the wailing of his flute with the movements of the snake, and to bystanders it appears as if the snake were charmed and keeping in time with the music." Stopping the snake, says Rotman, is handled in much the same manner. "The snake charmer simply stops playing and withdraws slowly. The cobra, sensing that the danger has passed, settles down into the basket."

Despite all the fakir's cunning and skill, snake charming can be an extremely dangerous profession. The "authentic" snake charmers handle cobras whose venom sacs are intact. But for all its obvious danger, the cobra is relatively slow. First, it selects a moving target, such as an arm or leg, then strikes, locks its jaws, and "literally chews the venom into the victim," Rotman says. Knowing this, the fakir never allows any part of his body to be exposed.

Perhaps it is man's primal curiosity that has





The mongoose, the sole rival of the cobra, is a flesh-eating rodent whose lightning-fast speed often catches the snake off guard. Today, several of India's snake charmers use the mongoose to intimidate the cobra.

fostered India's snake-charming trade. While observers often experience an unnerving chill while watching snakes, they still find in these reptiles an obsession akin to watching horror films. Recalling a large gathering in New Delhi, where tourists and townsfolk alike became mesmerised by a turbaned snake charmer swaying in time with his cobra, Rotman says: "Man has an unexplained fascination for snakes. He is compelled to watch them despite the eerie feeling. Maybe they invoke some kind of mythology."

For example, few movie-goers will ever forget the scene in *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* where, in the Well of Souls, Harrison Ford and sultry Karen Allen — who is decked out in a backless party frock — are trapped with some 6000 cobras, pythons, boa constrictors and other snakes. The scene appalled many squeamish viewers and, in fact, Steven Spielberg admitted that while directing it, "I spent my time standing on an apple box with a torch in my hand."

But despite the human obsession with snakes, Rotman fears that India's fakirs have a rather dim future. "Snake charming is in grave danger of disappearing," he told us. And from a Westerner's perspective, as we contemplate many of the eccentricities of Indian culture — ranging from holy men reclining on beds of nails, to people flocking to polluted rivers to purify their bodies — it seems a shame that the archetypal ritual of snake charming should wane.

With the advent of modern technology forcing India to compete with the rest of the world, and with the inevitable cynicism towards traditions that comes with change, snake charming is now considered a dying profession. Even many committed fakirs are thinking twice about passing on this ancient art to their children. As Purna Chandra Das, a snake charmer in Patia, said recently: "Our children need good educations and must earn what city people do when they grow up." Another fakir, Debendra, told a reporter: "Today there are just too many snake charmers, and tourists' interest is dwindling."

The decline of the fakir is a harbinger of India's new urban age. Last December, a restive swami who walked the Himalayas prophesied that India was entering an age of excessive materialism which would inevitably herald bad times.

Perhaps, after all, the charm is finally wearing off. ☐



BY ROY S. JOHNSON

**Will Michael Tyson become the youngest
heavyweight champion of the world
in boxing's history?**

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Michael Tyson is walking the streets, once again wondering where he might have been instead of where he is. Or where he's going. He's dressed in a fashionable, grey leather jacket with a plush wool collar and heavily padded shoulders — the kind that costs big dollars these days in chic boutiques in New York's Soho or in Beverly Hills, but can't be found in a small town like this: Catskill, New York, a quiet, conservative community nestled quaintly on the shores of the Hudson River, about 160kms north of Manhattan. It's the sort of place that makes you feel like you've stepped on to a movie set, maybe *Back To The Future*, or better yet, *The Last Picture Show*. Small wonder then that Tyson looks somewhat misplaced as he ambles along Main Street. "Let's just walk," he says.

By his own admission, Tyson is *very bad*, a fact that causes the teenager to shake his head in wonder as he provides this guided tour one day in early spring. "Some of these guys here think they're bad," Tyson says, looking around. "but they don't know what bad is. I spend a lot of time in jails. And sometimes I see my friends,

THE GREAT BLACK HOPE

PHOTO BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

BLACK HOPE

guys I grew up with, you know, and I think, "This could be me." He pauses here, but without breaking stride. "Maybe it even should have been me in there, not them."

Tyson is greeted warmly by nearly everyone. "Hi, Mikel!" says a high-pitched female voice from across the street. The woman is carrying groceries in one arm, while using the other hand to corral an active child.

"Hello, ma'am," Tyson responds, waving and flashing a friendly smile that reveals a lone silver tooth in the front. Passersby in cars and pickup trucks honk and shout his name.

All of this respect has come because Tyson has an enviable vocation, one that's kept him off the wrong streets. He knocks suckers out. *Cold.*

Boxing is, and probably always will be (despite persistent efforts to ban it), an intriguing profession. Like other sports, it requires a multitude of skills, strength, stamina, and speed. As well as an intense desire, a *fire*, to beat the living daylights out of your opponent. Yet unlike cricket, athletics, football, tennis or golf, sports that spawn their legends because of their achievements rather than their personalities, it is not good enough in boxing merely to be the best. Jack Johnson, Rocky Marciano, Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard and, of course, the inimitable Muhammad Ali, were all living icons because of who they were outside of the ring rather than who they pummelled inside it. The images they presented (real or imagined) to the crazed boxing public helped them transcend the barbaric nature of their sport. In seven years as the heavyweight champ, Larry Holmes, now 36, never came close to filling the tremendous vacuum in that division left by Ali's slow, sad fall from Great-estness. And despite a record that is truly worthy of adulation and unwavering respect, he never will.

Michael Tyson just might. And he may do it before he's old enough to drink.

He's only 19, but already he's boxing's rising star. Nineteen men have felt the raw power that has led some longtime boxing aficionados to predict that Tyson will not only become the youngest heavyweight champion ever, but that he will wear the belt with more aplomb than any man since Ali and breathe fresh, sweet life into an old, tired sport.

He is undefeated in 19 professional fights (19 KOs), the best start in boxing history. The first victory occurred in March of 1985. He clubbed Hector Mercedes of Puerto Rico in just one minute, 47 seconds in that debut, sparking a pattern. All told, 12 of his opponents have done belly flops to the canvas in the first round; none has lasted through six. When he came to, Sterling Benjamin, victim No 11, said Tyson had a

"sledgehammer." *Did anyone get the number of that truck?*

"We couldn't have asked him to do anything more than what he has done," says Jimmy Jacobs, Tyson's co-manager with Bill Cayton. "We've had high expectations for him and he's lived up to them all spectacularly."

It is more than sheer talent, however, that makes Tyson an eventual threat to dispatch all of the pretender-contenders wallowing in the rankings beneath Michael Spinks, the current heavyweight champ, and Holmes, the deposed champ. It's something inside him, something he has carried with him to this place from his Brooklyn (New York City) home. "Can I tell you something?" Tyson says as he takes a seat in a local soda shop and orders a Pepsi. "Sometimes I get into the ring with these guys and think, 'What am I doing? What is a fighter really, except someone who beats people up? Who is Mike Tyson, and

"I used to beat up on other kids, so when Bobby and I boxed he tried to kill me. He hit me so hard once I stopped breathing."

how did I get here?' But then everything I was taught takes over, and everything I learned in my past. It's survival, man, that's all. And just making people understand that you're better than they think you are, that you're great."

Tyson's teacher was the late Cus D'Amato, a legendary figure in the boxing world who once trained and managed heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson and light-heavyweight champion Jose Torres and became a major force in the sport before falling on hard times. As his stable of fighters dwindled to a few unknown and unpromising students, he resided in a white 14-room Victorian home on a hill overlooking the Hudson River which was owned by Camille Ewald, whose sister was once married to D'Amato's brother. Even as he grew old he still trained fighters, converting an old, abandoned brick building owned by the city into a gym. But until he found Tyson, his primary goal had become not to mould champions, but simply to give these wayward youths something to do other than terrorise the streets, to raise their self-worth.

He and Tyson came together at a time

that couldn't have been more critical for the young thug from Brooklyn who discovered at an early age that the most expedient way to obtain the best — on the streets, that meant big-ticket clothes — was to be the worst. His life of crime began with penny-ante stuff, picking pockets or snatching jewellery from the necks of frightened subway riders. He was only ten, the youngest of Lorna Tyson's three children. (As is often the case, there was no father in the children's lives. He abandoned them while Tyson was still in the womb.) A schoolteacher, Lorna had just moved her family from the warlike Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn to Brownsville, which was only a little better. It was there that Tyson tried to prove himself worthy of the friendship of older boys through crime.

Soon he was ruthless. Muggings at knife-point. Burglaries in the middle of the night. He says he never killed anyone, but the look in his eyes says somewhere in his past, he might have come close. "The most relieved feeling in the world comes when someone shoots at you, and misses," he says. "That happened once, when I broke into someone's place and they were home. No, it didn't make me change. I was back on the streets the next night, doing something else."

Tyson's antics often landed him in reform schools and juvenile detention facilities. At 13, he was sent to the Tyron School for Boys in upstate New York. Here his life began to take a new direction, though it grew worse before it got better. Tyson was incensed about being locked up, so he fought back. He was sullen, sometimes violent, and so unmanageable that he was once detained in a separate "cottage" set aside for the school's most nefarious inhabitants. "I was," he says now, "a horrible kid."

Boxing was a natural escape, although it, too, was not without its trying moments. Tyson grew close to one of Tyron's employees, a former professional boxer named Bobby Stewart, and convinced Stewart to tutor him in the sport. The pug agreed, but only if Tyson agreed to raise his reading skills. Neither task was easy. "I used to beat up on other kids, so when Bobby and I boxed he tried to kill me," Tyson says. "He wanted to humiliate me in front of the other kids, so they could see I was nothing. He hit me so hard once, I stopped breathing."

Yet Tyson was the same kid who dodged a bullet and came back for more. He pestered Stewart to learn more about boxing, its nuances and tricks, until the ex-fighter could teach him no more. That's when Stewart telephoned D'Amato.

The two men — the old man and the kid — met for the first time in that old, converted building that D'Amato called his gym. Tyson sparred with Stewart, displaying skills and a disarming build (he was five feet eight, 15 stone) that belied his 13 years.

Inside was another fighter, former welter-

weight Kevin Rooney, who is now Tyson's trainer. "He fought Bobby tough," Rooney recalls. "I even said I don't know who this kid is trying to fool. He's not 13. Maybe he's lying because he didn't want to go to jail, or something. After a while, Bobby had to go back into training just to keep up with the kid."

D'Amato was quickly convinced about Tyson's prospects. "He told me," says Jimmy Jacobs, who for ten years shared an apartment in New York City with D'Amato, "that Mike Tyson was going to be heavyweight champion of the world. That was enough for me."

Thus began an intriguing relationship between an old white man, with little time left to give, and a tempestuous black child of the streets, with little more than a future filled with promise.

Tyson's initial impression of D'Amato was exactly what one might expect from a teenage rebel. "When I first met him, I thought he was a psycho," the fighter says. "But after a while, I knew he was genuine because everything he was saying for me to do came out right. He knew things that were going to happen ahead of time, and not just in boxing. He knew politics, religion, things about ethnic groups and history that fascinated me. He was a master of life."

D'Amato, the philosopher, captivated Tyson during the two weeks he spent at the Ewald home before returning to Tyron. And

several months later, at the age of 14, he was paroled into D'Amato's custody. It was September 1980. "My whole life," Tyson says now, "starts here."

Though steered ably by D'Amato's guidance, both inside the ring and out, Tyson struggled to cope with his new surroundings. As a student at Catskill Junior High, he bucked authority like a wild colt. He was expelled after throwing a book at a teacher. "He couldn't take orders," says Camille Ewald. "I think he still doesn't like to do it. If a teacher told him to do something he wouldn't. It was as simple as that. But it was mainly because he just couldn't cope with the reading and writing and he was ashamed."

D'Amato became Tyson's legal guardian in 1981. Less than a year later, Lorna Tyson lost a long battle with cancer and died. Tyson says she became despondent when his father left her, and she began drinking. Although he contends several times during the conversation that he doesn't know the man, in a quiet moment he admits that he may have seen him at his mother's funeral. Tyson made no effort to talk to him, though, and says he never will.

The wall of the D'Amato's gym — it was officially renamed The Cus D'Amato Catskill Boxing Club after he died — is lined with worn and yellowed testimonials to his and boxing's past. Faded photographs of the trainer and his most successful pupil,

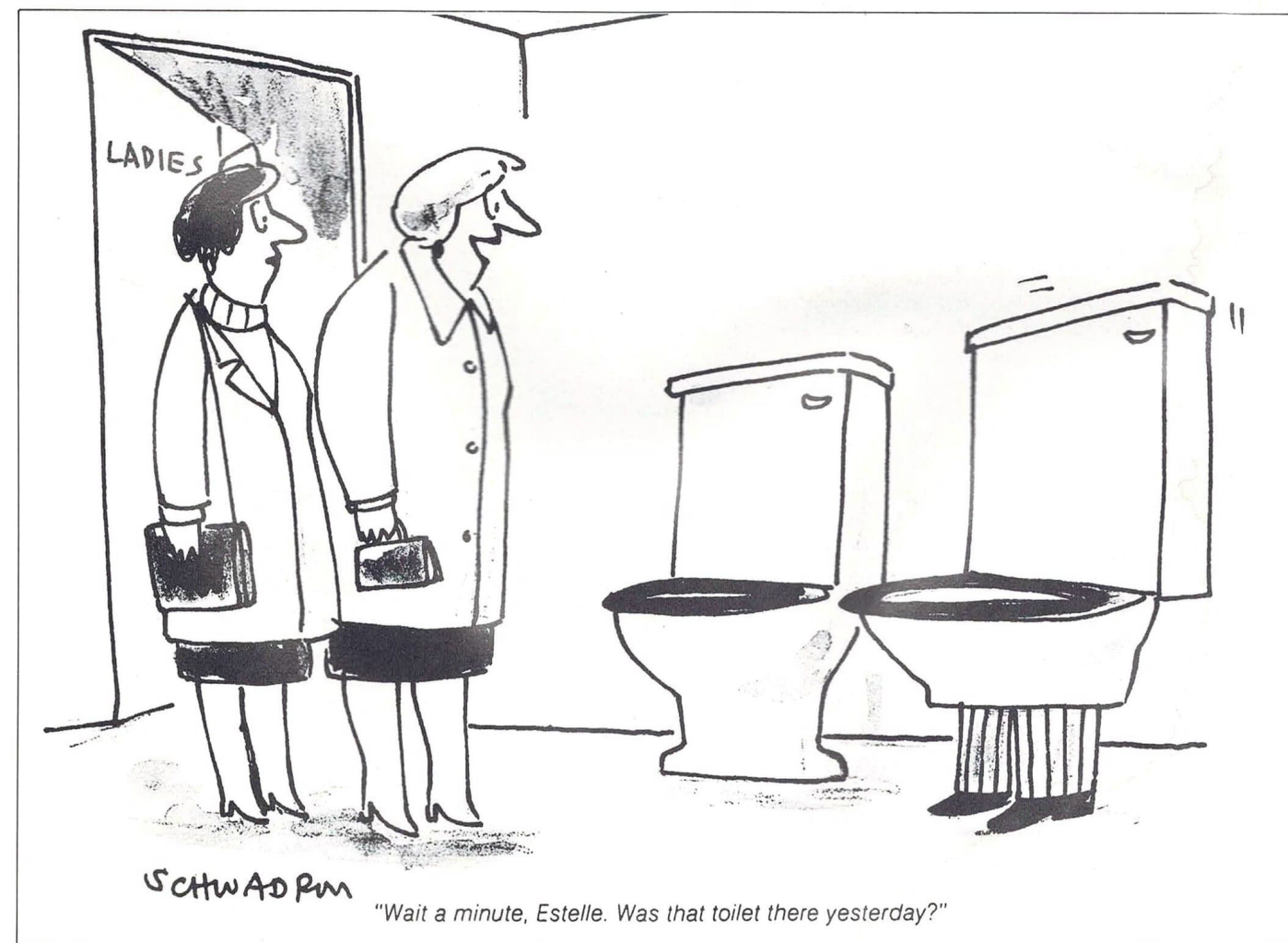
Patterson, and clippings and posters chronicling the fighter's career are prominent from the ceiling to the floor. But they are quickly being submerged beneath rows of articles touting Tyson's meteoric rise: TYSON'S THIRD-ROUND RIGHT FLOORS SIMMS; KO NO 8 FOR TYSON IN 39 SECONDS; THE WRECKING MACHINE; ANOTHER KNOCKOUT!

But don't be fooled by the highlights. For a time, Tyson was tested inside the ring as much as, if not more than, he was in the real world. He was a model student, even suppressing his puncher's instincts in an effort to master D'Amato's emphasis on defence. And he survived round after round of standing in the ring with lighter, quicker fighters and being told not to hit them, but elude the punches. Move. Duck. Weave. As a result of those workouts, he possesses a rare combination of power and elusiveness. Rooney characterises him as an "aggressive boxer."

"Joe Frazier," he says, "would take one or two punches just to get in one good one. Mike doesn't take any."

Indeed, he has never tasted the canvas during a fight.

But Tyson began boxing in the kinds of inauspicious places that even the most ardent fans are leery of. "Smokers", they're called, nonsanctioned bouts before surly, vocal crowds. And some of Tyson's opponents were worse — unrefined talents who would bull and batter their way around the ring trying to inflict as much pain as pos-



BLACK HOPE

sible on him. "Some of those guys," Tyson says now, "would have scared the guys from the neighborhood."

Meaning: they scared Tyson, too.

But it was all a part of D'Amato's plan, for it was here that the young fighter honed his development in the psychological aspects of the sport. The trainer spoke openly about fear, a subject that most trainers refuse to address. "He used to tell us that every fighter has fear," says Rooney. "It was just another part of the game you had to deal with. You had to control those feelings, then go out and do your job. He'd say, 'The hero and the coward both feel fear. But the hero reacts to it differently.'"

"Cus never had to explain what that meant," Tyson says.

The calendar in Miss Ewald's kitchen displays the final phase of D'Amato's grand plan. Inside the box for November 1 of last year, the name "Sterling Benjamin" was scribbled by an obviously ancient hand. The 13th is filled with "Eddie Richardson." "Conroy Nelson" is under the 22nd of the month. "Sammy Schaff" on December 6. And so on. D'Amato's scheme was to take advantage of Tyson's youthful resilience by fighting him as often as possible, a tactic that has been widely assailed because it is so contrary to the relatively easy schedules followed by today's fighters who surface for the big payday, then submerge into seclusion for several months before fighting again. D'Amato's reasoning has its roots in the ancient archives of the sport, which chronicle a time when fighters fought more because they *had* to in order to satisfy their creditors.

Tyson prides himself not only as a boxer, but as a student of the sport. During his early training, he would spend countless hours with D'Amato watching films of former champions like Jersey Joe Walcott and his favorite, Jack Johnson. Listen to the kid long enough and you swear you're hearing Cus. "You see," he says, "what made the great fighters was their stamina. In old times, there were no limits on how long some fights could last. Guys would go 45 to 50 rounds at full speed, and the great ones never gave up. Jack Johnson. Imagine if he had to fight 15 rounds. He wouldn't even be warmed up."

Tyson's critics say he is too short (his thick neck and shoulders actually make him look even shorter than he is) to compete with today's towering heavyweights. Holmes is six feet-four. Spinks is six feet-two and a half. But Rooney dispels that notion. "Actually, his size works in our favor," he says. "Once Mike slips inside against a taller guy, he's in his range. Guys like that aren't used to having guys in on them like that. They're used to having them at the end of a jab, so his size is an asset to us."

Others contend his string of victories was built at the expense of fighters of dubious

skill. Jacobs dismisses that, saying, "That's part of boxing. Some of the guys Mike's fought were supposed to be big tests for him, but after he knocked them out, people said they were tomato cans."

Finally, sceptics have dredged up the only stain on Tyson's ledger, a close loss in the 1984 Olympic trials to Henry Tillman, the eventual gold medalist, in the box-off that determined the American team. "He was only 17 then," Jacobs says. "Anybody who didn't see something special in him is blind. I've got tapes of Sugar Ray Robinson when he was 19, and let me tell you, you wouldn't know who he was. He was skinny, and he wasn't worth a nickel. Even now, Mike has only been a professional for barely a year. He's not the same fighter he was at 17, and he won't be the same fighter at 21."

What D'Amato could not have anticipated was that his protege would pique the interest of a boxing public, starved for a

“
Tyson has
until May of 1988
to become the youngest
heavyweight champion ever.
He'll be 21 years and
11 months then.
”

champion they can know and love, months before he was even ready to fight for the title. Already the television networks are bidding heavily for him. And Home Box Office signed him in March to fight three times this summer for \$1.5 million. Although expenses — "Everybody expects to be paid," says Jacobs. "We pay a fair fee for our opponents" — will keep much of that out of Tyson's hands, he is better off financially than he ever expected to be. Yet he has few conspicuous eccentricities, save for a closetful of expensive clothes and the limousine he has at his disposal 24 hours a day. But even that is a necessity. Tyson's driver's licence was revoked after he was charged with three traffic violations.

Otherwise, he seems as ready for success as he will soon be for the heavyweight title. "I have a lot of money," he says, more matter-of-fact than brag. "But success isn't everything. I'm trying to work on being the right person. An athlete's career is so short, but when it's over he's still the same person. That's why so many athletes have trouble when they retire. It's because after a while, they start to believe

what people think they are, and forget who they *really* are. I know why people around here like me now. I used to tell Cus that I'd like to meet some famous people. He told me once that if I kept doing what I was doing, they'd break their necks to meet *me*. And he was right."

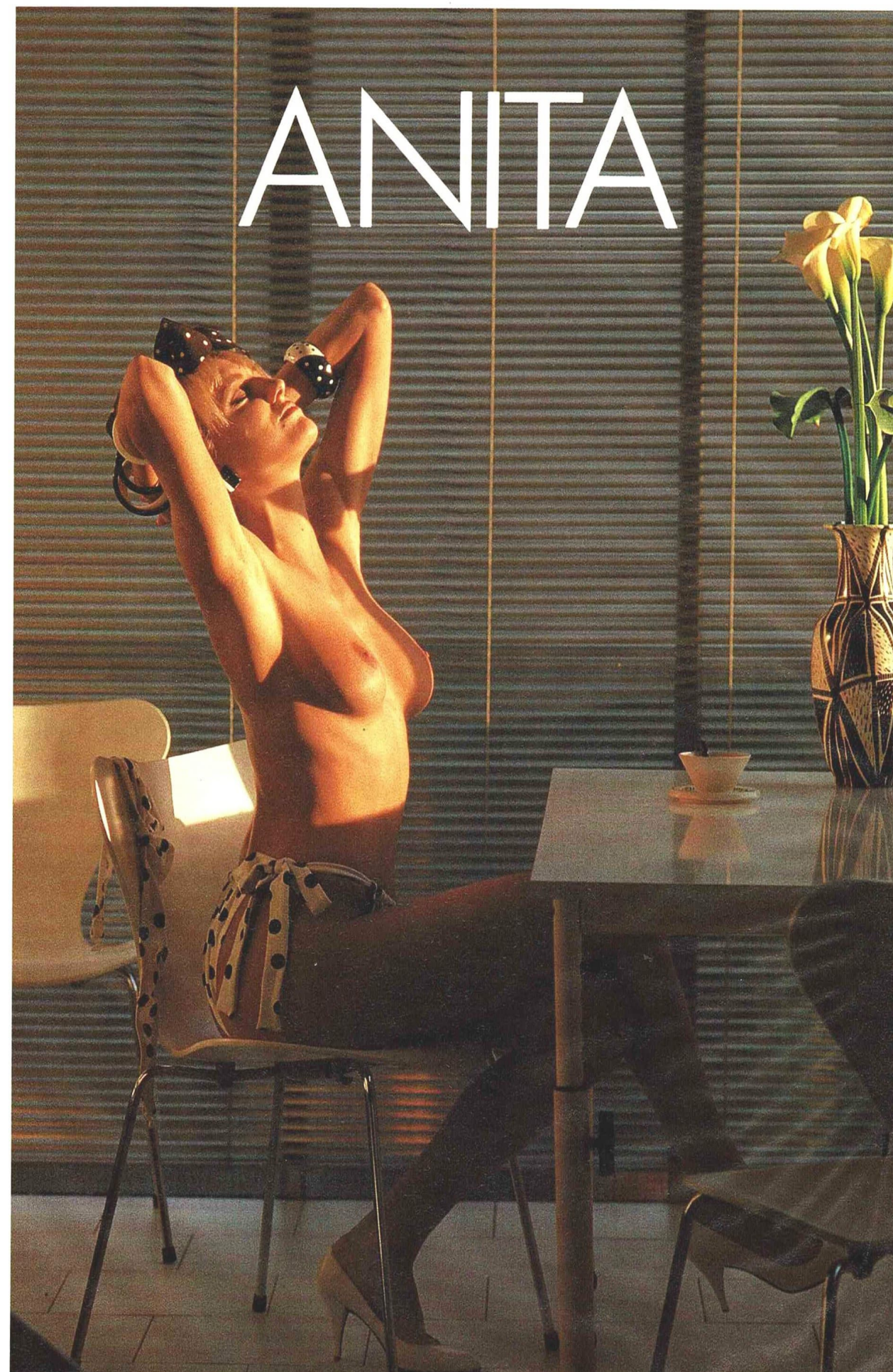
Tyson has until May of 1988 to achieve D'Amato's goal and become the youngest heavyweight champion ever. He'll be 21 years and 11 months then, the same age the trainer's other heavyweight protege, Floyd Patterson, was when he became champion. That is the standard Tyson is aiming to shatter.

"I don't want to say he'll definitely be champ," says Rooney, who watched Tyson pound his way through nearly 40 sparring partners in a year. "I'd say he has an outstanding shot. You never know what could happen. He could get sick. (An ear infection in March forced Tyson to postpone a bout with James "Quick" Tillis and spend a week in a hospital.) Or he could lose interest. You always worry about drugs, but Mike doesn't get high or drink. I'm not saying he never did, but he doesn't now. What worries me most is him getting himself caught in the wrong situation. A drug bust, being harassed by cops because he's with the wrong crowd. He's 19, and doesn't really understand that being a celebrity isn't always good. We've all got to watch ourselves."

Tyson says he tries his best to maintain a sparkling public persona, but that doesn't mean he won't speak his mind (*a la* Ali) even if the words risk offending someone. "Can I tell you something?" Tyson asks as we walk back out on to the streets. "Maybe this is being a racist, but I want white people to think I'm great. But when I run into some black or Puerto Rican kids, and they're just looking at me like I'm something special, I'll say, 'Hey, what are you staring at?' They'll be shocked. Then I'll say, 'Yeah, gimme five. Now, let's go get something to eat.' I want them to feel and know that they could be doing what I'm doing. I want to stress that I'm no better than they are."

If the significance of the impact that D'Amato's had (and is still having) upon Tyson isn't already apparent, just come to his room on the second floor of the white Victorian. There are two pictures of the fighter and his mentor, one taken just before he died last November, of pneumonia, at the age of 77. Tyson is still affected by the void left by D'Amato's death. "Cus was smart, shrewd, and elegant," he says. "But he could be crude when he had to be. All those things captivated people, and nobody challenged him. He was more than a father to me. I've got one of those somewhere. He was my backbone. Losing him wasn't a loss because I gained so much from him. The people who never met him, they suffered the loss."

If all goes according to the late trainer's plan, what he left behind will be boxing's great gain. 



Lingerie by Rosie Nice; Swimsuit by Irene Designs; Leather Jacket by Skin Deep; Boots by Worn Out West Rancho Deluxe; Jewellery by Katria and Merivale.

LICENCE TO THRILL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



"Russell," she says — and pauses with a grin. "Anita Russell. Free Agent. Twenty-two years old ... but that's for your ears only." However Anita soon breaks her cover with a laugh. She may be deadly serious about her passion for James Bond movies — and serious about her highest ambition of being a "Bond girl" — but she doesn't take *herself* that seriously.



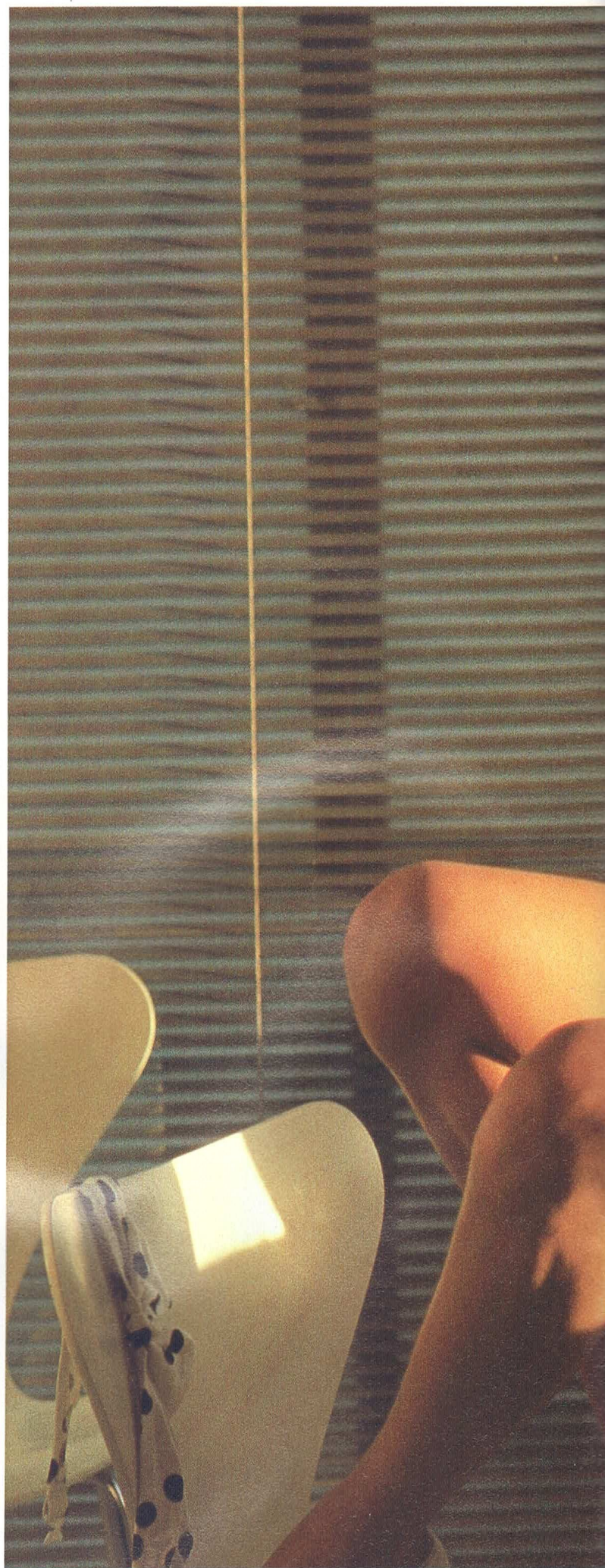


Anita's health is vital to her — as is her independence. In many ways she is the epitome of the new-look Eighties woman: individual, free-spirited, very physical, and ambitious.





"But that's not to say I discount old-fashioned values," she counters. "I just like to balance the old with the new. Some women will always marry their childhood sweetheart and be happy — and that's great. It's just not the sort of bond I'm looking for." No prizes for guessing which bond is . . .





She admits some people have told her she could never make it because she hasn't the experience in film, but she's a firm believer in never saying never. "I have confidence that a stroke of luck will come my way sometime," she says.





In the meantime, Anita of Sydney is cultivating her tastes and appreciation of the finer things, balancing her knowledge of art, music and philosophy with the enjoyment of high life indulgences — good food and wine, mixing and meeting, the odd martini . . .
 Okey





ANITA RUSSELL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



PART 3

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE NEW RIGHT?

Australia's reactionaries are spouting an ancient brand of simplistic claptrap. The danger is that they're now playing to a captive audience

BY MUNGO MACCALLUM

Sir Harold White, the amiable if somewhat eccentric former Chief Librarian in Canberra, used to hold formal parties at which he served nasturtium leaf sandwiches. Perhaps inflamed by such mad indulgence, he and Lady White would then retire to the bedroom, where on one such occasion they conceived their daughter Katharine, who in the course of a series of marriages became Katharine West. In the fullness of time West became an academic, and an interminable speaker on the subject of the Liberal Party, on which she became Australia's leading authority — mainly because no-one

else was interested in such a tedious and superficial area.

Rather than publish anything of importance, she embarked on a somnolently boring career as a media personality before joining the staff of the then Leader of the Opposition, Andrew Peacock, where she was known (by herself) as "the resident genius."

West became disillusioned with Peacock around the time that he married Margaret St George, and resigned to appoint herself a leading guru to the group of troglodytes and lunatics misleadingly known as the New Right. Here she chose as her special subject "the family", on which she was enti-

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

NEW RIGHT

tled to be considered something of an expert. She also wrote most of the platform for a Mickey Mouse organisation known as the Advance Australia Party, an organisation of staggering political and economic naivety whose main theme, if it can be said to have one, is that we should all become small businessmen and pay less tax. Like most such groups, the Advance Australia Party bases its appeal on naked greed with a bit of fear and class warfare thrown in.

Like the rest of what is coming out of the so-called "New" Right, none of this is new; West and her cronies have been parroting the same sort of reactionary claptrap for years.

So what has changed? Why are large sections of the media suddenly taking it seriously? Why, having rightly spent the best part of two decades deriding the antics of Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, are normally sensible commentators devoting much of their time to learned analysis of precisely the same kind of antics when they are performed by the likes of West, Charles Copeman and John Stone?

The Right itself claims that it is a philosophy whose time has finally come. This view is based mainly on a reading of the public opinion polls, which reveal that a large number of Australians believe that taxes are too high, unions are too power-

ful, and government is too big and too wasteful. But again, none of this is new; opinion polls have been showing the same things ever since they were first taken, and it has been an article of faith with the conservative parties since Federation that something should be done about it. The reason that nothing much actually has been done, even during the periods when the conservatives have had control of both Houses of Parliament (most recently under Malcolm Fraser in the late Seventies), is that it is much easier to mouth simplistic political slogans than to put them into practice.

Any government that sees any prospect of reducing taxes does so; it would be electoral insanity not to. Indeed, the Hawke Government has been more positive in this area than any conservative government in living memory. And in any case, despite what John Howard says, Australia is a comparatively low taxing country. It is just that the tax mix is more progressive than most, in that it places greater emphasis on graduated federal income tax.

In recent years the unions have been quite remarkably responsible — much more so than they were in the time of conservative governments. Strikes have been at their lowest level for almost 20 years, and on three occasions since the beginning of 1983 the ACTU has accepted a reduction in real wages. At the same time, company profits have steadily increased to traditional, and in many cases record, levels.

If there is real greed and lust for power in this country, it is centred around the entrepreneurs and takeover merchants who have borrowed massively from overseas and done so much to add to our balance of payments problems without investing any of the money in long-term, job creating projects. Obviously there is a need to review outdated and inefficient work practices. But it must be apparent to anyone with a double-figure IQ that throwing out altogether the conciliation, arbitration and wage-fixing systems would cause a great deal more trouble than it would save.

As for "big government": sure, everybody hates the public service, and indeed, the present government has made a genuine attempt to prune back government spending. Future governments can be expected to do the same. But to suggest, as Charles Copeman does, that the real solution lies in the virtual dismantling of the Federal Government defies rationality. If Copeman is genuinely concerned about waste and duplication, he would be far better off abolishing the states, not the Commonwealth. But of course, neither proposition is remotely practical. Like the rest of the Right's program, they come from cloud cuckoo land.

So, again: why is this "program" taken seriously? Part of the reason probably stems from the apparent respectability of the people who are advocating it. The membership of the H.R. Nicholls Society, named after a man who spent his youth egging on the miners at Eureka Stockade and then fleeing to Melbourne at the first sign of trouble (although that is not the bit the Right likes to remember), consists of senior executives from successful mining companies, prominent lawyers and academics, powerful figures from the farming lobby, people active in well regarded think-tanks, and former politicians and senior public servants (and, of course, Sir John Kerr). Such a group, it might be thought, must represent some pretty high-powered intellectual potential. It is only when you start to examine just a few of their track records that doubts start to set in.

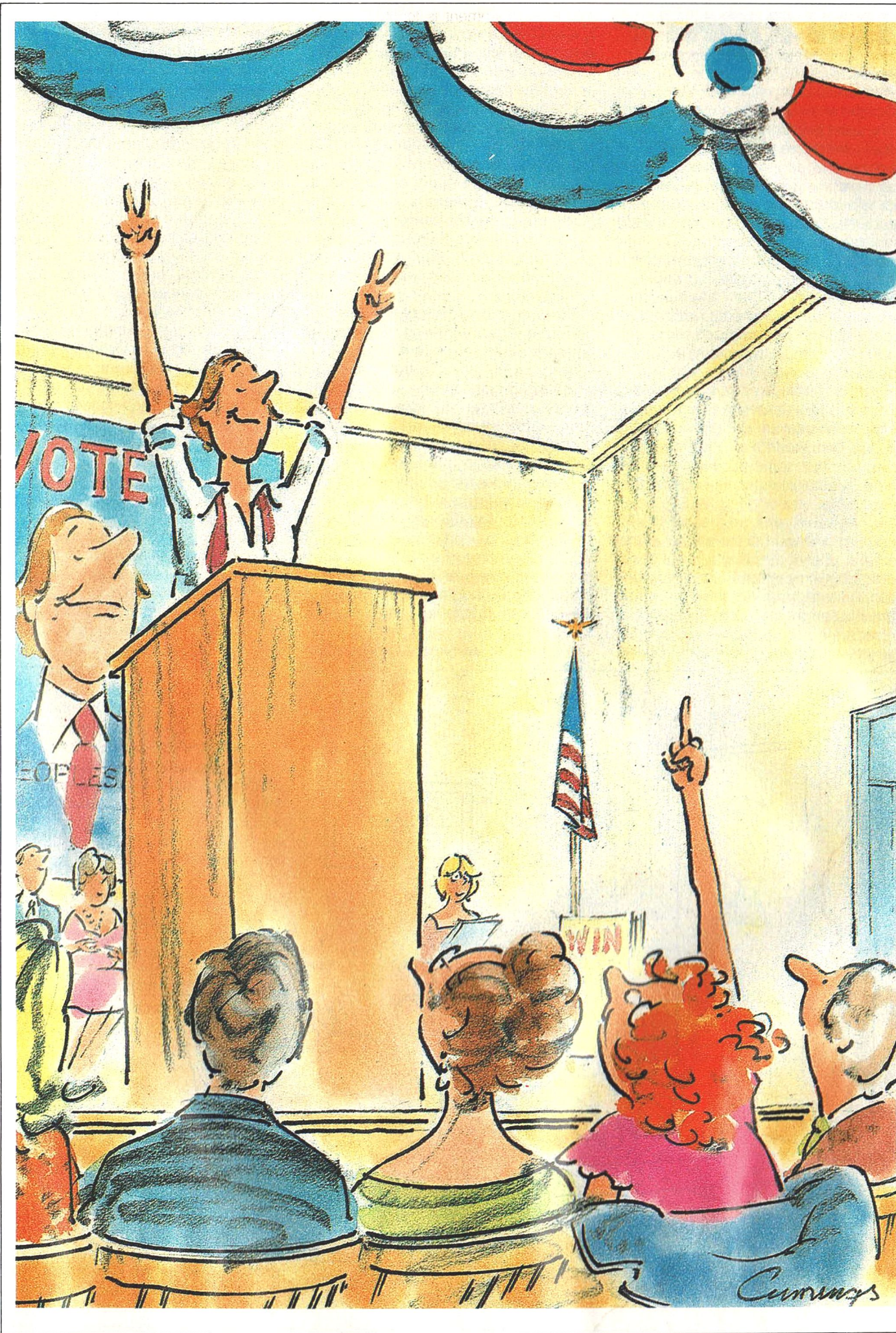
- *John Stone* was the Treasury Secretary to the government which brought you the worst unemployment since the Great Depression, and whose policies were directly responsible for the massive wage explosion of the early Eighties.

- *Ian McLachlan* of the National Farmers Federation is the man who denies vehemently that he is asking for subsidies while demanding concessions in tax, interest rates, fuel and every known form of infrastructure from roads to telephones — not to mention a mind-boggling variety of price support schemes.

- *Hugh Morgan* of Western Mining is the man who argued that any recognition of Aboriginal law and culture could lead to cannibalism — a proposition akin to suggesting that allowing Roman Catholics freedom of worship will re-establish the Spanish



"There's been a cutback in personnel!
I'm afraid one of you is going to have to let me go. . . ."



NEW RIGHT

Inquisition.

• *Charles Copeman*, of Peko-Wallsend, made the announcement of a record profit at the same time as he decided to lock out virtually the entire workforce at the Robe River mine — and this at a time when he was complaining vigorously that Australia's industrial practices made it impossible for the country to compete effectively on world markets.

And so it goes on. While most of the spokesmen for the extreme Right are personally successful in their chosen careers, there are few if any who can legitimately argue that they have produced effective or desirable results in the area of public (as opposed to private) policy, or that they have done anything to unite a nation which, in stringent if not desperate circumstances, needs confrontation and division like it needs a Third World War — something, incidentally, that some people on the extreme Right think might not be altogether a bad thing.

So, yet again: why are they taken seriously? Another part of the answer is that sections, at least, of the media have decided that not only is the Right good copy (loonies usually are), but also that their arguments can be made into some kind of crusade.

There have always been commentators

who have been unashamedly right-wing, as there have been those who have been unashamedly left-wing; but in general Australian journalists have gone out of their way to be, if not totally impartial (after all, journalists have every right to make their own judgements), at least fair. Policies are considered on their merits, and politicians on their performance. While it could be predicted that most reports of child molesting would be censorious, and most of heroic rescues at sea complimentary, the day-to-day accounts of political events and the thinking behind them was generally based on observation rather than on ideology.

However, during the last few years, a new generation of right-wing journalists has emerged which seems to regard itself as fighting a Holy War. To them, anything which smacks of consensus, or small "l" liberalism, or "wet" economics (by which is meant that social, as well as monetary, cost and benefit is taken into account), is anathema. Anything mildly left of centre is, of course, regarded as demonology.

None of this is to say that John Stone or Professor Geoffrey Blainey of immigration debate fame, or many others, should not sell their thoughts to the media: their views are widely known and understood, and provide a useful indication of just how close the Right can go to falling off the planet altogether.

What is more worrying is the increasing

prominence of people like Greg Sheridan and Des Keegan in *The Australian*, or David Barnett in the *Bulletin*, who attempt to portray what is often right-wing polemic as serious analysis. They bring all the subtlety and sophistication of *Sixty Minutes* to the task. But the fact that they are professional reporters, rather than syndicated columnists, gives their views (and those of their mentors) a legitimacy they might not otherwise have. The days when the Right had to rely on the nostalgic ravings of B.A. Santamaria, or the pomposities of the ageing but still laughable gossip columnist David McNicoll, for an occasional spot on the feature pages are long gone. But it is fair to say that the hard line approach taken by journalists of the extreme Right is held in no more respect by their peer group than the equally hard line from the extreme Left; their writings are the subject of mild annoyance or amused condescension in media circles.

So, yet again: why is the Right regarded as serious? One additional possibility is that, in times of general uncertainty, many people cling to the idea that there must be a simple, dogmatic answer to all the country's problems; and the Right, as is its wont, appears to offer a final solution. It satisfies an atavistic desire for a last and decisive conflict between Good and Evil: a kind of industrial Armageddon. In the back of their minds, the same people know it won't happen, but they still wish it would.

One is reminded of the American presidential campaign of 1964, in which the radical conservative Barry Goldwater ran under the slogan: "In your guts you know he's right." It had immense appeal, but in the end the electorate voted along the lines of the counter-slogan: "In your guts you know he's nuts." Given that Australian voters are a great deal less adventurous than their American counterparts, and that they have never been tempted toward the extremes of politics (Queensland is, of course, the result of a gerrymander rather than a popular movement), there is no reason to imagine that the far Right will ever have more than fringe appeal in Australia.

So, for the last time: why do we take it seriously? Does it really matter? The unfortunate answer is that it does, not because its crazier policies have any hope of being implemented, but because by merely existing, and being discussed to the extent that it has, the far Right has changed the political agenda.

Earlier this year, justifying his decision to abandon the government's commitment to national Aboriginal land rights, Bob Hawke said that Australia was not as compassionate a society as it used to be. He was correct, but he failed to add that one of the reasons for this was that the Right had been running a thorough, if basically dishonest, propaganda war against land rights for a long time, and the government had done little, if anything, to counter it.

In August, when the "New" Right became the media flavor of the month, Mr Hawke belatedly went on the attack, thereby ensuring continued media prominence. But already the crazies had gained considerable influence within the Liberal Party. John Howard, who despite his new-found pragmatism in policy areas remains a relatively honest politician, refused to disown them altogether; some, he said, were friends of his, and a number were members of the Liberal Party. Attuned to the rising anti-union mood being orchestrated by the Murdoch press, he backed the wave of lockouts that major companies, unable to sell their products on a falling market, were putting into place. The Howard line on deregulation and privatisation has never been properly spelled out, but it is certainly not as drastic as that propounded by the Charles Copemans of this world. However, by associating the official Opposition with the far Right, Howard significantly moved the centre ground of Australian politics, which Hawke's consensus approach had already shifted further away from the Left.

Again the government seemed unable to cope, and handed the Right an important victory by abandoning its Bill of Rights, which had been the target of a hysterically misleading campaign from a number of right-wing institutions who saw in it a threat to entrenched privilege. Multiculturalism, arguably the best and most far-reaching effort at promoting peace currently being at-

tempted by any government in the world, was also put on the backburner: it, too, was seen by the Right as some kind of socialist conspiracy, and the government decided that there were too many electoral risks in pursuing it as a front-line issue.

But the influence of the Right was nowhere more apparent than in the idiotic row over whether or not the unemployed should be compelled to work for the dole. Precisely the same people who had spent months condemning the government's Community Employment Program and on-the-job training schemes as useless and wasteful suddenly discovered this amazing new method of brutalising the dole bludgers. Undeterred by the fact that there are approximately two dozen registered unemployed for every registered vacancy, and that the community is already well supplied with street sweepers and garbage collectors, the Liberals, to their lasting shame, picked up this feudalistic idea as if it would provide some kind of lasting solution to a problem that they themselves, when in government, had done so much to create. It was an act of monumental cynicism, and it was only made politically possible because the "New" Right had set the scene.

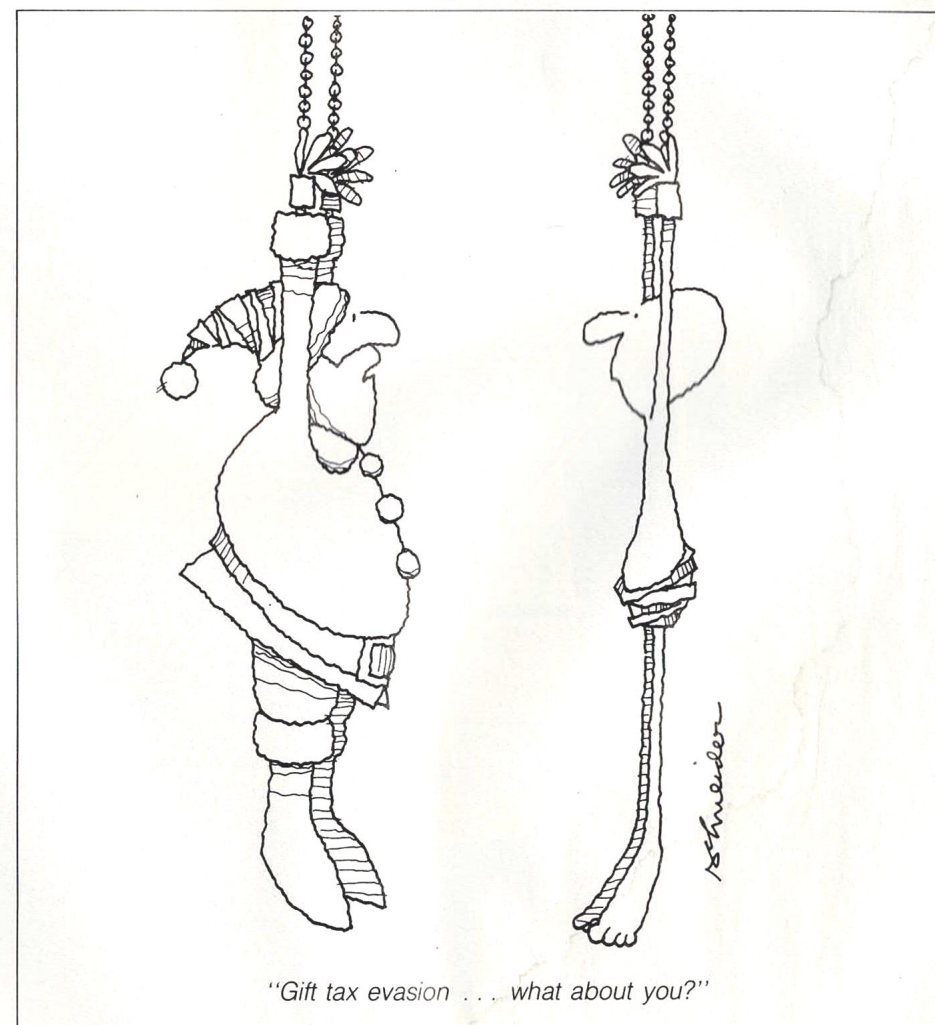
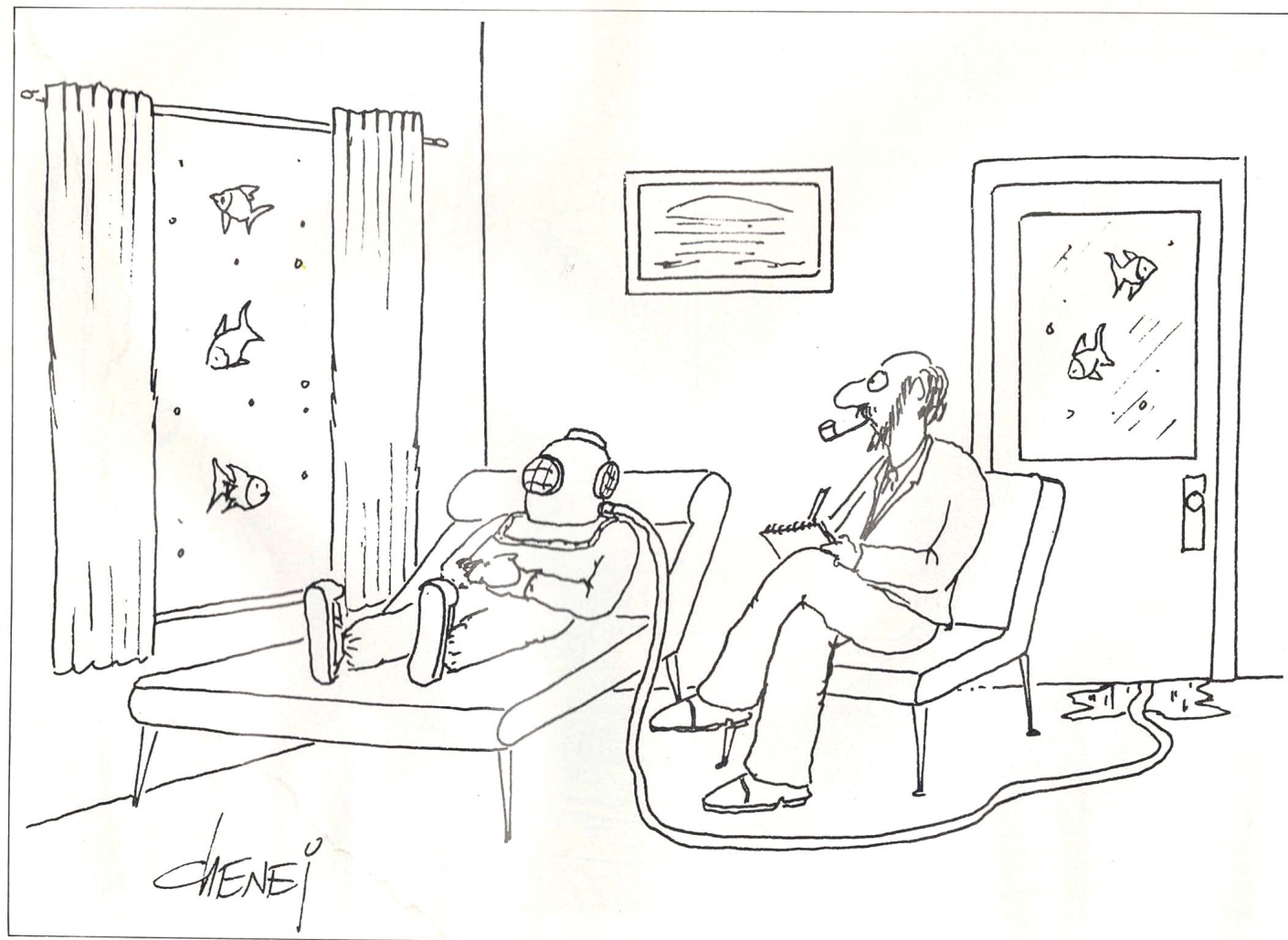
Welfare is the next of the Right's targets, and the Liberals seem to be in a mood to go along with it. The further they are pushed, the further they seem prepared to go. It will be interesting to see how they react when the Right takes the next logi-

cal profit-raising step and suggests the re-introduction of child labor.

The danger of the New Right is not that they will ever get into government; indeed, they would not want to, preferring the harlot's privilege of power without responsibility. The danger is that they have an insidious influence on the people who might. No-one is ever going to try and put their really loony schemes into operation, but what is tried will be significantly loonier and vastly less humane than would be the case if they were not corrupting public opinion with the idea that complicated economic problems can be solved by brutally simple means.

Australia is, understandably, a confused and worried society. Such societies almost invariably show two characteristics: a frantic desire to build monuments and an increasing obsession with bizarre superstitions. A glance at almost any city skyline will confirm that we are well into the first; the New Right, like the scientologists and the UFO freaks, fits neatly into the second.

To imagine that the snake oil salesmen of the H.R. Nicholls Society have the answers is about as rational as believing that Dr Who and the Time Lords will soon arrive to save us all. But as long as they can convince the media and the public that they are worth listening to, they will continue to laugh all the way to the bank while the rest of us wonder what happened to the idea of looking after your mates. 



THE GOLDEN DILDO AWARDS

**History will judge 1986 for
what it was. *Penthouse*
couldn't wait.**

*Into the rear end of 1986
Australian Penthouse proudly
introduces the inaugural Golden
Dildo Awards. The statuette — all
nine gleaming inches of it —
salutes the stupid and the
shameful, the lascivious and
ludicrous, the dopey and the
dubious, all the fuck-ups and faux
pas that distinguished 1986 as the
Year of the Silly Bugger. In short,
it's a blooper award, crafted
especially for the Australian dill.*

*In this year's scramble to climb
the greasy pole of Australian
celebrity and notoriety there was
no shortage of contenders for the
Golden Dildo Award. Read all
about it in the following pages.
And to all those who did their bit
to ensure the continued cringe
benefits of Australian culture,
kindly lower your trousers and
take a bow.*

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
GOLDEN DILDO AWARD

LIFESTYLE AND ENTERTAINMENT

A BLOODY GOOD YEAR FOR KILLER CROCS

If you go down to the swamp today be sure of a big surprise. While *Crocodile Dundee* bankrolled his own at home and away, the genuine articles deathrolled all the way from the riverbank to become legends in their own lunchtime.



CRACKUPS AND UPCRAKES OF THE SPORTING YEAR

There was much weeping among the willow as Australian cricket hit an all-time low in a series loss to the Kiwis. The sticky patch of Australian Rules belonged to Swans' swoon Warwick Capper, whose shorts hit the high notes in "Up There Cazaly."



THAT'S AIRLINE FOOD FOR YOU

A Sydney man on a Manila-Brisbane flight was accused of drunkenly throwing food at stewards, assaulting a stewardess, vomiting in his food tray and throwing it over other passengers. Fellow passenger Ms Randa Abbas, of Sydney, was later awarded \$1100 in damages after claiming in the Brisbane District Court that Michael Leonard Speer's actions had caused her to suffer nervous disorders and a fear of ever flying again.

"I'M LOOKIN' FOR ME OL' MATE BAZZA"

An expatriate Australian living in Earl's Court, London, allegedly got so drunk during a night on the town that he entered and went to bed in a stranger's flat. Southwark Crown Court heard from defence counsel for Gary Cross, 28, that he had been "in a ridiculous state" when he entered the flat, but that he couldn't be prosecuted because he had not committed a criminal offence. Criticising the law, Judge Derek Clarkson said: "It is remarkable that a stranger can enter someone's flat, go to bed drunk and give the householder a fearful shock and there is no penalty at all." Judge Clarkson recorded a verdict of not guilty.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MEN IN UNIFORM

Two RAAF airmen admitted to torturing four kittens at Williamstown Airbase in NSW. A 12-hour hearing before Defence Force magistrate Wing Commander Warren Nicol heard that the men put two kittens in a washing machine and another two in a clothes drier and turned the heat to high. Three kittens were said to have died from horrific injuries and the fourth was severely injured. Both men were fined \$400 and received suspended sentences of 14 days detention.

DUCK!

Shooters ignored the government starting time of 7am at the opening of the Victorian duck hunting season and began shooting in the dark. Two casualties were reported on the first day — one man drowned retrieving a duck from a lake and another man shot himself in the leg.

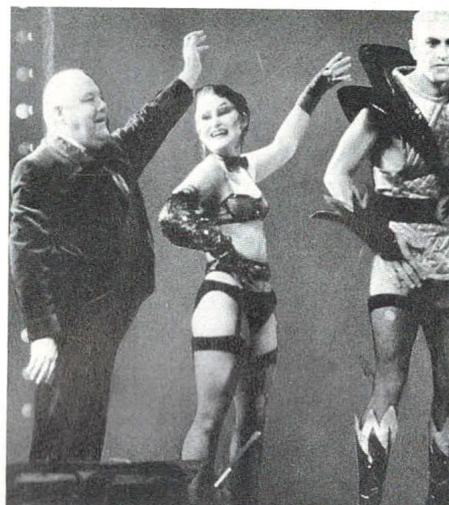
THE STATE OF INCITEMENT

The West Australian Commissioner for Equal Opportunity received a complaint that dogs in the state's outback were being trained to attack Aborigines after a woman was bitten on the face by a dog

while refuelling her car. Details of the attack were not released pending an out-of-court settlement, but a report in the Equal Opportunity newsletter said: "The owner of the dog apologised, saying he was not aware that the woman was so dark, and that the dog had been trained to attack Aborigines and dark-skinned people."

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

Former New Zealand Prime Minister Sir Robert "Piggy" Muldoon took to the boards as narrator in a five-night stint of the transsexual musical *The Rocky Horror Show*.



Prime Minister Bob Hawke made a guest appearance on the corn and critters soap opera *A Country Practice*.

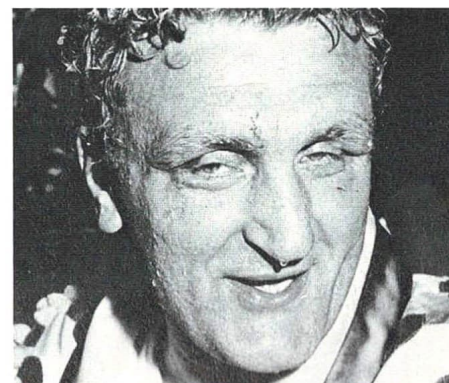


DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU

One-time teen crooner and protege to Liberace Jamie Redfern announced a comeback bid at age 29, saying: "I'm going for a more younger image. Well, maybe not younger. Maybe I mean sexier. Somewhere between Cliff Richard and Julio Iglesias."

Sixties band The Easybeats reformed after a 17-year silence. Singer Stevie Wright, who had a much-publicised bat-

tle with heroin addiction, said: "The spirit's here. We're alive so we'll do it." Former Great White Hope of heavyweight boxing Joe Bugner returned to the ring and defeated American fighter James "Quick" Tillis in a controversial points decision. Bugner said later: "I kicked his arse and proved the critics wrong."



Controversial cancer therapist Milan Brych took holidays in Tahiti after being released from a Californian prison. Mr Brych served half of a six-year term for 12 counts of grand theft and practising medicine without a licence.

LIFE WASN'T MEANT TO BE EASY
"What people don't realise is that it is an enormous restriction on you ... 250 hours is a large chunk of your life."

— Derryn Hinch commenting on a penalty of 250 hours of community service for contempt of court.



THE YARTZ

GREAT PR FOR A PAINTED LADY

Any pretense of security at the National Gallery of Victoria was shot to pieces when a group calling itself the Australian Cultural Terrorists kidnapped a \$2 million painting entitled Weeping Woman by Picasso. The group demanded a ransom of increased funding for the arts, and succeeded in extracting promises of financial support for the arts before returning the

LIFESTYLE AND ENTERTAINMENT

painting anonymously. In a note attached to the unharmed canvas, found in a railway locker, the terrorists labelled Victorian Minister for the Arts Mr Race Mathews "an incompetent political blimp." They added, "If we wanted a positive response from a cultural nematode like you we would have asked for a new car, a leather lounge suite and ten days in Bali." Victorian Premier Mr Cain labelled the theft "a bloody silly escapade."



MUTILATION FOR FUN AND PROFIT

A Sydney mail order firm guillotined a \$13,000 Picasso linocut into 500 25mm squares for sale at \$190 each. The postage stamp-sized pieces of *Trois Femmes* (one of 50 copies of the 1959 linocut in existence) were snapped up, fetching the sub-dividers \$95,000.

HITTING THE HIGH NOTES

Dame Joan Sutherland and her husband Richard Bonyngue were paid \$1 million in one year by the financially strapped Australian Opera, a committee of enquiry into the arts was told. The committee heard that Dame Joan, whose fees had been a well-kept secret for a decade, earned \$14,000 to \$15,000 a performance in 1976 — a year in which she gave about 60 performances. The payments came at a time when other celebrated Australian opera singers such as Marilyn Richardson earned about \$800 a performance.

FROM MATINEE JACKET TO MATINEE IDOL

Tra La La Films announced plans to make the motion picture *Pandemonium*, in which a beautiful mute virgin by the name of Azaria surfaces in the city after having been raised by dingoes and has adventures on a futuristic Bondi Beach. In a novel fund-

ing scheme, writer/director Hayden Keenan and producer Patric Juillet invited inspiring thespians to take roles in the film as long as they could hand over cash up front. At time of going to print, sufficient funds to begin production had not been raised.

WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART BUT WE KNOW WHAT WE DON'T LIKE

A 14-metre bronze statue of an Aboriginal was rejected as a display at Expo '88 after a funding dispute and a negative response to its subject matter by Brisbane citizens. The \$4 million Aboriginal was the work of expatriate artist Brett Livingstone-Strong, who claimed that Japanese investors would pay for the statue as a gift to Australia.

WHADDAYATHINKOFAUSTRALIA?

"Australia's a laugh. It's manic." — Mark Knofler, lead singer of Dire Straits.

"What did Australia ever give the world? Nothing." — London *Sunday Mirror*.

"Are you trying to keep us off your shores?" "Do you want this place reserved for kangaroos and wom-bats?" "The last decent conversation I had was with myself in the mirror."

— Actress Lauren Bacall, at a Brisbane press conference for her role in *Sweet Bird Of Youth*.



"Australia seems to be a lot friendlier [than other countries we've visited.] But I've heard the men aren't very nice to the women." — US sailor Tom Drake, 23, of the battleship *USS Missouri*.

"This is the sin capital of the South Pacific — they're going to take more diseases away with them than they could ever bring in." — Commander Ken Swain on Sydney as a host to 8000 visiting sailors.

POLITICS AND PROTEST

THE LEADERS OF OUR LAND

Opinion polls declared that newly diet-conscious Bob Hawke was shooting blanks as Paul Keating declared there's no such thing as a free lunch in a banana republic. Miracles were a dime a dozen — wine became water at business lunches nationwide and money was turned into pretty pictures on pieces of paper. And all faster than it took to say "Buy Australian" while wearing an Italian suit.



"I request that he withdraw. Now I know how Christine felt." — Wilson "Ironbar" Tuckey (Lib WA) on Treasurer Paul Keating's response of "Criminal garbage" to Tuckey's dare to "Mention Christine."



"It takes a lot to penetrate that block of ivory you've got on your shoulders." — Treasurer Paul Keating to Wilson Tuckey.

"In the first two or three days someone will try to stand over you. When this happens, smash him in the face." — Wilson Tuckey to his son going off to boarding school.

"I think some of the language used in the Federal Parliament wouldn't be tolerated at a Painters' and Dockers' dinner dance." — Sir James Killen.

"I think many people in high places have gone mad about the rights of Aborigines. I always maintain that if an Aboriginal came in and held his bare toe up, they'd lick it." — Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

"I won't wear a wig. It would squash my hair." — Joan Child, first woman to be appointed Speaker in the Federal House of Representatives.

"The reaction of my department is of little concern to me." — Trade Minister John Dawkins.

"I think John Howard is the Cabbage Patch Kid of Australian politics." — Bill Hayden.

"He's the sort of man who gets pleasure from tearing the wings of dying butterflies ... He will bring all the verve and style of a dreary confabulation of undertakers to politics in NSW." — Bill Hayden on newly appointed NSW Premier Barrie Unsworth.

"I wasn't asleep. It's just that the speeches were going on and on." — Sydney MLA Peter Crawford, after being shaken awake by a woman who invaded the chamber during a sitting of the NSW Parliament.

"Are you a Fascist dictator?" — Clive James to Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen. "Some people say I am, Clive, but I think I'm a loving, kind one." — Sir Joh's reply.

"My underwear is Australian." — Paul Keating, facing criticism of his taste in Italian suits at his Buy Australian press conference.

THE CASE OF THE PLUGGED IN POLLIE

Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs Mr Chris Hurford wrote a letter to Adelaide radio announcer Jeremy Cordeaux seeking to trade stories in return for a regular spot on the airwaves.



BLOCK OF CROC

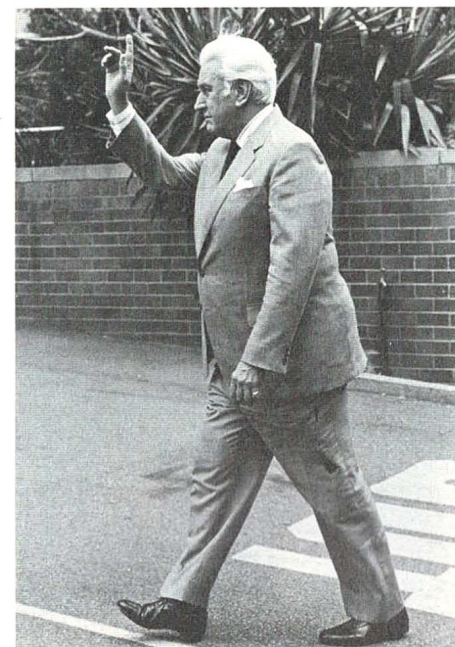
"I told you so. Human beings just can't live with man-eating animals." — former Queensland Environment Minister Martin Tenni on the crocodile killing of Kate McQuarrie.

"If anyone tells us it's not on, we'll put a crocodile in a pool near his place." — Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen on plans to capture crocodiles.



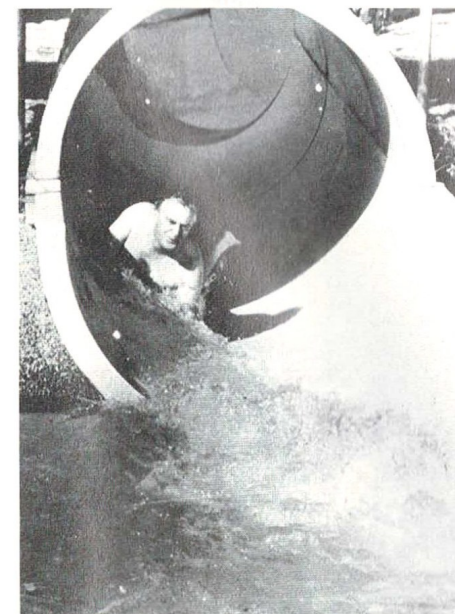
MAINTAIN THE WAGE

Former Governor-General Sir John Kerr spent more than \$174,000 of public money on car travel and air fares in the last five years, documents released under the Freedom Of Information Act revealed.



JUST A FUN IN THE SUN KINDA GUY

Prime Minister Bob Hawke described Queensland Premier Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen as "a sick, demented man" after Sir Joh claimed that the Federal Government was sheltering terrorists. "I rather suspect, after having watched him on TV, that it is the raving of a sick, demented person," Mr Hawke said. "This man, the Premier of Queensland, is in a sick condition."



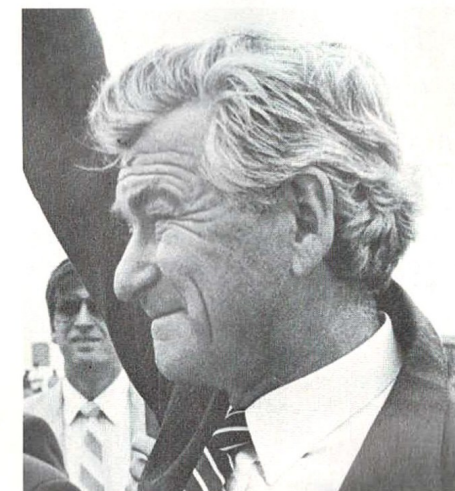
POLITICS AND PROTEST

OH MY GOODNESS ME!

A report tabled in Queensland Parliament said that the pattern of Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen's speech was "close to the bottom of the range for brain-damaged speakers." The report, by a psychologist and a linguistics expert from the University of London, analysed a series of press interviews with the Premier over a five-year period to 1984. All of the data collected "were consistent with a decline of intellectual function over the period investigated ... All measures show an erratic but definite tendency to become worse," the report said.

WHAT SORT OF POOFER DOESN'T EAT MEAT?

Journalists Australia-wide speculated that the Pritikin diet was responsible for Bob Hawke's grumpiness, retreat from central issues, falling level of charisma and associated woes. Consulted dieticians added low sexual hormone production to the reported side-effects of the diet.



PROTEST AND BE DAMNED

INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF PISS

In a 100-wimmin protest for peace on the lawns of Parliament House a woman took off her pants and publicly urinated to discourage a man, Senator Michael Tate, from crossing feminist territory. Other male casualties of the protest included a news photographer who suffered a bloody nose when his camera was pushed into his face in the name of feminist peace.

DOWNRIGHT SILLIEST PROTEST

Surfing the bow wake of visiting warships became the thing to do in 1986, International Year Of Peace.

SAGGIEST PROTEST

Sydney woman Francesca D'Espinay wag-gled her bosoms at the Queen in a protest against the moral values of Queen Victoria. "She made us wear clothes up to our neck — I'm trying to reverse the situation," said Ms D'Espinay as she was led away by police.



UNSIGHTLIEST PROTEST

Maori protester Dom Mihaka lowered his Levis to display his sizeable buttocks to the Queen during her tour of New Zealand.

MOST POULTRY PROTEST

Disgruntled farmers launched startled chickens into the foyer of the Treasury building in Canberra to illustrate with fowl symbolism the fact that interest rates were going through the roof.

MOST ROOTED PROTEST

The logging industry commissioned a television commercial which featured a conservationist chained to a dead tree, saying "I don't care" as a gentle, reasoning voice listed the benefits of chopping down forests.

HEALTHIEST PROTEST

Obese builder's laborer Luis Ernesto Almario, 42, went on a hunger strike in Sydney to protest the deregistration of the BLF. Mr Almario, still chunky after a 16kg weight loss, broke the fast with a glass of carrot juice when he began having dizzy spells. Public sympathy for the hunger striker was underwhelming.

DOGGONEDEST PROTEST

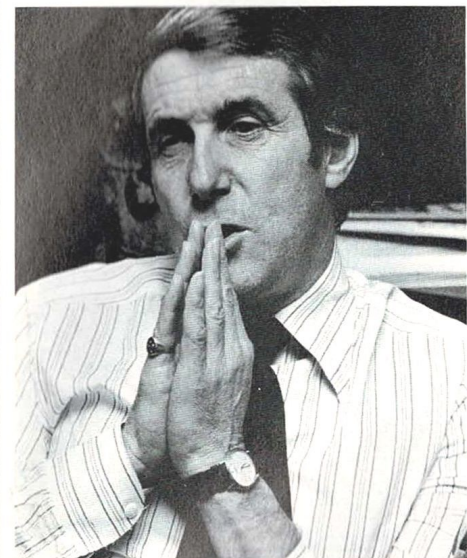
Brisbane man John McKenna, 31, went on a hunger strike because the barking of a neighbor's dog annoyed him.

BUSINESS

LET'S TALK BUSINESS

"I am just a foot soldier doing a job." — Harry M. Miller after being hired by Lindy and Michael Chamberlain to get the best price for the film and book rights to their story.

"I don't want to talk money, it's so vulgar." — Harry M. Miller.



"Our shares are not for sale ... though I hesitate to say they are not for sale at any price." — Robert Holmes A Court.

"We hope to earn a bob or two out of the idea." — John Phillips, business liaison officer for the July ALP conference, on charging \$1900 for an "extra" member's card that allowed buyers to have breakfast with Hawke and Keating.

"I'm not as rich as most of the men with whom I do business ... I've worked my bloody arse off to get here. I wasn't born with a silver spoon. My mother's on the pension and my father's dead." — John Bertrand, when questioned about his financial status.

"The Pope's not a bad sort of bloke." — John Singleton, adman involved with promotion of the Papal tour.

"Most of us believe that alcohol is a gift from God." — Father Anthony Cain, SA director of the Papal visit, defending an estimated six-figure sponsorship deal with the South Australian Brewing Holdings Group.

"Why don't you get sponsorship from the cocaine and heroin dealers?" — Secretary of the Federal Department of

Aboriginal Affairs, Mr Charles Perkins, attacking the sponsorship deal.

"I liken myself to the person selling lifeboats on the Titanic. Business is very good." — Disbarred lawyer and bankrupt Peter Clyne commenting on the economy from his \$585 a week bedroom/office in Sydney's Sebel Townhouse.

LOW STOOPS AND BAD TASTE TO KISS THE PAPAL RING

Ven it comes to selling a Pope every man is out to get Vatican. Merchandising for the Australian tour of Pope John Paul II plumbed new depths of Papal Bull.



WHAT EATS ROOTS AND LEAVES?

Hare Krishnas at Murwillumbah on the NSW north coast faced a moral dilemma in plans to set up a wild animal park as a tourist attraction. Followers of the religion are strictly vegetarian and believe the slaughter of livestock to be morally wrong, but faced the fact that lions and tigers could not live on mung beans alone. They solved the problem by announcing that only animals that had been put down for humane reasons would be on the park's menu.

THERE'S NO MUG LIKE AN AULD MUG

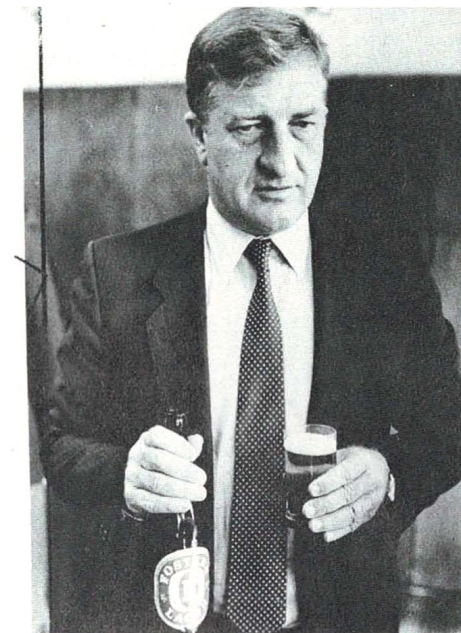
American *Yachting Magazine* advertised yachts for charter during the America's Cup. Minimum charter for a 12-berth vessel was 120 days at \$A15,500 a day, not including food and fuel.

AND NOW FOR THE FRIDGE BENEFITS

After the last performance of skating duo Torvill and Dean at the Sydney Entertainment Centre, the ice rink was broken up and dumped behind the building. An elderly gent, who noticed that the chunks still bore skate marks, set up a stall selling the blocks as Torvill and Dean memorabilia. They sold well.

ALL-AUSTRALIAN BLOKE OF THE YEAR

Elders IXL chief John Elliot — a beer, a cig, a director's chair at BHP and a \$3.3 billion takeover of the UK brewing group Courage. Howzat?



WE'VE BEEN FRIENDLY LONG ENOUGH

In a bid to paint itself into market leadership, TAA — formerly The Friendly Way — hopped on the patriotic bandwagon and became Australian Airlines. No lower fares or other incentives to fly instead of driving or picking up the phone were announced at the time of the changeover.



UNEASY BEDFELLOWS

Money talks ... John Elliot and Robert Holmes A Court share a moment outside BHP's 101st general meeting in Melbourne.



WHAT'S BLACK AND BLUE AND LOOKS GOOD ON A SHEILA?

A visiting American sailor, that's what. At least that's what hundreds of Sydney women thought when they swamped the Dial A Sailor Hotline set up to encourage friendly relations with visiting sailors during the RAN's 75th birthday celebrations. The switchboard at the hospitality line was jammed as women of all ages registered bids to entertain nautical negroes.



Photo by Paul Matthews/John Fairfax & Sons

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED, LOVE?

Rose Hancock, spouse of **Lang Hancock**, revealed to the *Sydney Sun-Herald* that she cleaned her 77-year-old husband's fingernails with a toothbrush and bathed him daily, joking with him that when she became a widow she would apply for a job as a bather in an old people's home. In a *Sixty Minutes* interview she flourished a flimsy pair of lace panties from her breast pocket.

Joe and Marlene Bugner announced that they were fighting the good fight for the Australian economy by drinking only domestic champagne.



Photos courtesy News Limited

Newlywed **Frank Renouf** caused a scene at a \$100-a-head ball at Jupiter's Casino after entertainer **Bernard King** made a reference to the marriages of Mrs **Susan Rossiter/Peacock/Sangster/Renouf**. Mr

SEX

Renouf grabbed the flamboyant Mr King by the arm and demanded an apology, leaving the function with his wife soon after. Mr King said of the incident: **"I've sent up some of the biggest names in the country and this is the first time I've ever been threatened."**



"If Hinch goes to jail all the other prisoners should get time off their sentences for compensation." — **Jackie Weaver** the day after her husband **Derryn Hinch** was sentenced to six weeks' jail and fined \$25,000 for contempt of court.



BUT WHERE'S A BLOKE SUPPOSED TO CARRY HIS LUNCH?

A Melbourne man who paraded along a beach with a banana in his bathers was fined \$1000 for offensive behavior. A Melbourne court heard that the man was seen talking to two young girls before walking along the beach and taking a large black object — an overripe banana — out of his swimming costume.

HE WAS JUST AIRING HIS CASSOCKS

A Roman Catholic priest found guilty of exposing himself to young children was allowed to continue his pastoral work with the blessing of Perth Archbishop the Most Rev W. Foley. Two children told Perth Magis-

trate's Court that the 49-year-old priest had emerged from his house on March 14 wearing only a tiger skin patterned G-string. He had caused the garment to fall open, revealing his penis. Archbishop Foley said that the priest would be allowed to continue in his pastoral work, adding that forgiveness was at the core of the Christian faith.

MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU

A 27-year-old policewoman told the NSW Police Tribunal that she had been handcuffed, gagged, sprayed with the irritant mace and threatened physically and sexually during a Special Weapons Operations Squad exercise. Constable Jane Blackshaw also told the tribunal that after the exercise she had received a bunch of flowers from a fellow SWSO officer with a note that read: "Roses are red, Violets are blue, You're so sweet, I'm sorry I maced you."

NO CONDOMS FOR CONS

Prison officers opposed the issue of condoms to NSW prisoners on the grounds that the community might get the impression "that the prison system is involved in debauchery."

BEND OVER, MISS JONES, AND TAKE A LETTER

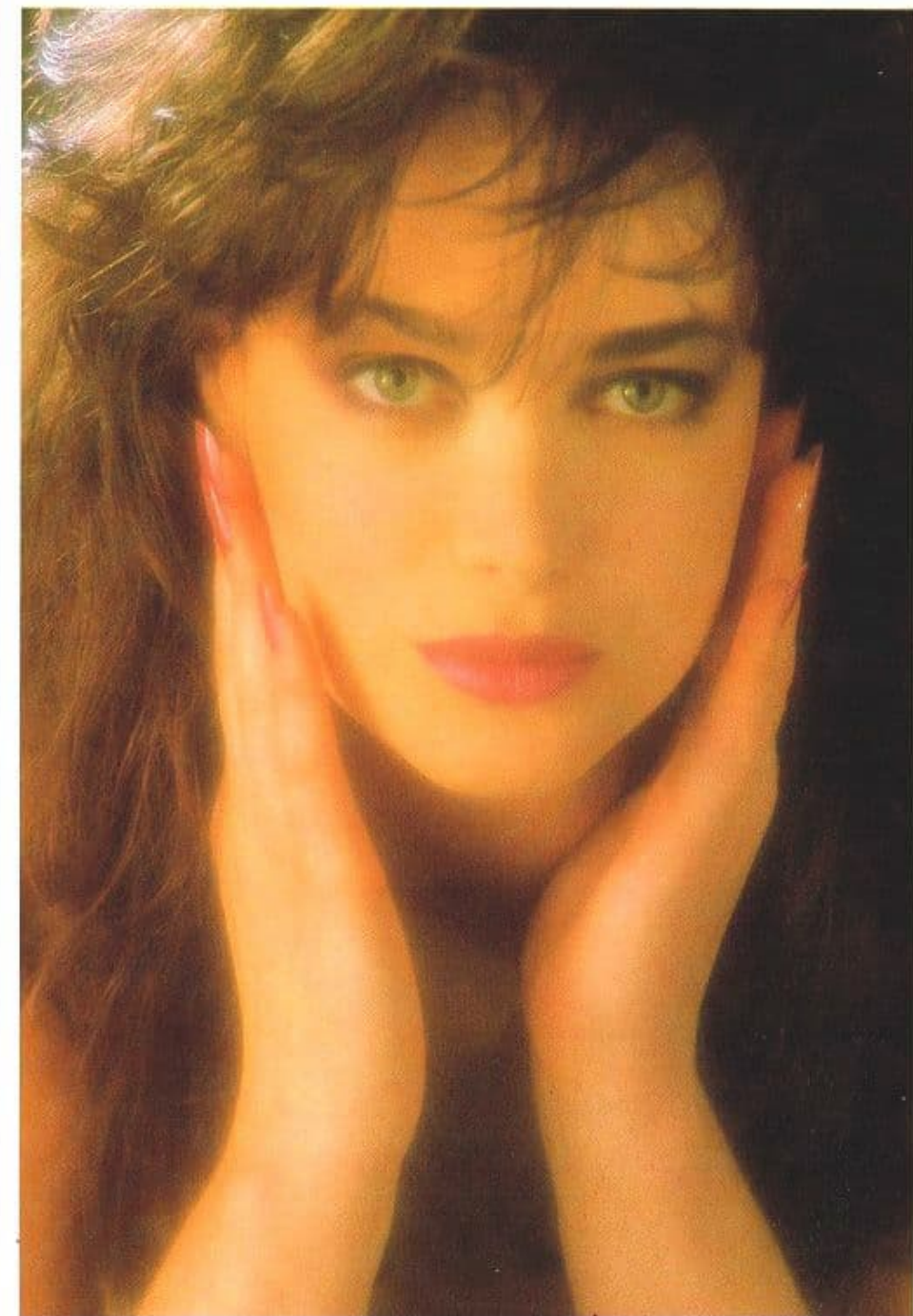
A report by two female researchers revealed that female secretaries working for male bosses got sexual pleasure from their subordinate roles and welcomed lewd innuendo and flirtation. Most women surveyed also said they liked bringing in cakes for their bosses at morning tea and that they would hate working for female bosses.

FOLLOW THAT FOOTPRINT

A nationwide search was mounted for a one-legged West Australian rapist thought to have escaped from a maximum security prison. Theories that the notorious offender had smuggled himself out with the garbage or used a garden hose to hop over a wall were discounted when the man's "footprints" were discovered within the prison walls. He was found under floorboards in the jail's art department, living on bread and cheese.

GETTING DOWN TO THE NITTY GRITTY

Members of a NSW sailing club watched for one and a half hours as a couple made love on the beach before calling police to complain. The couple were apprehended in the club carpark after their marathon sex session. Both were later fined \$400.



MS FIXIT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARITY BELLE

We've all heard of the mysteries of those who lead a double life, but Patricia Anton is happy to shed some light on just such an existence. Though at night she transforms into a creature out of this world — as these photos suggest — by day she's the Ms Fixit of a prominent computer company with her feet firmly on the ground. "If a system's down, they call me in."





Patricia describes her life as "a crazy quilt of data and romance." Does she ever combine the two? "Believe me, my software up recalls here everything I need to know," she says, tapping her temple. "It comes in handy if I'm ever left alone to entertain myself," she explains.





"I decided to get into computer repair when I saw how carried away some people get about these machines offering a whole new chapter in our lives. To me they all have one thing in common — and that is that they break down."



"I love the atmosphere of walking into a building where an entire organisation has been brought to a standstill because of some malfunction — all eyes are on you. I guess that's how I realised what a turn-on it is to be looked at. I can't wait till some of those guys see this pictorial.

✶



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“The depth of US involvement in Vietnam was a mistake, and surely a mistake if we were not prepared to win.”

HENRY KISSINGER

BY RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

Like Mata Hari, Dracula, Marie-Antoinette and Julius Caesar, Henry Kissinger is a household name which may well go into lower case one day, like those of the Earl of Sandwich and Captain Charles Boycott. If it does, to “kissinger” will undoubtedly mean to outsmart or outthink.

German-born, he has an accent that could have earned him a separate career doing character roles in Hollywood. (His younger brother David, whose accent isn't nearly as thick as Henry's, says: “I am the Kissinger who listens.”) Henry's accent comes through in the throaty, insistent voice of a Central Casting psychiatrist.

He was America's first *famous* national security adviser, in which role he bullied his Secretary of State, William Rogers, until he got that job as well.

Arriving in the US in 1938 as a 15-year-old Jewish refugee, Kissinger soon became a straight-A student. As an army draftee, he rediscovered Germany and the second love of his life after politics — soccer. (He recently wrote an article in *The Washington Post* comparing national soccer styles with their political patterns.) He went on to become Harvard's most famous and controversial professor of history and political science. By then his PhD dissertation, only slightly re-edited, had become the all-time best-seller *A World Restored*. It explains his basic theories, based on the rivalry for power between Britain and Germany in the mid-19th Century. Richard Nixon, for all his flaws, was

PHOTO BY BUDD GRAY

INTERVIEW

a president with a feel for foreign policy and it was he who brought Kissinger into government, where he could practice what he had long preached.

A made-for-media personality with a confidently self-deprecating sense of humor, Kissinger made the media work for him. As US national security adviser he suddenly disappeared from sight on several occasions to go to China, with the assistance of Pakistan's Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, at a time when the United States did not even recognise the largest nation in the world. While the two countries were still "incognito" to each other, he took President Nixon to China on, of all things, a state visit.

He borrowed a plane from President Pompidou of France to disguise an arrival in Paris to meet with North Vietnamese representatives and try to resolve the Vietnam war.

When Egypt's President Anwar Sadat rejected the Soviet Union in 1972, and a year later crossed the Suez Canal to liberate a symbolic portion of the occupied Egyptian Sinai, Kissinger started the process which led, half a decade later, to Camp David — virtually by juggling diplomatic and arms assistance to both sides and bringing them together at Kilometre 101 for a process that began Israel's withdrawal from Egypt.

One of his most famous aphorisms came when the late Golda Meir, then Prime Minister of Israel, said that all Israel wanted was "total security." Kissinger replied: "Total security for one country, Madam, means total insecurity for all the others." Obviously, the former Milwaukee schoolteacher hadn't read *A World Restored*.

Kissinger gained the admiration of friends and critics alike on the way to winning the Nobel Peace Prize for an accord on Vietnam which both sides breached with equal enthusiasm and which he probably doesn't list among his enduring successes. He has friends and worshippers all around the world, but few of either in the US State Department. Captain Bligh was a hard man to sail under, too.

Washington reporter Russell Warren Howe conducted this interview with Kissinger earlier this year in New York. He subsequently told *Penthouse* what it is like to be granted an audience by the former US Secretary of State. "Today, from an office in a bank building on New York's Park Avenue, Henry heads Kissinger Associates. A couple of blocks away, an escort service advertises itself as the 'most expensive' in New York. Kissinger may not be quite as blatant in stressing that high fees are synonymous with quality, but he is clearly not your average foreign business consultant.

"The fact that he is better known than

any of his successors, that more people recognise his name than could tell you who now occupies the seventh floor of the State Department, lends a certain aura to the premises. A reporter enters with the thought that, even sick or dying, Kissinger would always have something interesting to say, and know how to say it interestingly.

"Fortunately, he responds to questions with concision, speaking in paragraphs, with no 'uhs', and managing to say as much in a few sentences as most politicians say in a few decades.

"Waiting for Henry gave me half an hour in his waiting room. You can tell a great deal about people from the rooms where they make their visitors wait, for they know that it is not handshakes or plastic smiles that create the first impression. Among the publications on Kissinger's coffee table was a Hong Kong gossip magazine with numerous pictures of my host taken during a recent visit. These showed him with a lot of people he obviously didn't know, but who knew him.

"Three of the waiting room walls are blank. The only three pictures are curiously boxed together on the fourth. They are Chinese polychrome woodcuts. Two of them show short-legged Mongol ponies cantering in opposite directions. They seem to speak of the elegance of life beyond the White House.

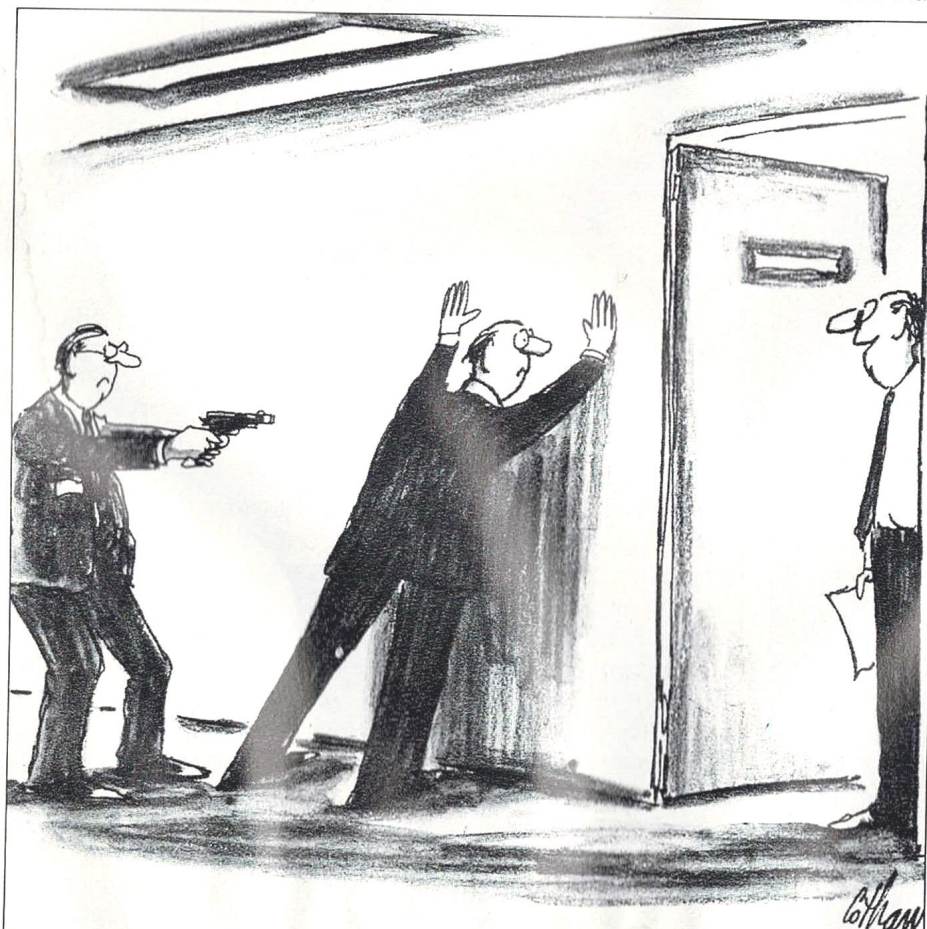
"The actual study inhabited by the 20th Century's most famous public servant is relatively small and spartan. If H.K. behaved like the common run of Washington's pols, his pictures with the famous would cover not only the walls but the ceiling and the floor as well. Those with mere three-term Congressmen would be draped on bamboo and used as shower curtains. Kissinger limits his office display to a select few. The second faces in the photos belong to Nixon, Ford, King Hussein of Jordan, Sadat, his successor Hosni Mubarak, Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, the Pope. There are also two photos with Reagan, so he must still be President; one wonders which of the two will be consigned to the stacks in January 1989."

Penthouse: Would the Washington-Moscow conflict have existed even if Russia had not become a communist country? Is it just the inevitable clash of giants?

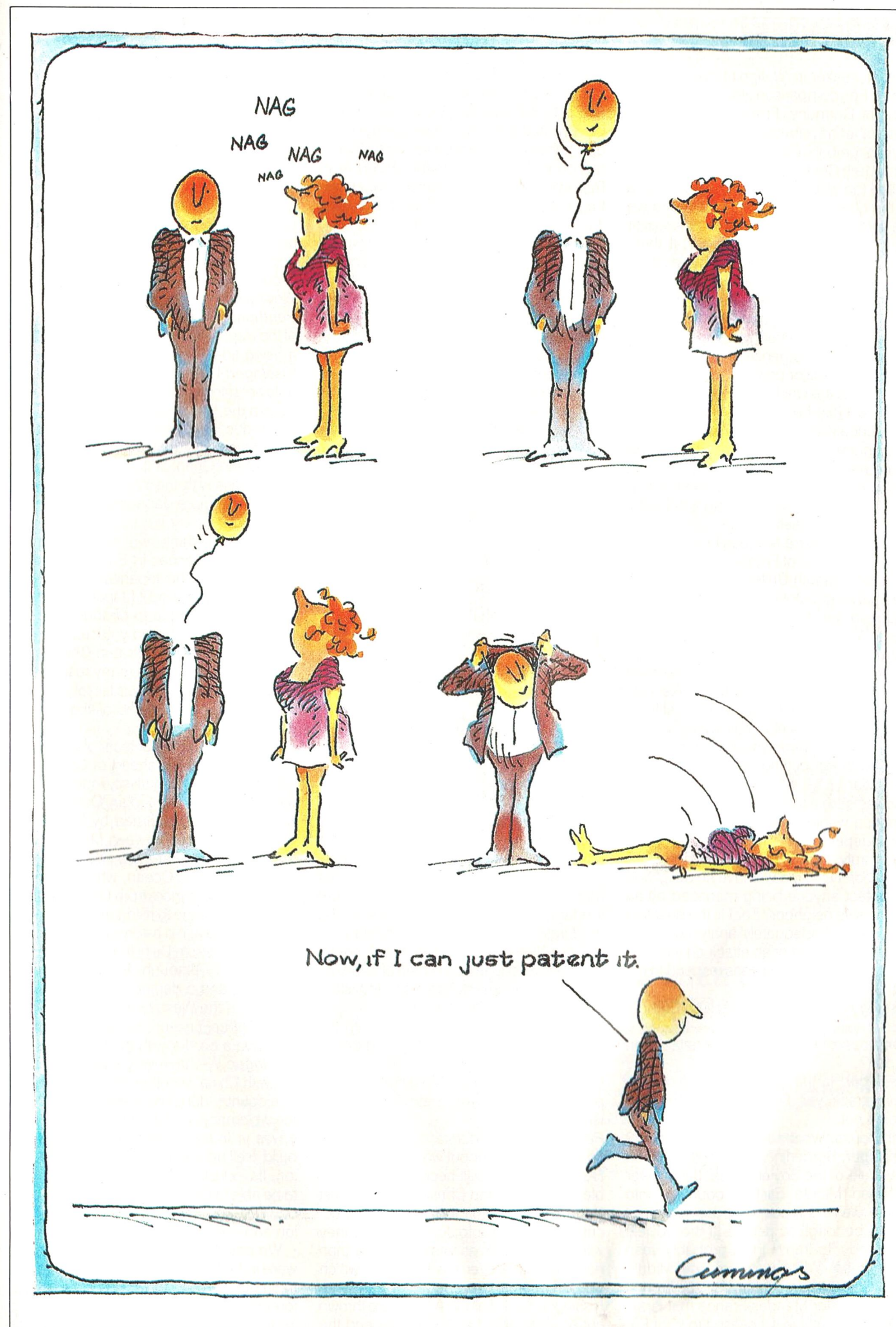
Kissinger: Yes, to some extent it would have existed. Russia and Britain were always in conflict. Throughout history, Russia was expanding into some of its neighbors. But without communism it would not have had the same burden; it would certainly have been more easily resolved.

Penthouse: How will the East-West conflict be resolved?

Kissinger: Well, it will be resolved for one of two reasons. Either one or the other of the two superpowers will become relatively weaker, not so much in military performance but in overall performance, or both



"Oh, there you are, Rodemeyer! I see you've met our chief of security!"



Now, if I can just patent it.

Cummings

INTERVIEW

will get weaker in relation to their environment. For comparison, the relative positions of Germany, France and Britain to each other have become essentially irrelevant to the balance of power in the world. In the 19th Century, their relationships controlled the world; after 1945, whether one or the other was stronger, it did not have the same local significance, and moreover they had exhausted each other. If there was a war, the conflict would be resolved even if there were no victors.

Penthouse: And if there's no war?

Kissinger: If there is no war, I believe the Soviet system is suffering a systematic crisis, and the emergence of China, Japan and India as major powers in the 20th Century will put the whole thing into a new perspective. Now, before that point is reached, it is conceivable that a war will occur, or a heightening of conflict. As the choices become narrower, temptations to break out of this dilemma will also become greater. In other words, I'm not saying it will automatically work itself out.

Penthouse: Pierre Mendes-France, former Prime Minister of France, got France out of Indochina with United States approval. Kennedy and Johnson got the United States in, as deeply as the French ever were. Was American involvement in Vietnam a mistake, or was it justified?

Kissinger: The depth of US involvement was a mistake, and surely a mistake if we were not prepared to win. Was it justified? I think the fundamental analysis was wrong, that this [the communist challenge in Vietnam] was the cutting edge of the world revolution.

It was quite a moral war, in the sense that America wanted nothing for itself except the independence of these people who were truly menaced by an aggressive neighbor. Now, did we have an obligation to protect anyone being menaced by an aggressive neighbor? That is the question that was not adequately analysed.

Penthouse: Short of an attack on the United States, would Americans respond to the draft again, willingly?

Kissinger: In case of an attack on Europe, yes.

Penthouse: How about an attack on Japan?

Kissinger: In the case of any major strategic attack, yes. For a Vietnam-type war, I think not.

Penthouse: What about the Middle East?

Kissinger: Borderline. It would depend on the scale of the Soviet attack. If it's a war between Middle Eastern countries into which we're supposed to be drawn, it would be tough to decide. If the Soviets marched into Iran, I think probably yes.

Penthouse: While we're on the Middle East, it had been said by former French Prime Minister Mendes-France that Israel would only survive if it ceased to be a Eu-

ropean colony in Asia and made itself acceptable to its neighbors. Do you think Israel will survive?

Kissinger: What Mendes-France said — that Israel could survive by making itself acceptable in the Middle East — was probably true in the Fifties. I have jokingly, but only half-jokingly, presumed to say that Israel ought to offer to join the United Arab Republic as one of its constituent states. I repeat that it was said half-jokingly, but the philosophy was correct.

Now, there is no way that Israel will be acceptable to some of its neighbors, no matter what documents they may sign.

How should this issue be resolved? It is conceivable to me that if [Iranian] Shi'ite fundamentalists were to score a huge victory in Iraq, then moderate Arabs might make de facto peace with Israel in order to protect themselves against greater dangers; and if that happened, and if Israel acted wisely and with the spirit of

“
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said half-jokingly.”

Mendes-France, I think that a co-operation might emerge that could survive Middle East turmoil. But I think there is a high possibility of an extended conflict before that happens, between moderate Arabs and fundamentalists, with Israel backing the moderate Arabs, but without fighting.

Another way would be an ad hoc agreement between Israel and some of its neighbors; but fundamental changes in history rarely happen without a cause.

Penthouse: You don't go along with the Ariel Sharon theory that Jordan will simply become Palestine?

Kissinger: I think if Israel was able to expel the rest of the Arabs from what is now Israel, perhaps.

Penthouse: If I understand him correctly, he is not thinking about what is now Israel. He thinks that life will become so intolerable for Muslims and Christians in the West Bank and Gaza that they will flee the occupied territories into Jordan, where they will become an even vaster majority than now, and take over the kingdom, which would become the republic of Palestine.

Kissinger: Well, if all the Arabs were thrown out of Gaza and the West Bank, and the

territories became decolonised — without that, Israel becomes like South Africa. Such a vast population transfer [from the occupied territories to Jordan] probably would be impossible.

Penthouse: Now that the western rim of the Pacific looks as if it's becoming the economic epicentre of the world, how will this affect the future of North America and Europe?

Kissinger: The emergence of China, depending on what form it takes, will have a huge effect. If you combine that large population with advanced technology, then it could lead to a relative reduction of Western influence.

Penthouse: Does this mean a diminution of the standard of living in the West, or does a rising tide lift all boats?

Kissinger: I think it would lead, in time, to a slower rate of growth in Europe and probably in the United States — not an absolute reduction, but a relative reduction.

Penthouse: Culturally, what will be the effects of the Orient setting the pace on an equal basis with the West? For example, will we see more Japanese influences in America?

Kissinger: I think we will see more Japanese influences in East Asia, not in America. I think the Japanese culture does not export easily. And it [Japanese culture] is extremely opaque to change.

Penthouse: How would you compare development in India to that in China?

Kissinger: India has, in many respects, at least as many of the requisites for development as China; in terms of technology, probably more.

Penthouse: In terms of technology, isn't it about a generation ahead of China?

Kissinger: I would think so. India will be a major player in the Indian Ocean. Even while India was governed by Britain, the balance of power between Malaysia and Indochina and as far away as Hong Kong, and in the Indian Ocean, while exercised by Britain, came more from Delhi than from London. While the thinking may have been done by Britain, it is astonishing how much more it came from Delhi than from London.

Penthouse: Although India is English-speaking and a democracy, have we ignored it in the West, even during your tenure in office, because unlike China it does not have a border with the Soviet Union?

Kissinger: We have very special necessities with China. Whether you give attention to a country depends on the scope open for diplomacy. In the time I was in office, it was in India's cold-blooded interest to build itself up with the aid of the Soviet Union. Its industry was rudimentary enough to be able to use Soviet technology. It could buy weapons cheaply from the Soviet Union and only with difficulty from the West.

We patrolled the Indian Ocean and we were in fact fighting in Southeast Asia. So India did not have the scope for a natural foreign policy. There was almost nothing we could do to deflect it from its course or

its priorities. But India in the 21st Century could become a high-technology country. The Indian Ocean balance of power will be up for grabs, in a way that it was not in my day, when India was much more obsessed with Pakistan than with playing a larger role.

Penthouse: America's allies, including its regional allies, recognise Hanoi. Every country except America, I think, recognises Angola. Iran and Iraq still exchange embassies, despite the war. Isn't it time the US behaved more professionally and had relations with any country prepared to have relations with them?

Kissinger: I think there is a good case for the proposal you make — for recognising whoever has de facto control, rather than using recognition to express more approval.

Penthouse: Some countries, notably in the Third World, give full scholarships to medical students who maintain a certain grade average, on the grounds that they have a dangerous shortage of doctors. Since America has a dangerous shortage of linguists, shouldn't the same be done there for students of difficult tongues — Russian, Hindi, Arabic, the East Asian languages?

Kissinger: I haven't thought it through, but we certainly have to encourage a greater emphasis on languages.

Penthouse: Is the American educational system — as a whole, not just at the university level — good enough for the role Americans play in the modern world?

Kissinger: No, it never was good enough, for a number of reasons. France, and to some extent Britain, have erred too much on the side of elitism. We have erred too much on the side of egalitarianism. We do not have an adequate fast track. In my own field, which is the one I know best, there is really no concept of international relations which is adequately taught, never mind the substance.

Britain had an idea of the balance of power, and France had an idea of the *raison d'état*. In Britain, in its high period, whatever the political program, philosophy, history and economics were core curricula, and these happen to correspond to what best trains the mind for politics. Our political scientists as a group act like surgeons in a medical college who have never conducted the operations they teach. They don't know how decisions are made.

I believe that the study of history is extremely important for the understanding of cultural differences. I believe that, in the end, certain patterns keep getting repeated by nations because of their characters and geography. Americans never developed a feel for this, not even toward Mexico, our next-door neighbor.

Penthouse: I was astonished when I first came to the US 30 years ago to find that people studied political science without first doing a degree in history.

Kissinger: It's inexplicable. They think they

can produce political scientists like mathematicians.

Penthouse: What are the prospects for our times? What do you see as the directions in which America is going?

Kissinger: The broad prospects for our times are that there is an unusual opportunity to shape new international order, with some of the countries that we've mentioned — Japan, China, the Soviet Union, even the United States — and with the changes in information technology.

My children live in a different world from mine, in a very different world. My generation, and those before it, had to read books, which meant that our pace of learning was slower but it became more a part of us, and our imagination had to be richer because, whatever you read, you had to imagine it. Now they learn from display, so they absorb more quickly at the cost of imagination and probably at the cost of perspective.

On the other hand, this gives opportunities to include people in perceptions that no amount of education could have done before; so there is a great opportunity. At the same time, if you look at the world's political systems, and regretfully, I include the democracies, the requirements of gaining power outweigh the incentives to reflect on what to do with the power when you get it.

A man like Mendes-France, or de Gaulle, or Churchill — it's hard to conceive of any of them emerging out of the present Ameri-

can system, or of course, even harder, out of the totalitarian systems. Where you get people with enough self-confidence and vision to shape the future, I can't tell you; but I think the opportunities are there.

Penthouse: What, for you, is the difference between politics and statesmanship?

Kissinger: Politics, relatively speaking, is the art of gaining and holding power. Statesmanship is the art of shaping power towards ends.

Penthouse: Who in the 20th Century would you say have earned the right to be called statesmen?

Kissinger: I think Churchill had a vision of the future. De Gaulle was a statesman. I think, from the [limited] scope he had, [German Chancellor Konrad] Adenauer was a statesman. Truman, funnily enough. And Stalin was one.

Penthouse: But Churchill didn't even realise that the Empire was dead. Are you thinking purely in terms of foreign affairs?

Kissinger: No, I'm thinking in terms of people who transform things — someone who makes a difference in terms of policy itself, in terms of goals which he himself set.

Penthouse: You don't include Mohandas Gandhi and Nakasone?

Kissinger: Oh, Gandhi, I would. Nakasone? You mean the current [Japanese] Prime Minister? I wouldn't exclude him. It's hard to include Japan because their system is so geared to anonymity, so that you can't easily tell . . . 

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FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY

**Miller would
stop at
nothing to
complete his
murderous
mission**

T

he official returned the passport briskly. "Purpose of visit to Australia?" he asked.

"Pleasure," Miller said, scratching his hairy inner thigh in the spot where he taped his .22 pistol when he wasn't worried about metal detectors.

"Enjoy yourself," the official said, even though it was a work-to-rule day.

Outside the airport terminal Miller tucked a fat envelope into the purse of the woman whose passport said she was Mrs Miller. "Disappear, sweetness," he said in her ear.

Alone, he took a long zig-zag ride in four taxis from four different companies and then walked back nearly three kilometres to an old pub in a side street.

Another slide edged on to the screen. "This," the Colonel said, "is Conway in 1978." He let the mug-shots linger on the screen. "Of course, after nine years and high-priced American plastic surgery we've got about this much" — he flashed the screen to blank — "idea what he looks like now.

"The telex machine says don't underestimate him; he knows his man; they were in the same brigade and everything. Be that as it may, we've already shifted

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL GOODMAN

SAFEHOUSE

SAFE HOUSE

Maguire, now codenamed Patient, to the new place, codenamed Hospital, so the chances of Conway getting at him are sweet F.A. All the same, we don't want to have to keep him there cluttering up the place forever, nor do we want animals like Conway roaming about free in this country. We would like the Poms to think we know what we're doing — we're in the middle of negotiating to take a couple more Ulster supergrasses off their hands."

The Colonel put a slide of Conway's fingerprints and prison record on to the screen. "You should each have received a copy of his prison record by now," he reminded the gathering. "You'll note a few points of interest: the Psychological Profile, which would curdle mother's milk . . . Technological savvy, about enough to know where to pack the nails in a home-made bomb . . . Initiative, high to very high. You'll see by the Comments that they suspect him of being the ringleader of his particular crash-out from the Maze Prison. Also of having been sired by a mad dog on a cunning fox."

"As expected, our airport watch hasn't turned up anything. The tip-off wasn't too specific as to time, so for all we know he could be here already . . ."

Miller and Browne were walking, heads

bowed, through the middle of a deserted park. Even so they spoke in whispers, with minimum lip movement. "You're sure it was him?" Miller asked.

"I'd know the rat anywhere," Browne said. "Whatever they do to his pretty face. He's gone from his flat anyway. Our sympathiser in Intelligence says there's only one place they'd be likely to put him: their flash new Safe House."

He slipped a piece of paper with an address on it. Miller read it twice and then put it to the flame of his cigarette lighter.

Miller started at the other end of the street and worked his way along, asking the same question door to door: "I'm looking for my auntie. She's an old lady, lives by herself, hardly ever goes out. I'm not sure of the number and I'd like to surprise her."

For a time it looked like he wasn't going to get a bite and would have to try some other stratagem. But then a young girl directed him to a possible place a couple of houses further on. Miller scrutinised it from the street. Yes, you would be just able to see No 29 from the window of its half-arsed attic.

The back door was open and he had no trouble overpowering the old lady. He tied her to her bed with a pair of stockings that were hanging over the bedroom door. "Sorry to disappoint you dear, but I'm not raping today," he said. "We'll see how I feel after lights out, eh?"

He went to the attic, assembled his pistol

and began to study the neighbors through 7 x 50 binoculars. At nightfall he came down for something to eat.

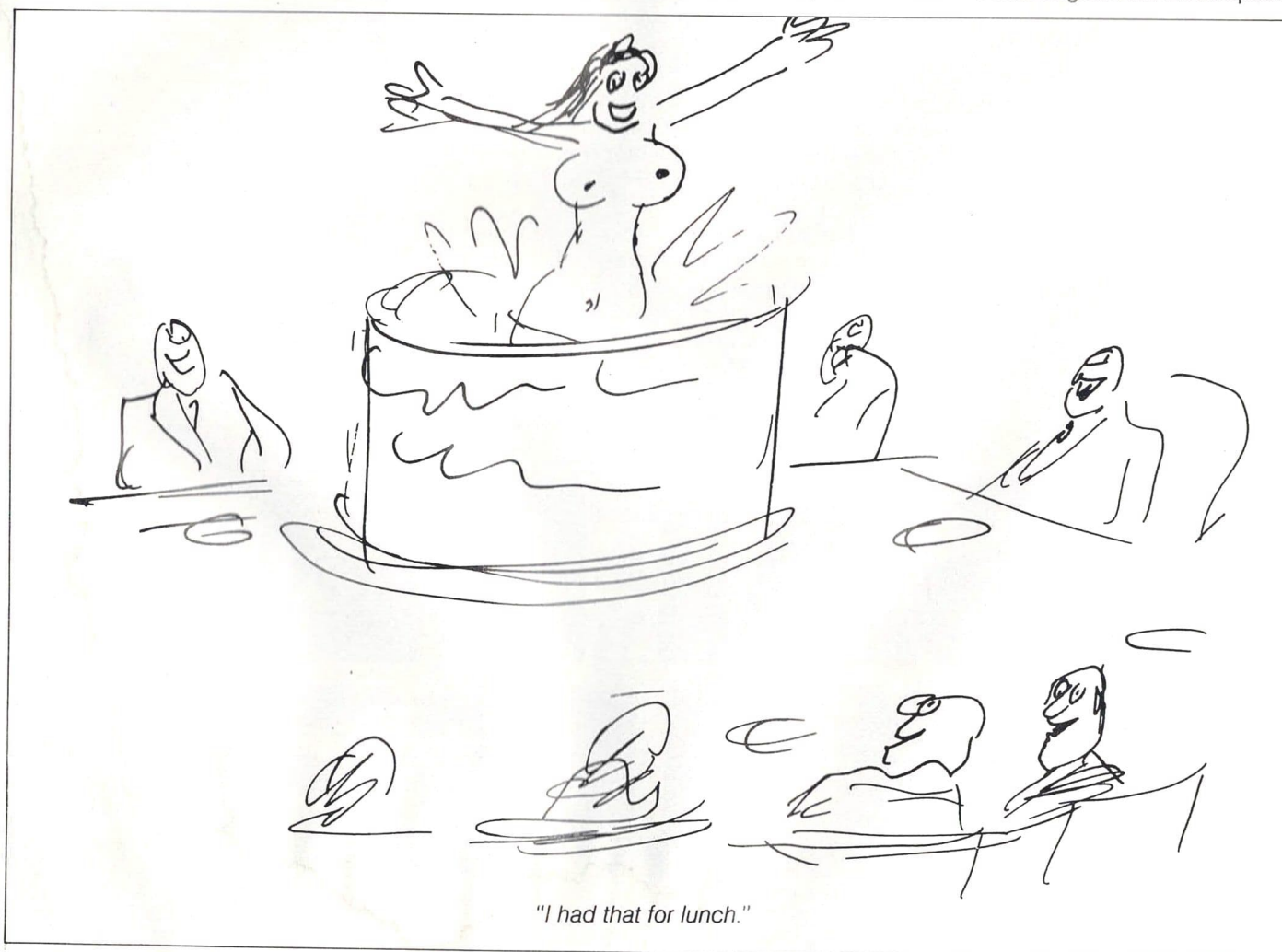
"You old cow!" he cursed the frozen white-faced old woman. "Nothing to eat in the house but cornflakes and bloody catfood!"

He threw a can of the food at the wall in disgust. The cat came in, sniffed at the tin and kept up a mewing until Miller put a silenced bullet through its head on the kitchen floor. He resumed his watch, eating dry cornflakes from the box.

Two days of it and he knew all he wanted to know.

At 5.15 on the third day he stalked along a backstreet soundlessly. At that moment, he knew, one of the two men watching No 29 from the house opposite would be borrowing the company car to go to a take-away joint. In about a minute and a half the guard left behind would be joined by his mate across the road (the one who was supposed to be holding hands with the target) for a beer before the fried chicken arrived. Shortly after the food came back, in seven to eight minutes, the 6 o'clock relieving shift of three men would turn up.

Miller vaulted a fence and knocked on a door. "Red Cross calling," he said loudly. The back door of No 28 was opened cautiously by a man with his hand inside his jacket. Miller put two bullets through the wire-mesh flyscreen and into the man's head. The startled guard fell like a trapdoor.



SAFE HOUSE

Only when his elbow hit the floor did his hand jerk, uselessly, out from the jacket.

Miller took the other guard, when he dawdled across, as easily as he'd taken the old lady. He handcuffed him behind his back with the dead guard's cuffs, pushed him on to a sofa and lifted a plastic identification card from a concealed pocket in his coat. "So, Mr Roberts," Miller said, unzipping his captive's fly and ramming the pistol barrel into his scrotum. "I might shoot a bit off this one to level it up with that one. Or you might tell me about No 29."

"Why not, Mr Conway?" Roberts accented. "The set-up is totally foolproof, so the more you know the greater the deterrence. Come back in a couple of weeks and I'll be able to give you a color brochure as well. The idea is we recoup a few million by interesting friendly agencies in the security system software. Stop me if I'm going over your head."

Miller smiled in what could easily have been taken for an amiable manner. "All right," Roberts went on. "I'll give you the easy bits first anyway. The windows are double-glazed bulletproof and even without the special shutters behind them they can handle an anti-tank rifle. The whole building is built to withstand a direct hit from any hand-launched conventional missile. If necessary it can manufacture its own air

and electricity and recycle its water for weeks. There's only one way in and the electronic security is, if I say so myself . . ."

"I bet *this*," Miller said, dangling the punched ID card, "will get me in. I've seen more secure knitting machine patterns."

"It will," Roberts granted. "Provided the scanner likes the look of your left thumbprint. It'll even get you out again if the one inside likes the look of your other thumb. They're highly sensitive little buggers, good at telling real flesh from substitutes — so rubber, wax and plastic impressions need not apply. They're also a whiz at reading body temperature — so dead meat's not a lot of use to one either."

"Potential customers will no doubt be sending crack teams over to test the system out before they buy. But if you want the honor of first bash at it, feel free. Although she does tend to be a trifle — how shall I put it? — user-nasty to the wrong people."

"That's the beauty of knowing the *right* people," Miller said, zipping up Roberts' fly with his gunsight.

"Don't tell me: you're going to try dragging an unco-operative adult all the way across the road, ignoring the daylight, the peak hour traffic and the time ticking away dangerously on your watch. You did say," Roberts grinned, "this was a suicide mission, didn't you?"

Miller strode across the road and

opened the fake outer door of No 29 with a borrowed key. The instructions on the console read: PLACE CARD IN SLOT, PRESS THUMB AGAINST SCANNER, WAIT 3 SECONDS. Miller obeyed them. A steel door slid open. He jumped through the opening, gun drawn, just before the door sprang shut.

It was a strange meeting between two old friends who had never seen each other's face before.

"Well, well. Is it yourself now?" Miller said in a mock Irish voice, patting Maguire's plastic surgery with his free hand. "Excuse the bad breath. I've been eating so much catmeat lately my eyes are beginning to shine in the dark. Reminds me of Sunday dinner in stir, back in the good old days. No wonder a feller used to go on hunger strikes, eh?"

"Dave, I —"

The words choked in Maguire's throat even before the softnosed bullets tore into his body.

Special Counter Intelligence Officer (Electronics) Roberts got his bread-knifed right thumb back in the mail, postmarked Honolulu, about the same time the autopsy was extracting his left thumb from Maguire's tonsils.

"Sorry about all the shit," the accompanying note ran. "But where else is a feller like meself going to keep dead meat at body temperature except up his arsehole?" O—



✪ Xaviera Hollander, the Happy Hooker, is back doing what she does second best. For subscribers only ✪

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

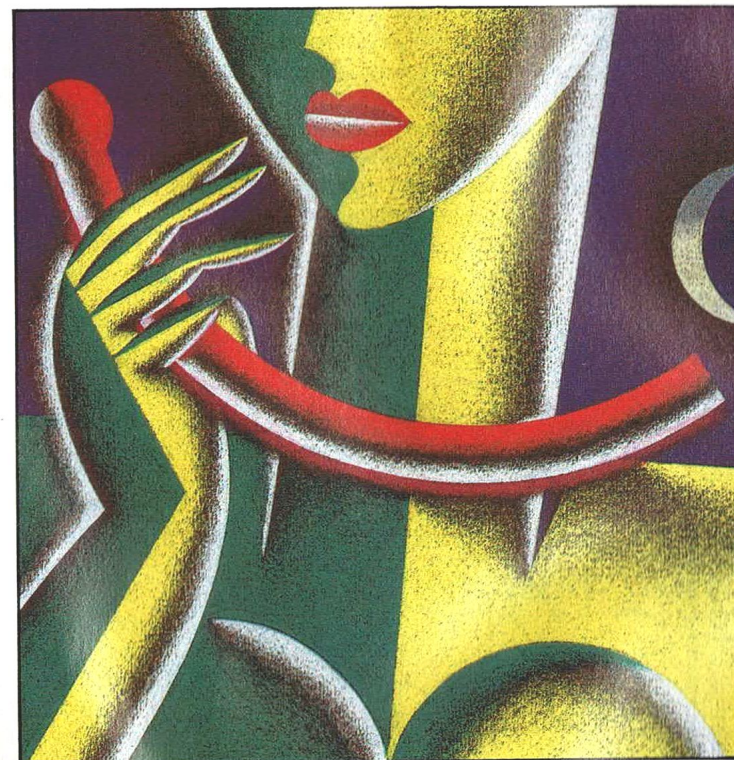
Thanks for the memories

I am a security guard and usually work the midnight shift. I always say good night to the late-shift employees as they leave the factory. There is one girl named Dina I am attracted to. She is in her early twenties and of exotic descent. Dina has sultry brown eyes, and long black hair that cascades down her back. She usually says hi to me, but I thought she was just being polite. I guessed that she considered herself too good to talk to me, but I soon found out I was wrong.

One night, Dina came back into the building and said her car had a flat tyre. She asked me if I could help her put on a spare. I figured I could win a few brownie points with her, so I readily agreed to help. It was pouring outside, and even though Dina held an umbrella over my head while I worked, we both got soaked to the skin.

When I had finished the job, I put the equipment into the boot of the car. As I turned to tell her I was done, she attacked me! Dina dropped her umbrella and gave me a big French kiss. Luckily I have been trained to think fast, and I kissed her right back. I unbuttoned her blouse and discovered she wasn't wearing a bra. As I lowered my tongue to her heavenly globes, my hands caressed her butt. Dina let out a low moan while I worked on her gorgeous tits. Her nipples were dark brown, and they responded to my attention by sticking out like pencil erasers. She slowly forced my head toward her pussy as I fumbled with her skirt.

Much to my surprise, Dina's pussy was shaved as bare as a newborn's. It was a fantasy come true. I went down on my knees and pushed her against the car. Parting her pouting pussy lips with my eager tongue, I tasted her love nectar. I teased her quivering clit and she let out a moan of ecstasy. As I feasted on her bald quim, Dina's hands stroked my head and shoulders. She pushed



me away from her cunt, undid my pants, and grasped my seven-inch pussy-pleaser. Her angelic tongue worked miracles on my devilish dong. As soon as Dina swallowed my dick to the hilt, I lost one of the biggest loads of my life. She continued to suck me even after I went limp. To my amazement I got bigger and harder than before.

It continued to rain on us. Dina stopped sucking me and moaned, "Fuck me", over and over as she rubbed my dick all around her face. Being a gentleman, how could I refuse a lady in distress? I bent her backward over the hood of her car and worked my wand of wonder into her wet cunt. I moaned as her love muscles gripped my throbbing manhood. She worked her pussy like no other woman I have ever been with. Dina

begged me to fuck her harder. Time seemed to move in slow motion as I pumped my expanding rod into her. I felt my come rising, and as I erupted into Dina's talented pussy, I screamed in pleasure. Dina exploded into an orgasm that shook her whole body.

As the cold night rain brought us back to reality, her cunt released my flaccid penis. The greatest sexual experience of my life ended like a flash of lightning when a car pulled into the parking area. Dina turned and gave me a kiss before she got into her car. She burned rubber as she peeled out of the parking lot. I will remember that stormy encounter for the rest of my life.

Xaviera, my problem is that the next day Dina acted like nothing had happened between us. Whatever I do, she pretends I don't exist. How do I get her to go out with me on a real date? She was the best fuck of my life and I do not want her to get away. Do you have any advice as to how I can rekindle the fire we both felt that night? — I.B.

In your own words, this encounter was not only an experience that you will always remember, but also the best fuck of your life. For Dina, it must have been the realization of a fantasy. To screw the hell out of a security guard who is wearing a wet uniform, complete with pistol, nightstick, and walkie-talkie, is a once in a lifetime deal. It is like landing on the moon, or receiving a medal. Anything you do afterward can only be anticlimatic.

I suggest that you file this exquisite incident away under the heading of "beautiful memories" and be satisfied that it has been recorded for posterity by being published in this magazine.

It would be unethical for a security guard to scatter nails across the car park in the hope of repeating the experience. Next time it might not be raining, the girl might decide to change her own wheel, or worst of all, you could get a flat in your own car.

That's what friends are for

In the last few months, my marriage has gone from bad to worse. My wife found out about an affair I had a couple of years ago. Even though she was bitter and hurt, we decided to try and make a go of it. Up to this point our sex life had been excellent, but her growing anger caused Alice to start attacking my sexuality. She used every

chance she could get to put me down. This was having a serious effect on my ardor for her. I got more and more worried about how we'd ever break this cycle, since by this time my desire was nearly gone and Alice could not see the connection between her attacks and my impotence.

Throughout this rough period, I spent a lot of time talking to my friend Melissa. I would visit her and describe my frustration and anger at how I was being treated by Alice. Melissa agreed with me, which I found very comforting at the time.

One night, after a particularly bad argument with Alice, I confided in Melissa again. I told her that it had gotten to the point where I couldn't even get it up when masturbating. A serious look came to her face and she said to me, "All you need is some love and affection, and I want to be the one to give it to you." I was really surprised, but her tone of voice convinced me that she meant it.

Melissa stood up and did a slow, sexy striptease. As her bra fell to the floor, she tantalizingly cupped her breasts and held them up just in front of my face. She slid her panties off, lay on the couch, and spread her pussy open for me. My interest was rising. Melissa knelt in front of me and unzipped my fly. She took off my trousers and underwear and kissed her way up my thighs to my cock. "How do you want it?" she asked. The look in my eyes answered her and she swallowed me whole, fucking

my dick with her mouth, using her tongue and teeth to stimulate me even more.

Her hands caressed my balls and nipples, urging me on. As I exploded, Melissa slurped and swallowed my load. The sight of her with droplets of come on her face was very exciting. I told her I wanted her, and she started playing with me again, slowly teasing me to another erection. She was so playful and gentle, yet at the same time, so erotic.

We went into her bedroom and fell together on the bed. As I slid in and out of her hot pussy, she positioned herself so that she could match my every move. Her hands grasped my arse and she ground herself against my pelvis. My cock was aching as I pumped her with long, hard strokes. As Melissa began to come, I pounded her with all my might, feeling my own orgasm build up. I shot another load deep into her love canal, screaming in pleasure.

We lay in each other's arms until my softening penis slid out of her hole. Melissa hinted that she would like me to eat her pussy. I really didn't need too much urging and started to kiss my way down her body, stopping first to enjoy her rosy breasts. Her nipples were very sensitive and she encouraged me to nip at them gently with my teeth. I worked my way down her belly to the golden mound that framed her purple pussy lips.

Melissa let out several moans of pleasure before begging me to concentrate on her clit. I teased her a little longer with my tongue, flicking it around and around until she screamed out, clutching my head to her cunt with her thighs.

After she had another orgasm, we relaxed in each other's arms before getting dressed. As I was leaving, Melissa got serious. "This can't happen again," she said. "It was too good and I don't dare get used to something I can't have."

At home, things with Alice and I are getting back to normal. I just let my mind fantasize, and my wife gets all the pleasure she wants. Alice thinks this proves I love her, but she doesn't realize that all I'm doing is dreaming about Melissa. I want my marriage to continue, but I'm aching to make love to Melissa again. What should I do? — J.P.

Jealousy tends to be a destructive force in a relationship, especially when a woman gets bitter and twisted about an affair her husband has had. It means she is feeling very unsure of herself. We women tend to be rather insecure creatures, and if our husband or lover can't get it up, our immediate instinct is to accuse him of screwing someone else. We know we are being silly, but we are in the grip of an emotion that is stronger than our powers of reasoning. Some friends of mine, a good-looking couple, became interested in the idea of swinging, and each of them brought home girls to make up a threesome. After about

a year of this, Trish discovered that her husband Joel had been having a secret love affair with one of the girls. At first she took it lightly, but then it began to get her down. She started making jealous scenes, refusing to let Joel continue with the threesomes. Their relationship developed into a continuous screaming match.

Joel came around to see me and, almost in tears, he told me that he was going crazy with frustration because every time he tried to make love to his wife, she talked him soft. Finally he started another affair and the inevitable happened — Trish found out. Her fragile ego couldn't stand it a second time, and they are now in the middle of an ugly divorce.

You are lucky to know someone like Melissa, but if you want your marriage to work, you must not only put her out of your mind, you must never breathe a word to your wife.

Strangers with my wife

Jessica is beautiful, with brown hair, and hazel eyes that can make you melt. I came home early from work one day and found her in bed with another man. At first I was shocked, and frozen to the floor. Neither of them noticed me because they were so involved in each other's passion. I moved away from the bedroom door a little so I could see in without them seeing me.

I was surprised to find myself getting excited over seeing my wife so turned on. I watched this strange man stick two fingers in Jessie's wet cunt. She began to come as he licked her clit. She swung herself around and engulfed his cock with her succulent mouth, bobbing her head up and down as he dived deep into her throat. This went on for a few minutes before they changed positions.

Finally he mounted her, sliding his cock all the way in on the first stroke. Jessie gasped and started screaming, "Fuck me hard, oh, harder, harder!" He pumped her with all he had before moaning and pulling out. He came on her tits and she rubbed his jism all over her chest.

I felt more excited than I had ever been in my life. Quietly, I snuck out of the house and waited about an hour before returning. When I came back, the stranger was gone and I confronted Jessica. She explained to me that she loved me, and that I am still the best lover she has ever had. She went on to tell me that there are times when she wants a strange mouth on her nipples, and a different man's cock in her cunt. She also asked me to consider opening up our relationship to include other partners.

The next night I was sitting on the couch in our living room. Jessie started playing with me, rubbing my cock with the palms of her hands before taking it out of my pants and licking and sucking the head. When she sensed I was ready to come, she got up and led me to the bedroom. When we got there I saw that we were not alone.

On the bed, already naked, was a slim blonde girl. She seemed to be about 20 years old. Without saying a word, she pulled me on to the bed and picked up where Jessie had left off. It didn't take me long to shoot my load in her mouth. After making sure she licked every drop off my prick, the girl stood up, smiled and left without saying a word.

It bothers me to think that my wife has been with other men. However, I did enjoy watching her get so excited. Does that make me a pervert? I also must admit that I loved that girl sucking me off. I'm just not sure if I'm ready to open our marriage to outsiders. To me, two people making love is a very personal thing.

Jessica says I'm the best lover she's ever had, but how can I believe that when she's fucking others? She explains it to me by saying that there's a difference between making love and just fucking. Maybe you can straighten out my confusion. — C.C.

If you read the marriage ceremony in its unexpurgated form, it says categorically, "forsaking all others." This means you don't fuck your childhood sweetheart anymore, or anyone else. The problem is that a lot of people, having gotten over the first flush of romantic love, feel trapped in marriage. They wake up in the morning, take a look at their spouse, and a little voice inside the head says: "It's all over; I am stuck with this gorgeous arsehole for the rest of

my life and I can never fuck anyone else. I might as well be dead."

This is the moment when we have to look for an intelligent solution to the problem. What happens in too many cases is that we try and solve it with our glands rather than our brains. We rush out and fuck the first thing that moves, get found out, and that's it — you adulterous shit. I want a divorce.

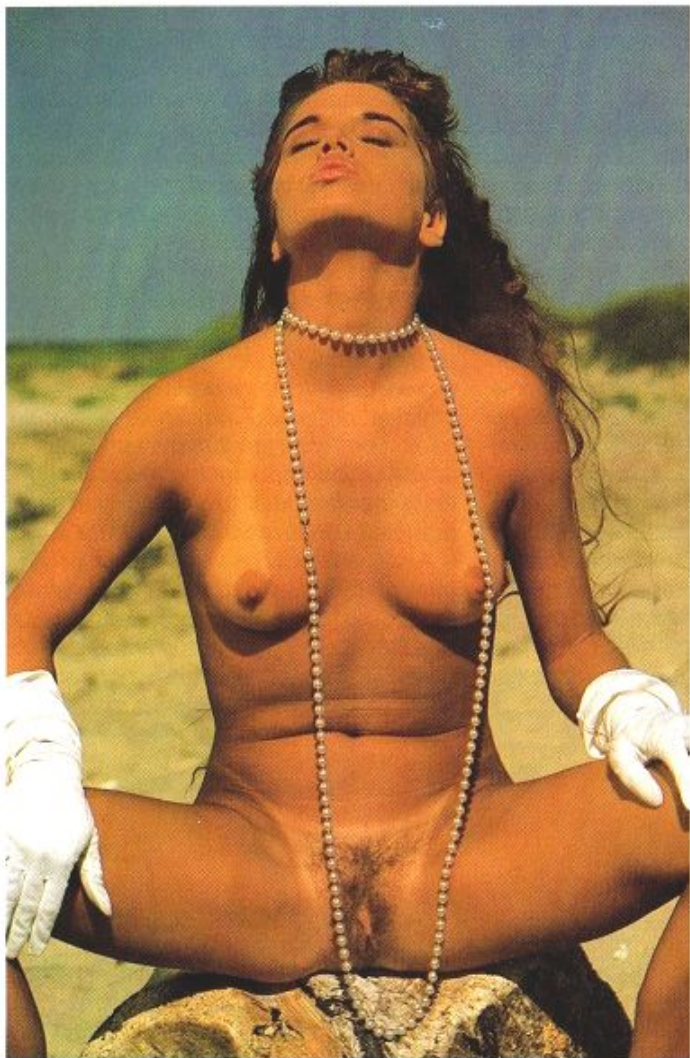
You have gotten over the first hurdle. You were confronted with a situation that shocked you, but instead of making an ugly scene you discussed it with Jessica and tried to understand what was in her head. Of course she loves you more than ever, and more than anyone else. You are a man in a million, and if I know anything about the human race, she ain't never gonna find another guy like you. Confused you may be, but you are making an honest effort to try and understand what it's all about.

I don't think you really need my advice, as I am certain that you will get it together anyway, but if you stick to some simple rules, you won't go far wrong. Don't do anything you don't want to. Don't do anything that is hurtful to your partner, and whatever either of you do, discuss it.

An open relationship means that you have no secrets. If you do it right, it means that you and your wife are each other's best friends, regardless of what you do with other people. — J.P.



MINDSTUFF



Perhaps you thought Colombia was only famous for one thing . . . Introducing another of its exports, 22-year-old Beth Snyder — certainly more legal but no less addictive to men. But Beth studies closely those men who seek to possess her; she's set on becoming a psychiatrist. "I am of the Freudian school," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





"Freud is widely misunderstood. He didn't really suggest that sex is our sole motivation for all thought and action — he merely acknowledged the influence of our sex drives, and was the first to do so."





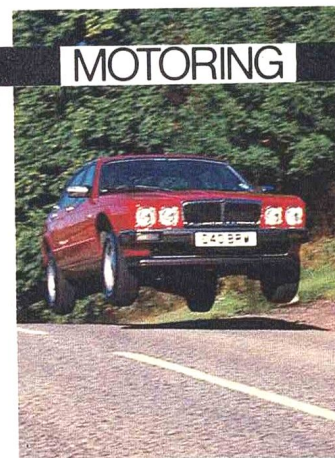
"My decision to pose for *Penthouse* I think of as a study, in a way. I can't deny the thought of teasing and arousing so many men like this makes me weak at the knees — but I have an insatiable appetite for sex and I want to see if or how things change as a result. Some people think I'm mad — but I'm not stupid . . ."

—  —





MOTORING



ROAD MASTER

After more than a decade in the doldrums, Jaguar has fallen on its feet

The citizens of the US are not renowned for impeccable taste in automobiles. On the contrary . . .

So it comes as something of a shock to learn that the Americans, who usually treat natural materials like an AIDS victim, demanded the retention of the traditional walnut burr dashboard fascia and leather seats in the new Jaguar saloon range.

This revelation came about during a series of car clinics held in secret in the US. Before car companies settle on a final design, they conduct these car clinics to discover whether they're on the correct design track. This involves lining up several versions of their car alongside examples of competitive makes and quietly inviting carefully selected members of the public to pass comment.

The US is Jaguar's largest market; the results of its car clinics were keenly awaited. Aware of the Americans' plastic fetish, Jaguar had originally considered a contemporary dash layout, with Guy Fawkes Night-type digital instrumentation. But the US surprisingly vetoed the proposal, insisting on the old-fashioned luxury stuff that made the big Cats unique. Not all Yanks demand nine metres of bad taste and artificial fibres.

Jaguar has a proud history dating back to its first complete car, the SS1 model, in 1931. Jaguar is about style and grace and power. Through the years, virtually every Cat has become a classic. And Jaguar enjoys an awesome sporting heritage. In the Fifties it won at Le Mans, and just about everywhere else.

If Jaguar is about style and grace and power. Through the years, virtually every Cat has become a classic. And Jaguar enjoys an awesome sporting heritage. In the Fifties it won at Le Mans, and just about everywhere else.

If Jaguar peaked in the early Sixties when its stunning E-type models captivated the upwardly mobile of the day, then troubled times were lurking around the next bend. Jaguar's spell in the doldrums came about when it was pushed under the creaky, leaky State-owned British Leyland umbrella.

The Seventies was Jaguar's lost decade. Jaguar's hitherto impeccable reputation was badly tarnished by production line problems and worker indifference. Still, history will judge the outgoing Series III saloon one of the great cars despite the black periods during its lengthy 18-year stand.

Like the rest of the government-controlled British car industry, Jaguar was in a parlous state at the turn of this decade. During 1980, just 14,000 adventurous customers around the world rolled the Jaguar.

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY PETER McKAY

MASTER

dice in defiance of rampant unreliability and questionable quality. In Australia, membership of a motoring organisation was obligatory for Jaguar owners. There were jokes about the Lucas electrics . . . The Prince of Darkness. Dark oil stains marked the driveways of long-suffering owners. Bonnet catches wore out faster than brake pads . . .

Jaguar's trading losses were horrific — 47 million pounds in 1980. Mrs Thatcher was not amused and she ultimately instructed British Leyland to sell the troubled producer of luxury cars. And so in 1984 Jaguar regained its operational independence and British Leyland got 300 million pounds.

Then, as if to underline the advantages of privatisation, came the miracle — a Lazarus-like comeback. By 1986, production was back to 42,000 units, and Jaguar Cars Limited posted a profit of 121 million pounds. It was a grand effort spearheaded by the no-crap entrepreneurial Chairman Sir John Egan, who took over in 1980.

Once the reliability and quality shortfalls were overcome, the marvellous timelessness of the aged Series III XJ6/Sovereign/Daimler again reached forth to captivate. Today, less than three years after privatisation, Jaguar Cars Limited is valued at 900 million pounds . . . three times its worth at the time it went public.

Egan set about again pushing the name of Jaguar in several areas of motor sport. Tom Walkinshaw powered to the 1984 European Touring Car Championship in an XJS V12 coupe. And the Jags returned to Le Mans. And they won at Bathurst in '85.

And now, set for an Australian launch in March, is a spectacular new upmarket sporty saloon, its first new four-door cruiser in 18 years. Can it really be the best car of its type in the world today? Yes, it

could be.

To replace the revitalised Series III at the height of its popularity rightly suggests its successor — codenamed XJ40 — is an extraordinarily fine motor car. It's a better vehicle than the model it replaces, and the outgoing Series III Jaguar defied Father Time to remain one of luxury car standouts of the post-war era.

The only carryovers from the previous range are the names — XJ6, Sovereign and Daimler. Everything else reflects the British carmaker's cautious evolutionary philosophy, including a new aluminium six-cylinder engine and styling that gives fresh interpretation to a traditional Jaguar theme. A V12-engined version will be introduced later.

Jaguar spent seven years and 200 million quid developing the XJ40. There was some pressure to launch the new car much earlier but the wise heads demurred. Egan, an unabashed admirer of Mercedes-Benz, summed it up best: "I understand it takes Benz about seven years to produce a new model. Are we so smart we can do it faster? The answer is no." Conscious of the need to sink forever the bad reputation it scored in the Seventies and early Eighties, Jaguar's test program for the XJ40 covered some 8.5 million kilometres, much of it in Australia.

The new range is not perfect. Not quite. The contentious analogue dashboard instrumentation jars the optics and there is some wind noise emanating from the external mirrors at speeds above 180 km/h. The dials, mercifully, won't stay that way forever; at the time of the international launch of the new range, the Jaguar men were beaver away in the backrooms, working on updated dials.

But the remainder of the package defies real criticism. The big Euroglider offers new levels of roadholding, ride standards, steering and braking. It is not a small motor car, yet on the road it shrinks around the driver. It becomes a mere extension of the man at the wheel, amazingly responsive considering its bulk, yet retaining the smoothness of ride and the comfort and silence demanded by luxury car owners.

Jaguar did not take the soft way out at the international launch of the new car. They kept the show biz content down to a minimum, allowing the car to sell itself. There was the Highland piper, and the obligatory haggis, but no dancing girls, no dazzling light show.

The looping undulations and gyrations of the largely-deserted Scottish mountain roads selected for the drive program called for a car with unusually efficient chassis dynamics. Few of the dozens of pressmen on the program failed to report having the Jag fully airborne on the humps at least once. A few showers gave the opportunity to test the wet weather attributes of the XJ40 and new Dunlop TD SP Sport D1 65-series tyres developed specifically for this motor car. No-one found fault.

Two new six-cylinder engines were developed for the XJ40, but only one, the lively alloy 3.6-litre 24-valve twin cam with full digital electronic fuel and ignition management systems, will come here.

But will the Australian model be castrated by our engine emissions regulations? The cars *Penthouse* drove in the UK were local market models producing 165 kW and 337 Nm of torque. The Australian car loses about 23 kiloWatts . . .

The four-speed autobox has an overdrive top which the driver can exploit to achieve more modest fuel consumption figures. Like all responsible car makers, Jaguar does not adopt the line that its well-heeled customers wouldn't worry about spending a little extra on petrol.

The four-speed auto transmission features a unique sporty J-shaped selector gate, which allows the box to be used like a manual. Park, Neutral and Reverse are grouped together on one side of the J, with the go-gears in another bunch. "Randle's Handle," as it has been tagged, works spectacularly well. Randle is Jim Randle, Chief Engineer. He has left his stamp in many areas of the XJ40.

Looks are subjective. Chairman Egan, with no embarrassment for bias, declared at the launch: "The Series III was the prettiest car in its class in the world, and the XJ40 is even prettier." The inspiration for the styling of the XJ40 was undoubtedly its predecessor. At first glance they look so alike. Placing them side by side emphasises the significant changes. The new car is squarer, more masculine, with a hint of Maserati and De Tomaso. It is not a 1986 fashion statement. After an 18-year acquaintance with the old XJ6, the new car requires a familiarisation period. It grows on you.

The wind drag factor is .37 — not brilliant by today's standards, but acceptable in light of Jaguar's determination to preserve the distinctive styling. The new car is just 30mm longer than the Series III, but boasts more leg room, shoulder width and trunk space than the outgoing model. It's also around 80 kilos lighter (mainly because of the move to an all-alloy engine). It goes without saying this new toy for the rich and famous (and bookmakers) boasts all the standard appointments men of high station expect.

So far, no mention of price. The present range is now between \$75,000 and \$90,000 due to the recent actions of our government. The SJ40 will probably start around 85 grand (the base model is a mere 18,000 quid in Britain).

But the real story with the XJ40 is that Jaguar has re-discovered magnificence, and, unless I'm mistaken, reliability. So there'll always be an England — at least it appears there'll always be an England in the luxury car business. With Rolls-Royce now merely an automotive caricature, Jaguar is the undisputed road master of the Mother Country. 

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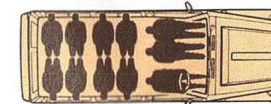
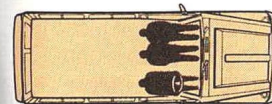
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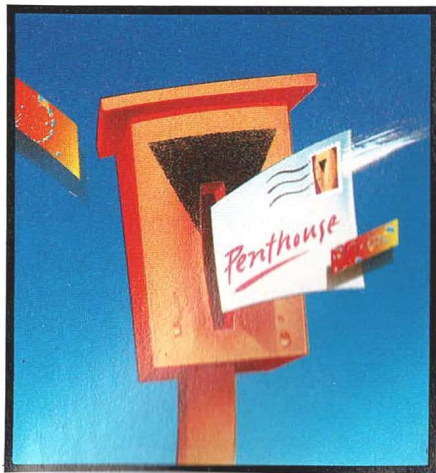
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TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!



FORUM

Continued from page 16

he followed me into the kitchen. At the fridge I bent way over, reaching for the beer, and felt his eyes playing up and down my backside. I knew he was having a hard time deciding where to look.

When I straightened up, I noticed the huge swelling in his pants. By estimation, the outline of his cock was something like eight inches! My mouth fairly watered and I did some other guessing. I guessed he'd have liked nothing better than sticking that huge rod into me from behind while I was bent over. Nothing happened right away, though. He averted his eyes as soon as I

turned around. I ached to feel his hands on my body and hit on the idea that I wanted to sunbathe. Our home is completely enclosed by tall hedges, so I wasn't worried about nosy neighbors.

Outside, we spread a blanket on the grass and he took off his shirt. He looked terrific! His natural gold-toned body was dazzling. His tight muscles were sharply defined and rippled with the slightest movement of his lean, hard physique. Crazy thoughts ran through my mind. I imagined him on top of me, muscles rippling with each thrust of his hips into me. I handed him the suntan lotion so he could rub some on my back. He took extra time applying it on the back of my legs until I turned over so he could do the front of my body. I was so busy daydreaming and his hands felt so good, I moaned and automatically bent my knees outward when he reached the front of my thighs with the lotion. He stopped and I couldn't help myself. I reached up and pulled him toward me, darting my tongue in as I covered his mouth with mine. He was hesitant, but gradually lost his restraint when I pushed my tongue in deeper and deeper. I begged him to fuck me between kisses, but he was still reluctant about screwing me outside in broad daylight until I assured him we were safe from prying eyes.

I wiggled out of my bikini while he tugged his pants and shorts to his knees. Getting on top of me, he dug his hands into

my soft white arse while I guided the head of his hard rod to its destination. His mammoth cock stretched and filled my cunt as it went in. It was almost more than I could take! His enormous cock banged into me, ravaging my body with spasms of pleasure. The weight of his body and his deep strokes felt a thousand times better than the rubber dildo I serviced myself with. I could hear passing traffic and the neighbors in their yards while he humped me. Doing it outside in the open inflamed me almost as much as the vigorous pounding of his thick shaft between my outstretched thighs.

His strokes came with machine-gun rapidity, quick fierce stabs of forbidden delight that consumed me with joy. About two minutes later, both of us too excited to hold off any longer, we climaxed simultaneously. His big load cut loose inside my cunt and felt heavenly. It felt so heavenly, in fact, that I could have screwed with him the rest of the afternoon right there in the yard.

Tossing Stu my bikini bottom, I wrapped myself with the blanket and raced for the house with him behind me. Now that I'd had his cock, I had to have more of it. I dropped to my knees in the kitchen and kissed the tip of his cock. Opening my mouth I let the huge head slip between my lips and held it there for a few moments. He eased it halfway into my mouth and I could feel my heart pounding as my lips slid along the hard shaft. Keeping my lips tightly around his prick, I tried to deep-throat him. I got about six inches into my mouth, but that was all I could manage, it was just so long. But it was delicious! The salty flavor made my heart pound faster. His hands tangled in my hair and he started moving his hips so that his cock was moving in and out of my mouth. I had never let my husband shoot off in my mouth, but somehow I couldn't refuse Stu, if that was what he wanted. He fucked my face slowly, careful not to feed me more cock than I could handle comfortably. When he exploded in my mouth, his come spurted into the back of my throat while I swallowed convulsively, catching every last drop and relishing its taste.

Stuart had a sex drive to match mine. He was insatiable and could get hard again a few minutes after coming.

I lost all of my inhibitions over the next five days. I went absolutely wild with desire for Stu's sensational lovely prick. We fucked whenever we pleased, or to be more precise, whenever I wanted, which was often. I've never been fucked so many times in so many different positions before or since, and I loved every minute of it!

When it was time for Tom to return home, I wished Stu and I had five more days with each other, but all good things must come to an end. As usual, Tom screwed me the first night he was home, but I pretended it was Stuart who was on top of me instead. Stuart never did fuck me again because he left two days after Tom got home. Perhaps



"Someday, son, none of this will be yours. . . ."

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FORUM

he felt guilty about sleeping with me while Tom was gone, but at least he left me with beautiful memories of all the wild, uninhibited fucking we did. — *Name and address withheld*

Tennis, anyone?

I would like to share a memorable experience that I had with my girlfriend Sonia. Sonia has large breasts, a slim waist, and voluptuous, swelling thighs. In a word, she's a knockout. Despite her feminine figure, she's quite an athlete. She's an excellent tennis player. I'm a former B-grade tennis player myself, and I can tell you Sonia has given me some good competition in the two years that we've been going out.

One weekend we got up early Sunday morning, feeling rather horny and adventurous. We decided to play a rather unconventional game of tennis. Sonia chose her court-wear carefully — she put on split-crotch panties, a cutaway bra, a tight shirt that enhanced her full figure, and a wrap-around skirt.

The tennis courts we chose are very special, surrounded by tall hedges — a barrier against the leering eyes of curious local townfolk. We were ensconced in our own private world, but aware of the danger of discovery. We arrived at the courts and began to warm up, hitting back and forth. I was getting more than a warm-up; I was getting a hard-on. Every time Sonia missed a ball, she would bend over and point her arse toward me, showing off and jiggling her pretty globes, which were separated by the black line of her panties. "I've got an idea," she called across the net to me

as I tossed a determine serve. "Let's play strip tennis." "Okay," I called back, "but the loser has to give sexual service to the winner." She smiled, nodded, and, having won the toss, began to serve.

She started off with some solid ground strokes that kept me pinned to the baseline like a helpless butterfly. I lost the first two points. "Dammit," I thought to myself as I looked at my foe across the net. "I'm not going to let a girl kick my arse at this game." Burning with sexual ardor and anticipation, I couldn't concentrate on my game. But then I got myself together and took over the match. I hit lobs that she couldn't return, forced her to the net, and passed her, or just plain overpowered her. Piece by piece, her clothing came off. I lost a few more points, but the match was mine. Finally, she was racing around the court in nothing but her panties and bra. I smashed an ace at her. She knew she was near defeat, and made a great drama out of removing her lacy cutaway bra. I watched as she languorously stroked her tits, spiralling her fingers around her nipples.

Then, closing her eyes and pursing her lips, she slowly unfastened her bra and threw it into my court with a good-natured pout on her face. The next point was mine, too. This was it — the match was over. She slowly unpeeled her panties, brought them up to her face, and inhaled their delicious aroma. It was more than I could bear. I wanted to fuck and suck every part of her that minute. My cock was throbbing and yearning to ram her sweaty pussy. We both walked toward the net.

Instead of the traditional handshake, we shared a long, deep, wet kiss. Remembering our bargain, she bent down on her

knees, opened her mouth wide, and took in my swollen organ. She licked me until my cock was dripping with her mouth juice. Her hands were pressed against my buttocks and her fingernails dug into my flesh. "On your knees," I ordered her. "I want to fuck you from behind."

She crouched down and I got behind her, stroking her big breasts and leaning over to suck her erect nipples. I stuffed my prick into her pussy and began pulsing inside her.

My hungry mouth nipped at her back and shoulders. I sent my hand down to her clit, and began stroking her love button with my hands. Finally, with gasps of pleasure, I unleashed my load into her, spraying a few drops of come on to the court. She came in a shuddering orgasm. — *Name and address withheld*

Campfire girl

Here's an erotic episode, a true encounter that took place on our first-year anniversary. June 1 arrived, a beautiful day filled with imaginative thoughts toward the night's events. I fantasised about candle lights, heavy petting, and falling asleep on our waterbed after a frenzy of love making. I never in my wildest dreams imagined the pleasures my husband would actually give me.

I spent the day sunbathing, reading, and even indulged in a bath with strawberry-scented bubbles. After drying myself, I donned my newest negligee. This was the sexiest one I owned. My husband often hinted at how sexy a garter with hose was and that he would like to see me in such an outfit. The white hose and garter looked sharp against my copper tan. The top was made of white lace with red roses and pink ribbons. Looking in the mirror, I have to say, I looked damn sexy! I knew my husband would love it.

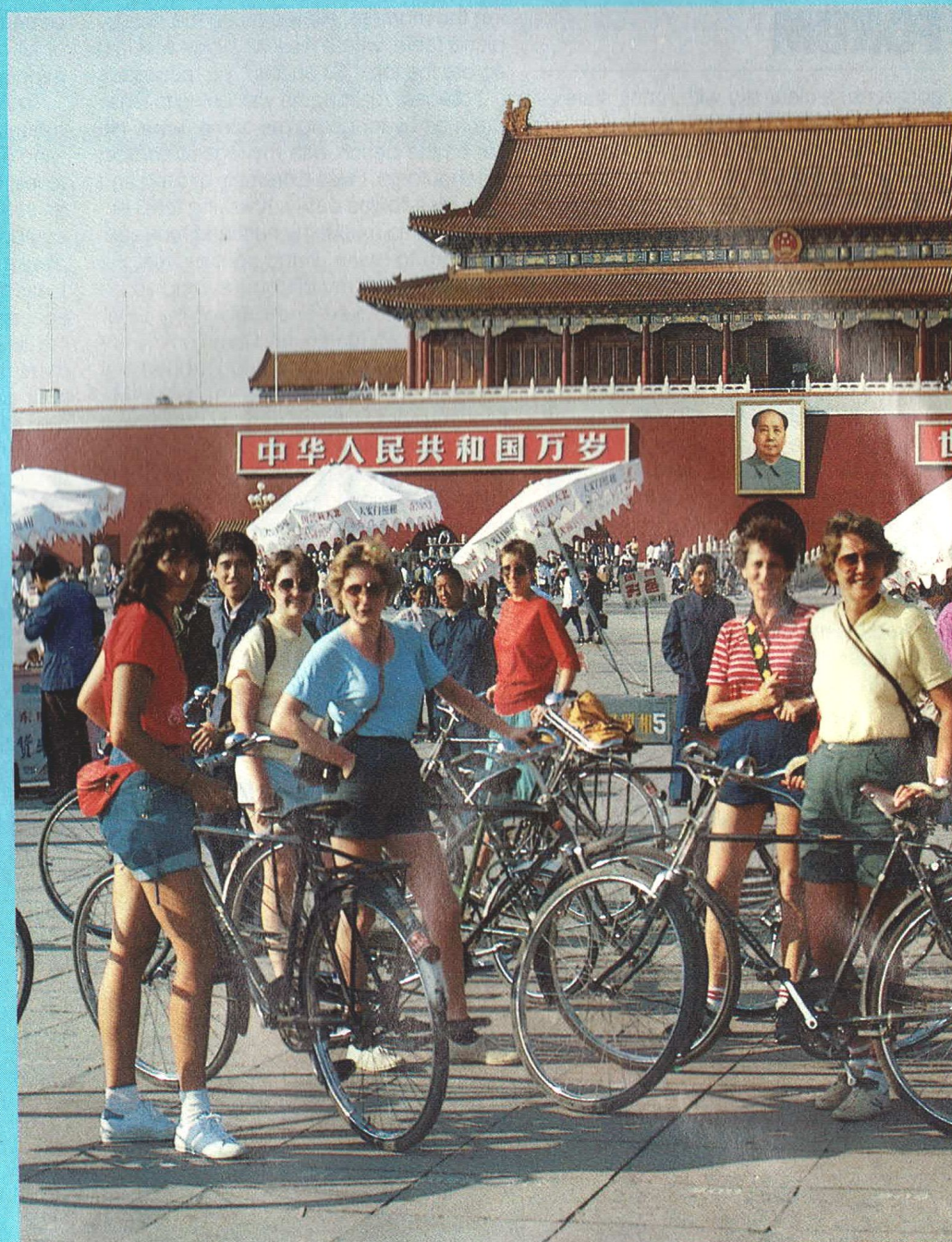
I wore the negligee around the house while preparing dinner. I felt beautiful, sensual, and a little devilish all at the same time. When my husband arrived home, he noticed I was dolled up more than usual. I replied, "Wait till you see what's underneath!"

That remark caught his attention, adding a bit of eagerness to the night. As we waited for dinner, I teased and rubbed his cock gently whenever I could, heightening the anticipation.

After a candlelight dinner, with champagne and the works, we continued playing around and stimulating each other. His curiosity finally got the best of him. As I walked across the kitchen he ran toward me, yelled, "Dress up!" and lifted my red negligee up from the behind. My buttocks, white hosiery, and lacy top were revealed. He got his first glance by cheating.

Around nine o'clock we decided to go camping. We're very spontaneous people, and in no time we were on the road heading for the mountains. It's the best way to rid ourselves of inhibitions. The night was

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FORUM

gorgeous, a clear sky with many stars — very romantic!

As we drove to the camping site, I continued playing with my husband's button-fly and rubbing his cock, feeling it enlarge at my touch. By the time we set up camp, drank a beer, and had a blazing fire going, our passion was rising. Standing by the fire, I felt a cold hand lift my dress and begin caressing my buttocks and genitalia. Purposefully cold, his fingers penetrated my warm, moistened pussy, which was already throbbing. My clit was very engorged and the focal point of his actions. He was surprised to feel such arousal, so he bent down and teasingly flicked his tongue against my clitoris. This made me go crazy!

We held each other closely, and he penetrated my pussy with his fingers. I stroked his manhood and we kissed deeply. I was whimpering with delight, thinking of his cock and the feeling of him gliding into me. I wanted him and I was very ready.

He pulled away and walked to the other side of the fireplace. At this time I lifted my dress over my head, allowing him to see the full effect he had upon my body. My large breasts were aching for his touch and my nipples were erect. The fire's flickering flames danced across my figure, enhanc-

ing the moment. He led me to the nearby picnic table, where his jean jacket was laid across the top. "Sit on this," he requested.

I obliged, realising he was going to tease me a bit by tonguing me some more. He sat on the bench with my legs straddling his shoulders. I was extremely excited and my juices flowed easily. Knowing that I enjoyed this so much, my husband took special care to make all the right moves. He not only licked my clit but he nibbled on my pussy, sucked and rubbed my inner thighs and abdomen, and even on my engorged genitalia. I wiggled, rubbed my breasts, and had multiple orgasms. My thigh muscles twitched and my breath was taken away. The extent of my orgasms was extreme, the best I'd ever had. My husband also enjoyed giving me pleasure in this way, but now it was his turn.

I was still having muscle spasms when he pulled away and spun me to the table's edge. Pulling his pants down to his knees, his proud, large cock stood very erect. He has a wonderful cock that just turns me on whenever I see it hard. I guess you could say I'm infatuated with it. He entered my very wet cunt easily, and I was able to take him fully.

My legs were pulled back against my chest as he began to thrust faster, harder and deeper. I let out many moans as I had another outrageous orgasm wrench my body. He, too, went crazy and gave three hard, slow thrusts as he released his

semen into my vagina. We were both taxed of all our energy. We talked until far past midnight, crawled into the tent, and slept.

The sun hadn't even peeked over the mountain when I awoke. My husband was lying on his back next to me when the urge to feel him came over me. I lifted the covers to see his hard cock once again and I couldn't resist. I rubbed him gently and he awoke and instantaneously rolled on to me. I was tight at first, but it felt good. Rocking against each other, feeling his cock reaching deep into me, we both began wanting more. He slid his shaft into my moistened cunt and I squeezed with my inner muscles. I lifted my pelvis up and down, gliding along his stiff rod until we both climaxed at the same time.

Next year I'll buy a new negligee and leave the night activities up to my husband, since he planned this one so well. I can't wait for our second anniversary because I've heard it just gets better! — *Name and address withheld*

Phone job

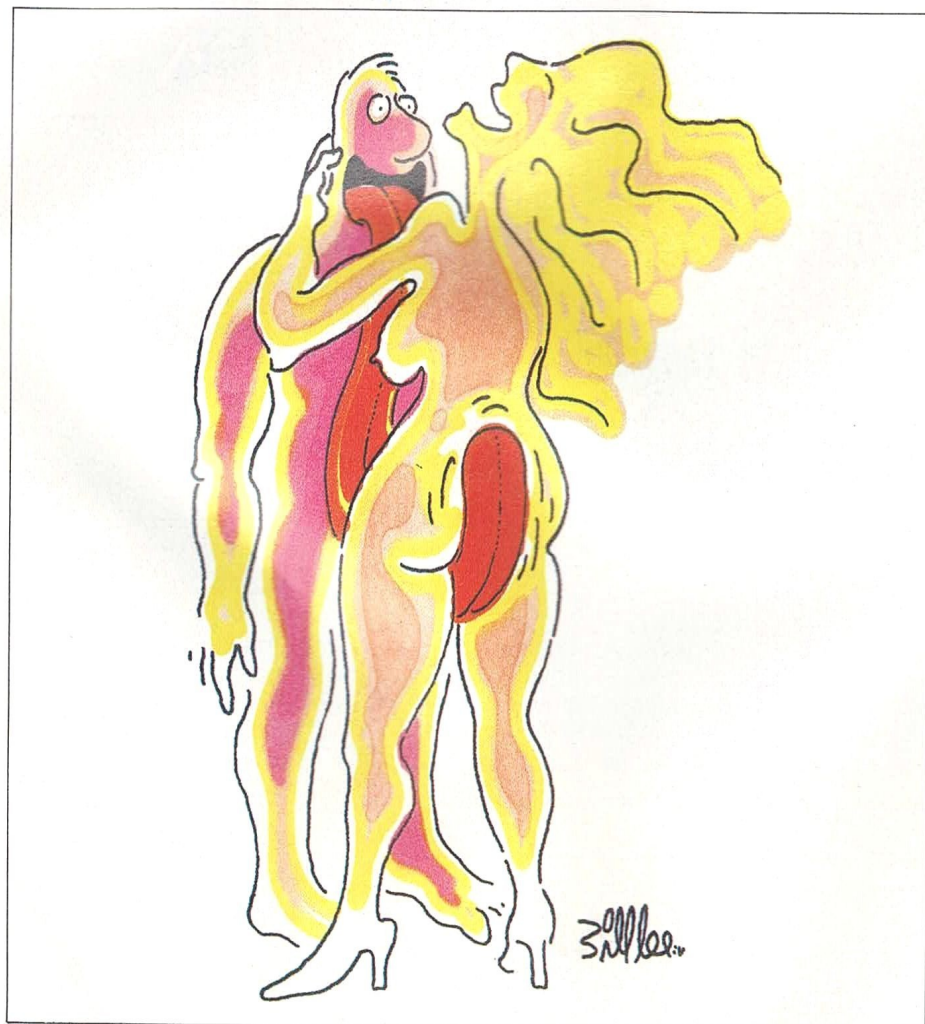
I am a 21-year-old male who is taking some time off from studies and working. I am a waiter in a very fancy restaurant. At 1:30am I finished work, changed, and went to a bar.

This was the first time I had ever been there. I was on my second drink at the bar when I noticed a very attractive older woman (early 40s) staring at me, and she even licked her lips at me. I motioned for her to come over and I bought her a drink. She told me her name was Rose. She had nice breasts and a nice figure. She said she worked for a department store in town. It was getting late and the bar was closing, so we went to a late-night restaurant close by.

Before sitting down at a table in the restaurant, I went to make a phone call. The phone was in a big frosted-glass telephone booth. I started dialling and I heard someone come into the booth with me. It was Rose. She unzipped my pants and pulled down my underwear. She started caressing my throbbing dick with her strong hands and kissing it. I was in heaven. I forgot about the call and concentrated on the feelings of pleasure. She was giving me a great blowjob.

I was in seventh heaven, bracing myself against the walls of the booth. Suddenly my heart missed a beat as I saw the door begin to open. I managed to grab it to slam it shut — too hard. "Just a minute!" I called out lamely. . . I couldn't stand it any longer and I shot my load in her mouth. She swallowed every bit and looked up smiling.

We both went back to the table, where she placed her hand on my crotch, even while I was eating. When we were about to leave I went to the bathroom. When I returned, Rose was gone. I never saw her again, but she sure gave me an experience I'll always remember. — *Name and address withheld* 



CONDITION RED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

It's what you might loosely call a very special understanding. At any moment, for either of them, the phone might ring, and they might hear their code name whispered. Then if they hear their catchword, "Condition Red", they must drop everything. That was their agreement. There could be no argument.





Married life agrees with them — but not to each other. Still, they must use the code in case of discovery by their respective spouses. For this didn't concern *anyone* else. They fly to meet each other. They know the place. The time takes care of itself . . .



Their time together is unforgettable, just like the last time. That's why they can part easily and resume their marital duties — because they'll be back and they know it. The secrecy isn't deceit. It's necessary.

○✚





Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

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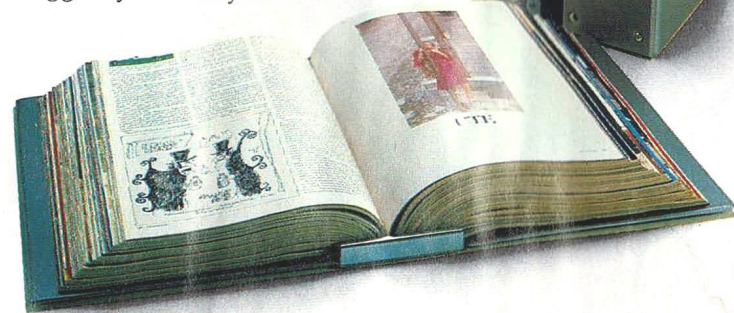
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LOOSE ENDS

WHEN YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN



It has come to my attention that many men harbor the mistaken belief that they must be suave, debonair and drive a nice car to get laid. Brother, it ain't necessarily so — just ask any sailor. Eight thousand of them who visited Australia for the RAN's 75th birthday celebrations will set you straight, if they've got their breath back yet. A month's solid shagging up and down the east coast of Australia takes a lot out of a man.

It's history now, the festival of fornication that erupted as the fleet docked at each new port. But it's the kind of history that deserves further documentation. It's not often in an era of high-minded feminism that women in their thousands are seen to pull out all stops for a bit of dick.

The ships weren't even specks on the horizon when newspapers began reporting on the military style preparations afoot at brothels in each port of call. Advertisements for crisis staff were being placed and the working girls were being drilled meticulously in advance of the drilling they expected from the invading sailors. It was a time for loins to be ungirdled, a time to tone up for service with a vertical smile.

Little known to the ladies of the night were the rival tactics being planned by giggling guerilla groups and lone perfumed commandos from Indoorapili to Sandy Bay. Plans were being laid, plans to snatch the trade before it fell into the Cutex clutches of the working girls. And these were not all your pull-out-the-Juicy-Fruit-and-stick-in-a-Marlboro-If-it's rockin', quit-knockin' kind of women. The assault troops who ambushed the sailors were as diverse as the rats of Hamelin. Fat ones, skinny ones, rich ones, poor ones, old ones, young ones, sleek ones, scruffy ones — and all with one thing on their minds.

And what an ambush it was. When the first wave of servicemen hit Sydney's Kings

Cross they were outnumbered two to one by women on the make. A photo in the *Sydney Morning Herald* the following morning showed a woman clutching vicelike to the arm of a sailor. She was quoted saying, "I came out tonight to get myself an American but they're all gone, so I got a Pom instead. He's not a bad bloke, though."

That sentiment was to be repeated throughout the tour. American meat was the most prized cut in the pecking order of pecker. And if that meat was dark, then so much the better. Like kids fighting over black jellybeans, women haggled for the negro sailors. A Sailor's Hotline set up to encourage citizens to entertain the visitors (as if there was going to be a shortage of entertainment) was deluged with calls from women requesting blacks. One woman put in an order for one for herself and one for her daughter as calmly as she would have ordered two chooks from the corner takeaway. The navy denied such requests on the grounds of racism. I can't help wondering what the reaction would have been if the navy had sent around a couple of Papuans.

It got worse. At a march past of all 8000 sailors in Sydney, police cordons were set up to forcibly restrain a seething wall of women from lunging at the passing ranks. A few broke through and hurled themselves squealing at the squadrons in a manner reminiscent of teenyboppers at a Wham concert. A *Sydney Daily Telegraph* reporter remembers seeing two middle-aged barmaids from his local, out for some parade pickings with the rest of the throngs. They'd let out their old mini-skirts and dusted off their old white patent leather boots for the occasion.

Women have always been suckers for sailors but never in the local annals have they been so blatant about it. Why sailors? Is it the money? (He's got a big

wad, so he may as well blow it on me, so to speak.) Is it the Poofter Theory? Women have always had a thing about homosexuals and you know what they say about sailors. It's a rare woman who doesn't nurture somewhere within her the conceited belief that she can turn a man's sexual preference with a squeeze of her pubococcygeous muscles — give him a real root and he'll never go back to Bruce. Or perhaps it's the romantic story — love, marriage and the whole damned thing. The right sailor could be a passport to the Land Of The Free and a lifetime of bringing up freckle-faced Beaver Cleavers in North

Nowhere, Iowa.

But it's the thrill of it all, isn't it? Drinking rum and Coca Cola, fucking for the Yankee dollar for one glorious week of moral abandon before seeing Chuck and Bud on their way and going back to the real world, saddlesore but smiling.

I don't understand, but then again I've never tried a man in uniform. Not even a ticket collector, let alone a sailor. Maybe there's something about them that, once savored, would spoil me for all other men, quicker than you could say "HMAS Heroin." There's really only one way to find out... next time Yankee Doodle comes to town. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

Steve Winwood is one comet that thankfully keeps returning as intact as the vacuum of space and time (in this case four years) allows. This one-time teenage prodigy of rock (as the voice of the Spencer Davis Group and Traffic) is *Back In The High Life* (Island). He has left his home studio in Gloucestershire, where he produced his last three albums virtually single-handedly, and shifted base to New York, taking in an American producer and a star-studded list of helpers including Rufus alumni Chaka Kahn and John Robison. The record still has Winwood's distinctive stamp, though. His high, pure vocals — predating Sting's lofty soarings by more than a decade — weave in and out of the effervescent first single (Higher Love) and some lesser tunes. The disc starts with a dance feel that leaps up at a promise of the said higher love and then proves steady on its feet.



According to *Dragon*, *The Dreams Of Ordinary Men* (Polygram) are to star in a mega-cost film clip with nothing to do but stand and murmur-mime at the camera while a totally extraneous subplot distracts your attention from the oft-repeated chorus. These local boys (half American, half New Zealanders) have gone for a surefire US Top 40 sound — fair enough, as they'd have to be number one in Australia for a year to pay for the album and first clip. Todd Rundgren went for a wham, bam, try this pan (stereo) production, pulling big beefy sounds up quickly. Marc Hunter's vocals were apparently easy to catch given the quality of his singing over the last couple of years. If proof is needed refer back to his unfairly ignored solo *Communication* from 1985.

Collaborator on many of the above tracks is Johanna Piggot who, with the assistance of Dragon bassist Todd Hunter, is the es-

sence of *Scribble*. *Pop Art* (Regular) is their latest effort and the songs — written by Piggot, some with Mr T — seem to fare better in their hands this time than when left to Dragon's current bombastic whims. Iceman Iva Davies has also lent his playing and producing powers to some tracks. The album has an unprepossessing calmness, partly a result of Piggot's limited vocal range, but the arrangements generally give her double-tracked monologues space to speak.

Well, *The Johnnys* have finally delivered some *Highlights Of A Dangerous Life* (Mushroom). They've been touting their brand of drunken mayhem around for a few years now so this album has the feel of a debut "best of." Production and harmonica duties are performed by Mr Mondo, Ross Wilson. He has at least managed to capture the basic power of the band though they are probably at their best when viewed through a night club haze of smoke and alcohol. With their cowboy thrash and larrikin good humor they've always seemed a one joke act — but they usually manage to make it sound fresh every time they tell it.

While *The Johnnys* have honed their energies into some strong Top 40 tunes their older brothers and sisters of trash humor, the *Cramps*, have much sleazier plans in mind as they squeeze into their own afterworld for *A Date With Elvis* (Liberation). Like true artists they pose such timeless questions as "What's Inside A Girl? (Ain't no hotter question in the so-called civilised world)." Their sound is raw and raucous (like you always imagined a live Johnnys recording would sound in the harsh, sober light of day).

Those little vault raiders have been at it again. They've dredged up relics from the last 16 years for *Sister Sledge Greatest Hits* (Atlantic). Trying to summarise extensive recorded output in one album is almost an impossible task. *Ry Cooder's Why Don't You Try Me Tonight* (WEA) is more a sampler



than a definitive summation of the man. Half the time he's consumed by his two top projects, *Bop Till You Drop* and *Borderline*, and the wealth and variety of his work is only hinted at in the other tracks.

Come Dancing With The Kinks (Arista) tries to make the best of a less than inspiring period in the band's history: 1977-86, their stadium years.

The Blue Note Jazz Label have another double teaser from their superb catalogue spanning 1940 to 1962 with *Best Of Blue Note Vol 2* (EMI).

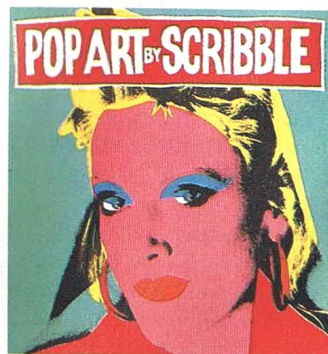
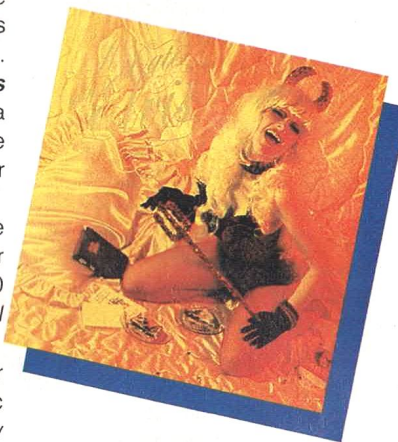
Local archivist Glenn A. Baker has resurrected some classic comedy cuts for the *Comedy Years* (CBS), a double which runs the gamut from *W.C. Fields* to *Vince Sorrenti*.

Cyndi Lauper has been waving her own *True Colors* (CBS) on record. The album has some strong moves away from her Hooters-dominated debut. This time she starts and ends with some cavernous funky thump but shows herself an unreformed eclectic in between. "Maybe He'll Know" is bar band rock and roll oompah; the title track is a ballad where she comes on like Stevie Nicks after the lobotomy; and her "What's Going On" probably won't endear her to many die-hard Marvin Gaye fans. So, the lady mightn't be too unusual but she is distinctive.

Van Morrison is no longer wandering in the fields of soul or grazing in country and western. He's gone back to the hypnotic ramble of his masterpiece *Astral Weeks* on his new *No Guru, No Method, No Teacher* (Mercury). — *Jeremy Cook*

HIGH LIFE HIGH- LIGHTS

Clockwise from far left: *Dragon* opts for sure-fire US Top 40 sound; Steve Winwood is back with distinction; *The Cramps* go on a date; *Scribble's* Pop Art.



The last five years has seen the emergence of a new film "classification": the V-grade movie. Everyone knows about R or X-ratings, and we're painfully familiar with B-grade flicks, but now it's sunk in that \$8 or so is no small punt to make on a movie that might not rate, the V-grade has come into its own. V-grade is when you're recommended to wait until it comes out on video.

Though tempting, it's far too easy to assign *Dead-End Drive-In* the V, for this is one of the most excitingly styled and designed Australian films for some time. For its spectacle, it warrants a wide screen. Unfortunately — for the originality reeks of potential — it has disappointing shortcomings. The main worry is the "hero", Crabbie (Ned Manning), and his serious credibility problem.

It seems obvious that *Dead-End Drive-In* has borrowed quite heavily on the Road Warrior flavor — futuristic, post-apocalyptic, mad-dog car freaks in bizarre garb and war paint — yet Max always had a reason for his forays into violence and vengeance (he was on your side). Crabbie only has his self-righteous and wimpy conceit to drive him. And he's a worrier.

Background: Australia in the 1990s — a bleak, rubble-filled picture. Crabbie is a jogger (he's up against it from the start), and when he borrows his brother's Chevy to take the strikingly luscious Carmen to the drive-in and impress, he doesn't realise that no-one gets out.

The government has hit on the idea of keeping the unemployed off the streets by keeping them locked up in drive-ins with fences electrified, feeding them junk food, whatever drugs they want, and a back-to-back diet of drive-in splatter fare . . .

A great idea for a movie . . . and one which won't seem like such a bad lifestyle to a lot of people. The picture of the "outside" is quite hellish in the opening scenes. At the drive-in everyone seems friendly and makes an effort to get along — except for Crabs, the Richie Cunningham of the retro-future.

Crabs spends his time arguing ideology, worrying and sporting the romance of breaking out and returning the car — in a tone tang-

ing with wowserism. For my money, if he put half the energy of his goody-goodying into some of the daytime cricket matches that go down — or the beautiful Carmen (Natalie McCurry) — everything might be sweet and we'd have a recipe for a Walt Disney fantasy, if Walt had ever lived in Darlington.

I know, I'm exaggerating — but Crabs, the idiot, grows away from Carmen, who feels quite at home. All the time Crabs is plotting his bloody escape, alone, when there aren't any real baddies. Sure, the worst of Australian racism comes out when the busloads of Asians are shipped in to join them — but if Crabs was a real hero he might have been the mediator instead of the exterminator.

So the ideas are great, it's visually splendid, it uses contemporary Aussie rock intelligently, it's convincingly photographed — but the character of the "hero" has all the charisma of a monkey wrench. He's no Max.

Drive-In could borrow much in the areas of character development and scripting from *Mona Lisa*. Bob Hoskins, one of the finest lowlife character actors alive, is brilliant as George — the loser.

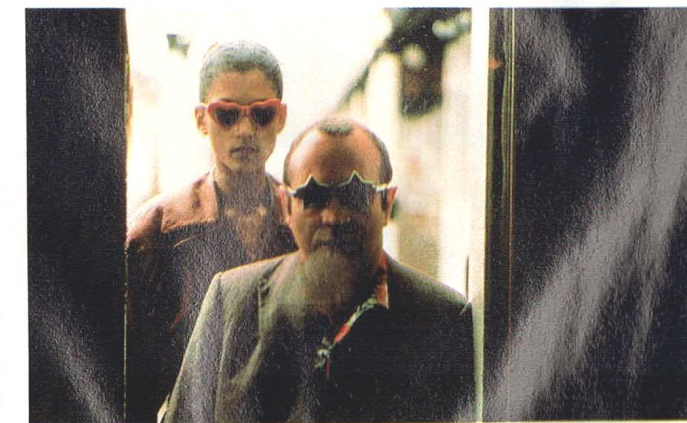
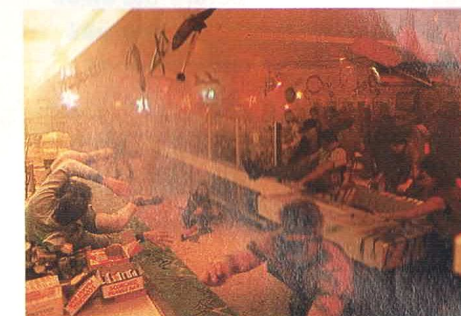
George emerges from seven years in the slammer in the the first scenes not only blinking at the sunlight but blinking at a world (a London) with which he is completely out of touch. His only links are his Jaguar, faithfully kept for him by the totally eccentric Thomas (Robbie Coltrane), and his teenage daughter, to whom he is denied access.

There is one other link — Michael Caine as the evil Mortwell, George's former boss who "owes" him for the prison stretch. George is put to work delivering porn videos and chauffeuring a stunning high-class callgirl, Simone (Cathy Tyson).

George finds his feet and his purpose as he finds out more and more about Simone, eventually agreeing to help her find a long lost friend. It turns into a discovery of London's seamy, sordid underworld. George, the quintessential rough diamond — paunched, puzzled and proper — finds himself able to fulfill the father role. By the time the cross-

FILM

THE ROAD WORRIER



threads of intrigue are revealed, George's role has shifted from unwitting passenger to pilot.

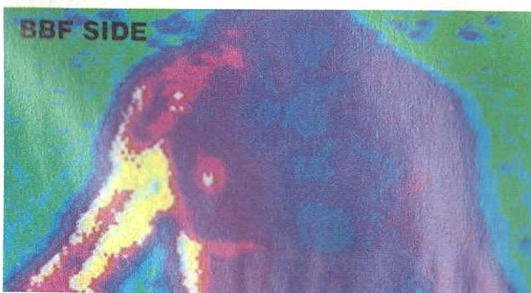
Mona Lisa is quirky, funny, sombre and pathetic all at the same time — perhaps paced a little oddly in its efforts to slowly build the tensions, but a welcome change from the cut/thrust done-to-death formula of the Americans. This one gets a DYAF rating. Do yourself a favor. — *Graeme Sims*

From the top: Ned Manning and Natalie McCurry, having driven in; Terrific design in *Dead-End Drive-In*; A Pensive moment for Bob Hoskins and Cathy Tyson in *Mona Lisa*.



MUSICAL SQUARES

Question: How long will it take for the Trivia boom to blow itself out? Answer: Not before the sales of *The RPM Edition — A History of Music* make their mark. With this set of questions played as an alternative set on the Trivial Pursuit board (surely you've memorised all the answers by now, anyway), it'll test your knowledge of music from go to woe . . .

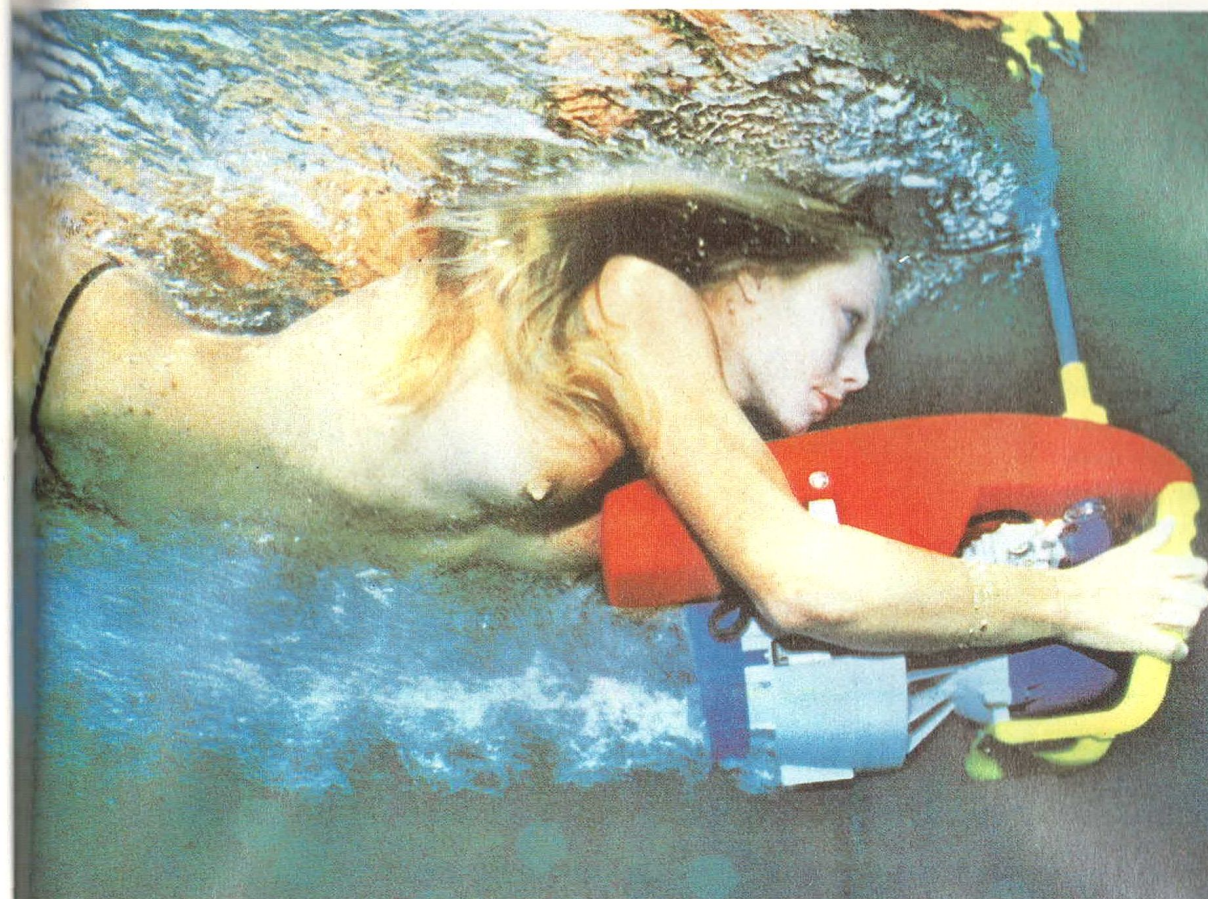


FAT CHANCE

A new cream in Australia claims to aid the body in the breakdown and mobilisation of fat in specific areas. The theory goes that fatty areas exhibit poor circulation, and by stimulating blood flow to the areas of localised fat deposits, bulk will decrease. BBF Maxercise Creme draws the hormone adrenaline to those areas when applied in conjunction with regular, vigorous exercise. Thermography tests, shown here, prove the increased heat (read circulation) generated in the areas to which it is applied, in this case one side of the chest. A 100 gram jar sells for around \$25 in health stores.

HEARING IS BELIEVING

TDK, the world leader in magnetic particle pioneering and Australia's largest supplier of audio tapes, has introduced further improvements to its new audio tape line-up. They've improved and refined formulation and coating technology to produce even better tapes in all specifications. The result is amazing audio quality, resolution true to sound and realism once thought only possible on large, professional studio systems. In this era of digital recording TDK has met the demand for ever-increasing dynamic range, extended frequency response, lower bias noise and overall cassette housing reliability. Available now at hi-fi shops and department stores.

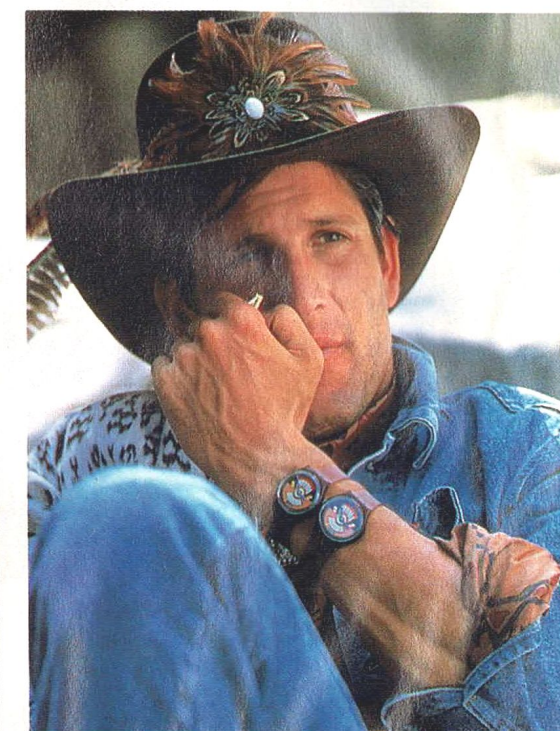


JUST DIVE, SHE SAID

Not quite the stuff of *Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea* or *Marine Boy* . . . The Aquascope sticks to the surface, but it is a handy means of propulsion for divers and swimmers alike. Primarily a fun toy, the 48cc petrol motor will run for two or three hours with speeds of 6km/h. Should the rider lose his grip (or she her bikini top), the machine will turn in small circles until it can be regained. It's \$800 from Monkel Sales, whom you can reach on (02) 938 6222.

SWATCH IT . . .

Let's get this straight. You don't want to hear about yet another range of Swatch, the Swiss fashion timepieces, do you? Which is why nothing is going to be said about them here. After all, they're about looks anyway — and they certainly look great.



AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

It was heartening to see hefty responses to two Loose Ends competitions in previous issues and most interesting to note that a large proportion of entries came from couples and women. Congratulations to ten winners of the "Try It On Ice" Cointreau competition. Each winner receives a \$25 bottle of Cointreau. Winners: Mr D. Carr, Bexley North, NSW; Ms Norma Hall, Mysterton, Qld;

Alena Csmor, Warniassa, ACT; Mr D.R.J. Dunstan, Eight Mile Plains, Qld; Mr N.A. McKnight, Alice Springs; Ms Sharon Nicholls, Putney, NSW; R. Natoli, Panania, NSW; Mr Michael Corcoran, Turramurra, NSW; Ms T. Webster, Sutherland, NSW; Mr R. Cross, Marrickville, NSW.

Winners of the *Penthouse* Video competition in the October issue

each receive a copy of the internationally produced *Love Stories* video for their collection. The eight winners are: Mr Stephen Dearn, Roseworthy, SA; B. Smith, Boondall, Qld; Mr and Mrs S.A. Russell, The Entrance, NSW; Mr Chris Seeto, Burwood, NSW; C. Pettigrove, HMAS Lonsdale, Vic; Mr and Mrs G.D. Owen, North Bondi, NSW; Mr B. Taylor, Brooklyn Park, SA.

PUTT PUTT

You don't have to have Presidential aspirations to own yourself a Yamaha golf car — though, for some reason, they sure don't hurt. Just paste a ridiculous Bonzo grin on your face (forget the clubs), strap in a foreign envoy beside you, and you've got a recipe for absolute comedy. Canberra rumor even has it that Bob is awaiting delivery. But if it's golf you're interested in, without the trekking, they're sure worth considering. That's serious.



RICH SOUND

If you acknowledge that the Compact Disc player is the biggest single development in hi-fi in recent years, then you'll realise that the new top of the line Accuphase is a quantum leap again. It incorporates fibre optics into its system, in which pulses of light are the signal bearers, as opposed to electrical current. Fibre optics is the new push in advanced electronics, but if you haven't heard of it here's why. Up until the release of the Accuphase DP-80/DC-81, an expensive CD would have been likely to set you back around \$2000. The Accuphase retails for around \$10,000.



HARD TO SWALLOW

Disenchanting with the hard-sell, jump-on-the-bandwagon, trendified health business in Australia, where every new product promises to revolutionise the way we think about health? Here's a product that promises to revolutionise the whole health industry in Australia. Vitamist is the new miracle worker — a breath freshener/vitamin spray in one. (And you thought a spray would be easy to swallow ...)



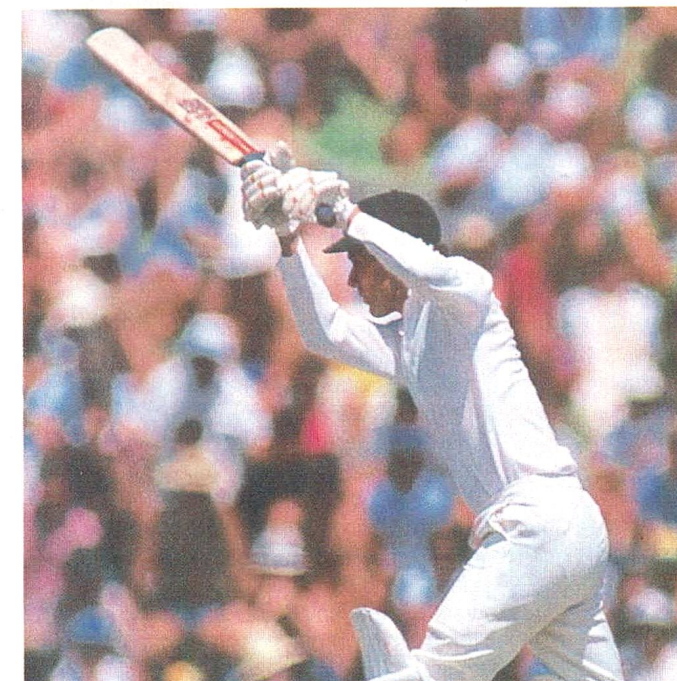
SUN MASTER STROKE

Rosken Solar Block Sunstick has been specifically designed for use on small areas of the body, its makers claim — but those with big noses shouldn't take that too literally. It comes as a handy lipstick and gives broad protection from UV rays while remaining water and perspiration resistant. However should you find yourself frazzled, Rosken have also released a Medi Creme. It relieves sunburn, as well as cuts and abrasions, bites and burns etc. It contains antiseptic and local anaesthetic. Both products are available from pharmacies and supermarkets.



GREG BEFORE WICKET

With the upcoming cricket nostalgia travelling show set to find its way around the leg traps, there's no need to justify reviving past glories with this shot of Greg Chappell back in 1984, dispatching leather to the off boundary in characteristic fashion. And any man worth his groin guard knows that Gray-Nicholls has always been GS's choice, being the makers of the top-line willow available. Maybe the current Australian team should check their brands again ... (Though who could forget Greg's horror stretch and the cries for his neck back about then? Sorry. Perhaps reviving that memory was slightly underhanded ...)



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

As they say, may the best man (and woman) win ... There may be a few familiar elements in this month's winning photograph. For no sooner were M. Tinker and his subject K. Bateup — both from Mission Beach in North Queensland — notified of their win in this competition a few months ago than another package of their work arrived. They'd been told they'd cracked the winning formula with creative lighting, posing, framing and a stunning subject; as if to put the judges to test, they did it all again. And they've won again.

Theirs is the choice of the great Polaroid prizes on offer: either the Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS camera or the 35mm AutoProcess system, which allows you to develop your own slides at home.

But remember, anyone can win. Simply capture a creative angle on a female friend, wife or lover — on any film — attach it to the coupon below, and send it to *Penthouse*.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I, (the subject) _____ of _____ am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____



Sydney's Deborah Lee

COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Whatever Happened To Hunter S. Thompson? — The dean of decadence and gonzo journalism, celebrated author of *Hells Angels* and *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas*, has been rather quiet in the Eighties. An inquisitive Phil Jarrat flew to San Francisco to ask *What's Up Doc?* and found the good doctor in devastating form.

Taking It On Faith — Business is booming for modern faith healers. These graduates of touring tent shows have taken to television and high technology to reach an audience of millions. Renowned sceptic James Randi exposes the cheap tricks being pulled by the new breed of false prophet.

Metal Mania — To religious leaders, heavy metal music is a social problem somewhat more serious than heroin. To *Penthouse* readers it's a source of great amusement as we stick the steel-capped boot into the headbanging scene in this country. The morals, manners and mores of the metalheads will leave you speechless.

What A Rude Person — Who said: "The way to resolve a situation with a woman is to jump on her"? Was it the Reverend Fred Nile, Sir Les Patterson, Skippy the bush kangaroo or none of the above? Find out next month and brush up on your knowledge of sexual trivia in a quiz about dirty talk through the ages.

Pet Of The Month — When lithe 21-year-old Deborah Lee tells you of her fantastic body tone, it's not a claim to be made light of. It's sheer athletic fitness and finesse she's talking about. Check out Sydneysider Deborah's exceptional hand-eye co-ordination for yourself in February *Penthouse*.

DEAL

Continued from page 39

this reform as "an essential measure in order to protect the integrity of the criminal justice system and to preserve the right of the accused to have a fair trial."

In the Federal DPP's guidelines on immunity it is stressed that an indemnity should only be given "as a last resort in order to secure for the prosecution the testimony of a relatively *minor* participant in the criminal activity which is the subject of the charges against a *principal* offender." In other words, immunity should only extend to the "little fish"; protecting one major criminal in order to nail another is clearly not in the interests of justice. When you look at the cases outlined earlier in this article, it's clear that major criminals have been granted immunity on several occasions in this country — and in some of those cases the immune witness may have been the principal offender in the crime. As Law Lecturer David Brown puts it: "You could mount a strong argument that immunity should *never* be granted in a case such as Bernie Matthews' — or in other cases where you're talking about murder or armed hold-up where the witness is principally involved. You may end up with the situation where the person granted immunity turns out to have more complicity in the crime than the person being charged. When you have cases where criminals are packing guns, being present at murders, digging graves or putting bombs in cars — is it desirable that these people should be walking away as free men?"

There are few lawyers who will argue that immunity from prosecution should be abolished. "The practice does have legitimate applications," says Brown. "In circumstances where you have a trivial offender who's prepared to give evidence that would net a lot of high-up people, it's hard to argue against. To say that granting of immunities will supersede police verballs is to become too carried away. Verbal is a run-of-the-mill thing, while immunities will be reserved for special kinds of cases where no-one is prepared to give anyone else up."

"On the other hand, immunity is an important new development, it is being granted with increasing frequency, and it is open to all sorts of abuses."

Understandably, Bernie Matthews adopts a much harder line: "I will not accept that under any circumstances an immunity from prosecution should be granted. There is no justification for it. The pressure on police to gain convictions makes the whole thing far too dangerous."

In the game of negotiated justice, immunity from prosecution is the wild card in the deck. It gives the authorities a house advantage that any gambler would envy. But it needs to be played with great caution if justice is going to triumph. 

KING OFF THE ROAD

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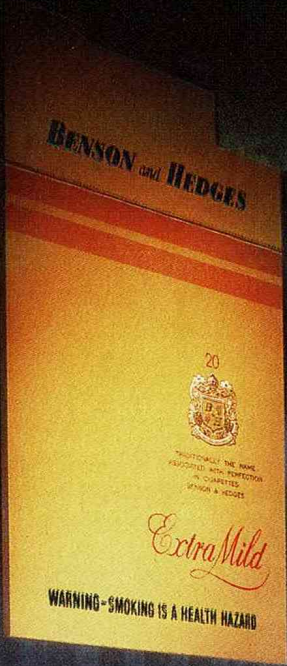
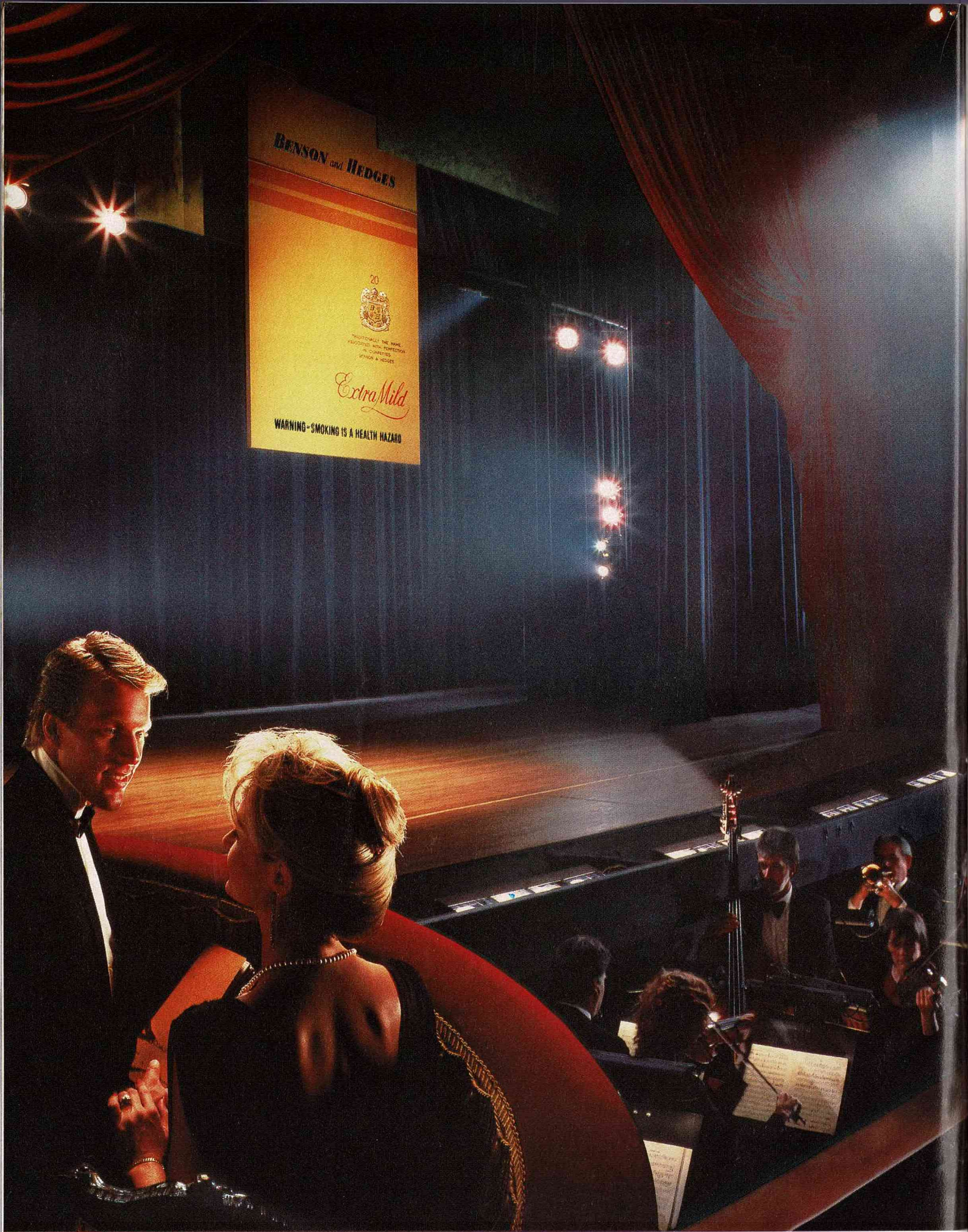
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